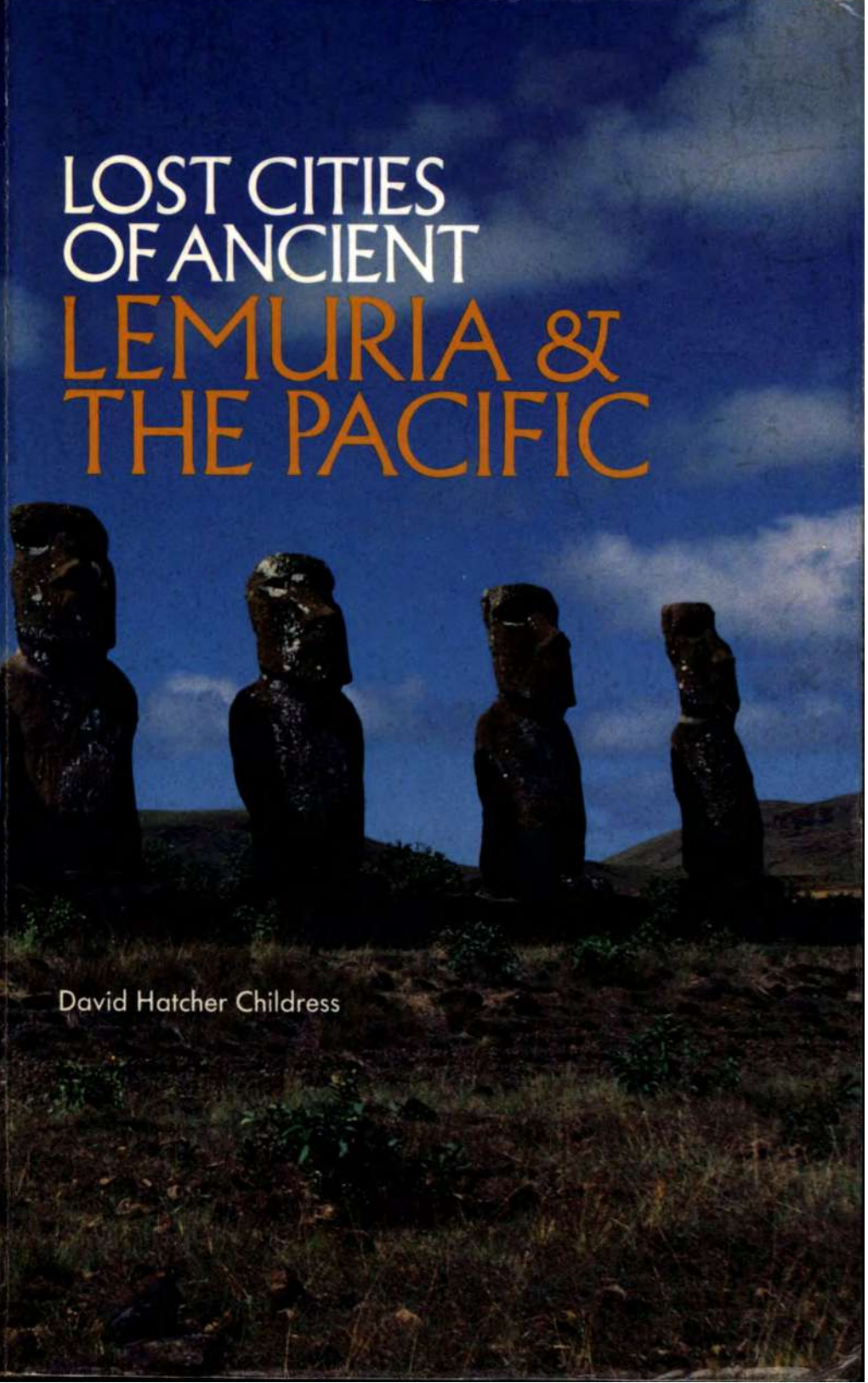
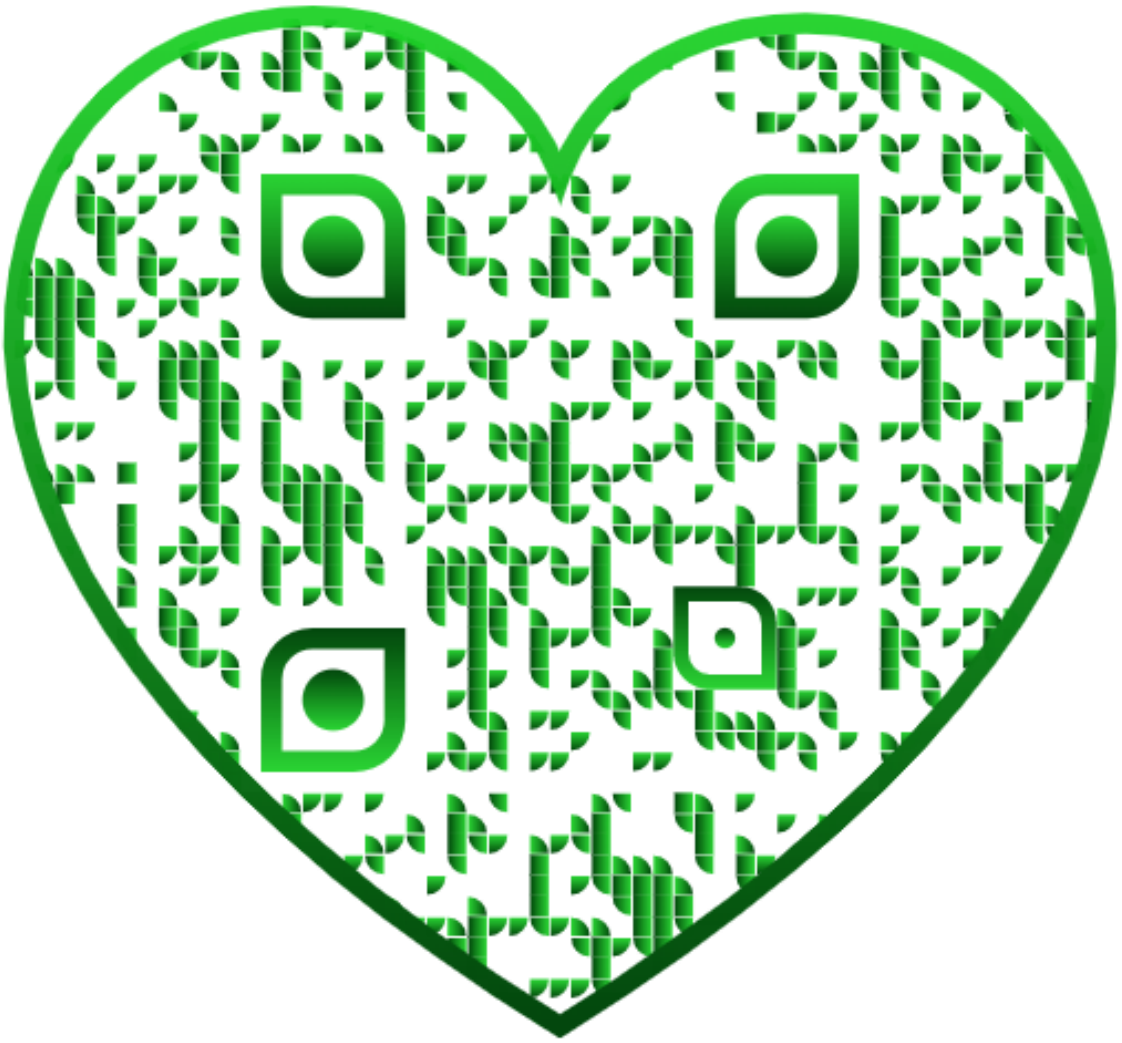
LOST CITIES OF ANCIENT LEMURIA & THE PACIFIC



David Hatcher Childress



LOST CITIES OF ANCIENT LEMURIA & THE PACIFIC

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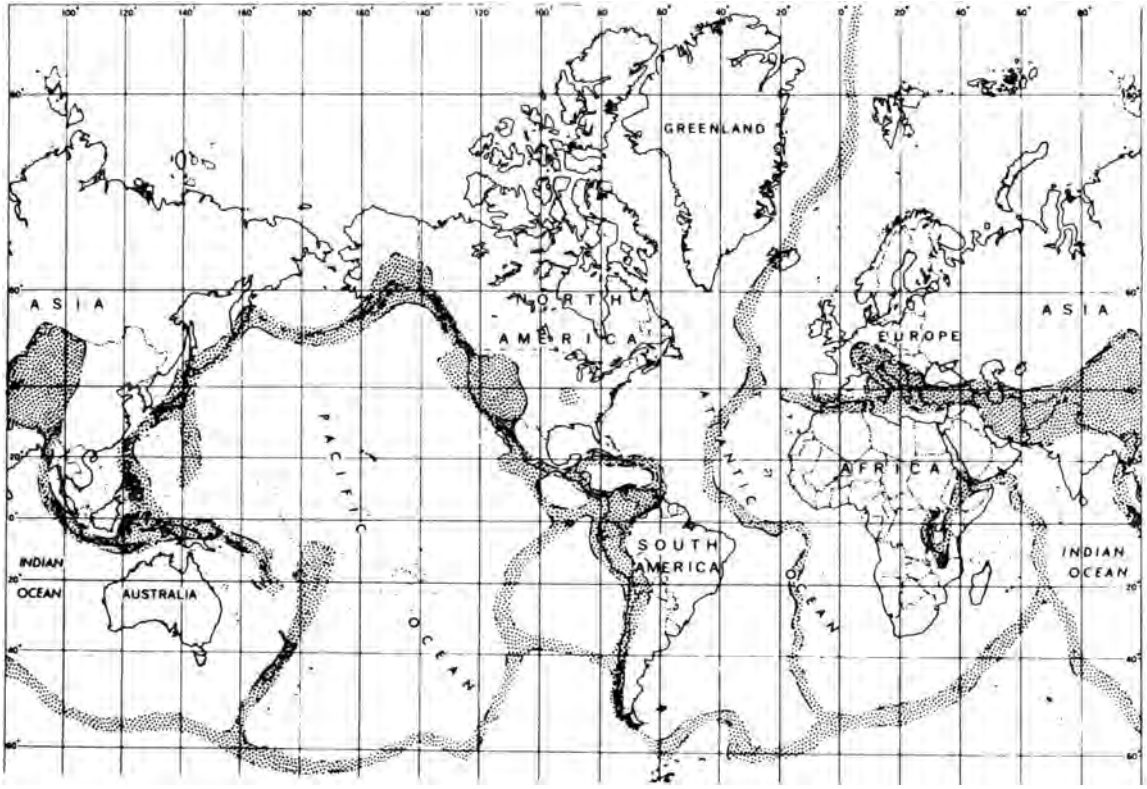


Earth s girdle of quake zones. (*U.S. Department ol Commerce*)

Chapter One

LOST LEMURIA:
LEGENDS OF AN ANCIENT LAND

When the academic experts state
that something is possible,
they are probably right.
When they state that something is impossible,
they are probably wrong.
—Arthur C. Clarke

With wide eyes, I stepped off the rusty old freighter and onto the dock. There was a fresh stamp in my passport which was now neatly tucked into my money belt and hidden safely beneath my blue jeans.

I smiled in greeting at Victoria, capital of the Seychelles. I had just spent two and a half years in Africa, hitchhiking from Cairo down to Capetown, taking each day as it came. Before that I had spent one and a half years traveling across Asia from East to West. And, it had been some four years now since I had first left my home in Montana where I had been a student of history, archaeology, comparative religion and Chinese-Mandarin at the University of Montana. But all that was behind me now. It was time to move forward in space and time to new lands and new experiences.

I have been described as a youthful and energetic person. Of average height, just under six feet, and of medium build, I like to think that I blend into crowds without attracting a great deal of attention. However, my curly blond hair and wire-frame glasses sometimes stand out in Asian and African countries where darker hair and complexions are the rule.

I had developed a worry-free attitude towards world travel from years of vagabonding on a few dollars a day through remote and sometimes untraveled lands. In the Himalayas, I had survived both an avalanche and temperatures of forty degrees below zero. I had fought crippling diseases and encountered people who had tried to kill me. I had faced starvation on one occasion and nearly died of thirst on another. Though unpleasant at times, these experiences had made me a stronger person in the end and had refined within me a fierce will to live.

Dimly conscious of the pack hugging my back and the dollar curled in my pocket, I felt ready to face anything. Inside the green, soft pack which rested on my sweaty shoulders was a sleeping bag, a change of clothes, a few books and a journal, a small toilet kit, and some snorkling gear. What more did I need besides a positive attitude and friendly demeanor?

Where was I going? I didn't know. Wherever the currents took me, I supposed. I was heading back in the general direction of Asia, and eventually to the Pacific. I

was drifting. Spontaneity was the rule of the day, and I was up for anything. Yet, I was not without purpose. I was on a quest, a grand quest for knowledge. I was seeking the secrets of a remote past....

I have an intense desire for knowledge, especially in the fields of history, culture, philosophy and science. Mysteries also intrigue me. And the unexplained, I've always thought, is nothing more than something yet to be answered.

Traditional science has held for the past hundred years that civilization began in the Fertile Cresent, namely Sumeria. This civilization existed not more than seven thousand years ago. Before that men are thought to have been ignorant "cave men" with no real science, culture or higher philosophy to guide them. Although this theory has been proven to be absolutely wrong through archaeological findings of the past twenty years, the academics stubbornly cling to the idea, and this "fact" is still taught in most schools.

In contrast, there is a nagging tradition in nearly every religion in the world which says that great civilizations existed in the past; civilizations which were either destroyed through internal conflict or as a result of some cataclysmic event. Such traditions—legends—myths can be found in the Bible, the Ramayana, Chinese mythology, Hopi Indian legends, Mayan texts, African Tribal legends, Welsh and Scandinavian lore, Greek writings, Egyptian history, and Tibetan manuscripts (to name a few).

From historical sources one can also find reports of lost civilizations such as Atlantis, the ancient Rama Empire of India, the Osirian Civilization in the Mediterranean Valley and North Africa, Hyperboreans, and a lost civilization in the Pacific generally known as "Mu" or "Lemuria".

Legends and esoteric tradition have their place in history and civilization. While scientists used to dismiss legends, myths and esoteric lore as the mere fantasy and superstition of ignorant peasants, many learned and reasonable persons now believe that there may well be a great deal of substance to such tales; that perhaps people in the dim past were not as primitive and ignorant as was once believed.

According to the famous astronomer Carl Sagan, a book entitled *The True History of Mankind Over the Last 100,000 Years* once existed and was housed in the great library in Alexandria, Egypt. Unfortunately, this book, along with thousands of others, was burned by fanatical Christians in the third century AD. Any volumes which they might have missed were burned by the Moslems to heat baths a few hundred years later. After all, what knowledge not found in the Bible or Koran could possibly be of use? What a fascinating book that would have been to read! Yet, even without it, there are still clues we can use to piece together the puzzle of the dim past.

For instance, as John Anthony West points out in his excellent book, *Serpent in the Sky*,[1] "Egyptian science, medicine, mathematics and astronomy were all of an exponentially higher order of refinement and sophistication than modern scholars will acknowledge. The whole of Egyptian civilization was based upon a complete and precise understanding of universal laws. And this profound understanding manifested itself in a consistent, coherent and inter-related system that fused science, art and religion into a single organic *Unity*. In other words, it was exactly the opposite of what we find in the world today.

"Moreover, every aspect of Egyptian knowledge seems to have been complete at the very beginning. The sciences, artistic and architectural techniques and the hieroglyphic system show virtually no signs of a period of 'development'; indeed, many of the achievements of the earliest dynasties were never surpassed, or even equaled later on. This astonishing fact is readily admitted by orthodox

Egyptologists, but the magnitude of the mystery it poses is skillfully understated, while its many implications go unmentioned.

"How does a civilization spring full-blown into being? Look at a 1905 automobile and compare it to a modern one. There is no mistaking the process of 'development', but in Egypt there are no parallels. Everything is right there at the start.

"The answer to the mystery is of course obvious, but because it is repellent to the prevailing cast of modern thinking, it is seldom seriously considered. *Egyptian civilisation was not a* '*development*', *but a legacy*".[1]

§§§

The word "Lemuria" is not an ancient one, nor is it mentioned in any traditional legends. Its origin is geological and it came into being circa 1887. At that time the Darwinian revolution had swept science, and geologists and biologists were busy filling gaps in geological areas, creating the now well-known "periods" in the earth's history, such as Paleozoic, Mesozoic and Cenozoic. The last of the divisions of the Paleozoic Period is the Permian.

During the 1860s and 70s geologists began to notice resemblances between certain formations in Southern Africa and India. A British geologist named William T. Blanford pointed out the similarity between the rocks and fossils of a deposit of the Permian Period in Central India and in South Africa. Blanford and other geologists sympathetic to his ideas theorized that South Africa and India were once connected by a land bridge that had merged Madagascar, the Seychelle Islands, the Maldives and the Lacadive Islands. These islands do indeed comprise the tops of a vast underwater mountain range that winds from India down to Southern Africa.

In 1887 the Austrian paleontologist, Neumayr, published the first known paleographical map of the world. It illustrated the world as he believed it had looked at the height of the *Age of Reptiles*, the Jurassic Era. This map showed a huge "Brazilian-Ethiopian" continent with an extension that was called the "Indo-Madagascan" peninsula.

Ernst Heinrich Haekel, a German biologist and an outspoken advocate of Darwin, then used Neumayr's "Indo-Madagascan Peninsula" to explain the distribution of lemurs over various land masses. Lemurs are cute little critters that are sort of a cross between a monkey and a squirrel. They abound in Madagascar and the Comoro Islands, and can also be found in Africa, India and portions of the Malay peninsula.

Haekel theorized that the Indo-African land bridge must have existed well into the *Age of Mammals*, or the Cenozoic Era. Later, an English zoologist named Philip L. Sclater suggested that Haeckel and Neumayr's land-bridge be named "Lemuria" after the lemurs.[2,3]

This name stuck. Afterwards, it was theorized that "Lemuria" was a remnant of a much larger and earlier continent called "Gondwanaland". Gondwanaland was believed to have covered much of the southern hemisphere, excluding the Pacific.

Madame Blavatsky, founder of the Theosophical Society, picked up the title "Lemuria" and used it to name an ancient continent which she also claimed had existed in the Southern Hemisphere. This continent, which theoretically covered most of the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, she discusses in her lengthy book, *The Secret Doctrine*.[4]

Geologists today occasionally refer to the Indian Ocean land-bridge as Lemuria, but for the most part, the name Lemuria is used to refer to the lost continent in the

Pacific. Did a civilization exist on that continent thousands of years ago? Would there be any traces of it left today? What would it have been like? Were the islands which exist in that area today once the mountaintops of that continent? How large would this hypothetical continent have been?

In the coming months, I would seek to explore the geology, legends, and archaeological remains of Australasia, the Pacific and the Indian Ocean. I was to find that there is indeed a great deal of evidence to support the theory that a former civilization once existed. I am not prone to jump to conclusions, but often times events which initially seem incredible and fantastic turn out in the final analysis to be true.

At the time that L. Sprague de Camp wrote *Lost Continents*, zzz1954) geology was pretty stuffy. It was generally believed that changes in large landmasses were rare, took place over millions of years, and had not occurred in a long time. In those days, even continental drift theory was pretty radical. It would be almost another twenty years before tectonic plate theory would change geology overnight and explain geological changes which occur on a sudden and massive scale.

Contrary to popular opinion, geology is not a very exact science, nor are there any real geological "facts". Geology is a matter of opinion and theory, and many scientific theories taught as "fact" in schools may never really be proven. Like psychology and physics, geology is ever-changing and evolving as old, worn-out theories become replaced by newer, more "reasonable" theories.

Geological theories of "lost continents" had been rather popular at the turn of the century and then "disproven" for about fifty years. They have come back in vogue as the tectonic plate theory gains wider and wider acceptance. Today, most geologists would probably concur with the theory that a land bridge between India and Africa existed at one time, as well as a continent in the Pacific.

In the early days of geology, all kinds of theories, cataclysmic and otherwise were proposed. As the Bible was still regarded as authoritative in that time, many geologists looked for explanations to the "Biblical deluge". In an early variant of the "continental drift theory", the Italian geologist Antonio Snider Pellegrini proposed in 1857 that South America and Africa had once been connected together and that a cataclysmic separation had been the cause of Noah's flood.

In the "expanding earth" theories, continents were often thought to be clustered together, often around Antarctica, and as the earth expanded, oceans were created as we know them today, filling in the gaps between the separated land-masses.

The vast and empty Pacific Ocean has always been a problem for geologists. In 1907, the geologist W.H. Pickering proposed that the Pacific Ocean had been created by a cataclysmic event that expelled a large volume of the earth into space. This mass became our moon, and the hole left covering one third of the earth's surface became the Pacific Ocean. Never a particularly popular theory, NASA has supposedly proven that the moon is actually older than the earth, making such a proposal even less popular to geologists of today.

The subject of lost continents needs to be approached with a good measure of caution. There is a great deal of occult mumbo-jumbo as well as out-and-out falsities and hoaxes connected with ancient civilizations, especially Atlantis and Lemuria. As I refer to "Lemuria", a vague term at best, I am speaking not necessarily of a continental land mass, but perhaps of a Pan-Pacific culture that merely inhabited the various island archipelagos prior to the present day inhabitants. I will refer to a great deal of esoteric literature and attempt to sort out what truth it might contain. While I try to be "objectively skeptical", esoteric literature does comprise a large part of the written material on Lemuria, and no

complete discussion of the subject could leave this material out. I will present my own opinions on the subject and leave it to the reader to make up his or her own mind.

§§§

One critical author who writes a great deal about Lemuria is L. Sprague de Camp, whose 1954 book, *Lost Continents*,[2] is considered a classic in the field. De Camp is really a science-fiction writer and has written hundreds of fantasy and science-fiction books, the most notable being a number of *Conan* stories. A rather elderly man now, he is extremely well read. He has written books on ancient history and mysteries, a term which is rather paradoxical as de Camp finds no mystery in the past at all and is known for chiding those who do.

It is hard to imagine how an author who once wrote about lost continents in his fiction stories could turn around and be so smug, dedicated to upholding the status-quo and authoritatively negative on the subject. To him, the whole notion, though interesting, is absurd, and those who foolishly believe such fol-de-rol are being duped by hoaxers. It is all so much science-fiction, de Camp says, something about which he knows a great deal.

Lost Continents exposes many inconsistencies in the theories and statements of "Atlantists" and is well worth reading. Yet, de Camp totally skirts whatever real evidence there may be to support such ideas. Why? Also, when de Camp wrote his. book, continental drift theory was just being presented, and tectonic plate theory was twenty years away. Leave it to the "experts" to prove each other wrong while the layman listens with one ear to each!

One of the great proponents of Lemuria was James Churchward, an Anglo-American who spent a great deal of his life in India. Here he was initiated into certain eastern esoteric "truths", being shown, supposedly, some ancient tablets in an Indian/Tibetan monastery. (There have been many Tibetan monasteries in India for hundreds, if not thousands of years.) He was taught how to read the tablets and was told many fascinating things about ancient history. Then, after traveling all over the world, he wrote a series of very popular books. These were *The Lost Continent of Mu*, *The Children of Mu*, *The Sacred Symbols of Mu*, *The Cosmic Forces of Mu*, *and The Second Book of the Cosmic Forces of Mu*.[7,8,9,10,11] He died just as the last book was being published in 1935.

Churchward's books added a great deal to the store of information available on Lemuria. While Churchward had his inaccuracies, he nevertheless had many interesting things to say. Furthermore, one can find substantiation for much of his information.

De Camp, naturally, finds Churchward's books ridiculous. To him, the notion of secret libraries in Tibet and tablets with ancient, unintelligible symbols on them, as Churchward claimed to have seen and read, was absurd. Yet, if De Camp had bothered to check his history, he would know that such libraries are a fact.

In the year 1900 at Dunhuang, a small desert town on the border of northern Tibet, a Taoist monk found a hidden library inside a cliff honeycombed with caves. The room had been walled up with bricks in the eleventh century to keep it from falling into the hands of invading barbarians. For eight hundred years the books had lain there, preserved by the dry desert air and maintained in excellent condition. Then the famous explorer and archaeologist Sir Aurel Stein passed through Dunhuang in 1907 and persuaded the monk to allow him to view the treasure, which was at that time still kept in the secret cave.

He found Buddhist texts in many languages—Chinese, Tibetan, Sanskrit— and some in *languages that were completely unknown*! Just how old some of the texts were was impossible to tell, but they had probably already been copied over several times from earlier texts. The originals could have been written hundreds and perhaps thousands of years ago. Amazingly, one of these manuscripts had *fragments of an ancient map which showed parts of a continent in the Pacific Ocean*![12,13,14]

Something else which lends credibility to the belief that these secret libraries exist is the fact that many references are made to them in Central Asian literature. It is said that they can be found in many temples in India, Nepal and Tibet. They probably can also be found in China and Mongolia as well.

About forty years ago, a Chinese representative of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood visited the Rosicrucian Fraternity in San Jose, California. He brought with him a manuscript which had been kept in a secret Asian archive for thousands of years. It was said to have been authored by the Egyptian Pharaoh Akhnaton, historically the founder of monotheism. The Rosicrucians translated this book and published it under the title *Unto Thee I Grant*.[6,15] The appearance of this book would seem to illustrate that such archives do in fact exist, and that knowledge is occasionally disseminated from them. Furthermore, the Rosicrucians claim to have access to a number of secret libraries in Tibet.

Therefore, one can see that the idea of Churchward having access to some "secret" tablets, fantastic though it may seem, is really not so far fetched.

Another set of information about Lemuria comes from a source whose credibility is far more dubious. In 1888, a fat, cranky, cigar-smoking old Russian lady named Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky published her large work, *The Secret Doctrine*. This work, she claimed, was largely based on an ancient record called the *Book of Dzyan* (interestingly, pronounced *Zion*). She said that her knowledge was imparted to her by the Brotherhood of Mahatmas, "Masters" who run the world from their headquarters in Tibet. The Book of Dzyan she says had been composed in Atlantis in the now-forgotten Senzar language and was written on palm-leaf pages. In addition to offering a description of Atlantis, the book also talks about the lost continent of Lemuria.[4]

Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine* is rather tedious in places, and not especially easy to read. It presents the reader with a cosmology of the world. According to this information, we are the "Fifth Root Race" to inhabit the earth and our planet is destined to have seven such races. Each race in turn is composed of seven subraces. The "First Root Race", composed of invisible beings made of fire-mist, lived on an Imperishable Sacred land. The "Second Root Race", who were just barely visible, inhabited the former Arctic continent of Hyperborea (Greek history mentions a northern country called Hyperborea fairly frequently). The "Third Root Race" was the Lemurians, gigantic, brainless, reptillian-apelike creatures. The "Fourth Root Race" were the Atlanteans, the first fully human creatures. We are the Fifth. The Sixth will evolve from us and will return to Lemuria. After the Seventh Root Race, life will leave our planet and start afresh on Mercury.

Blavatsky's book gives quite a detailed description of Lemurians. Some of the Lemurians had four arms, according to her, and some had an eye in the back of their heads, which gave them psychic vision. They had no spoken language, instead they used telepathy as their method of communication. They lived in caves and holes in the ground, and although they had no proper brain they could use their willpower to literally move mountains. Their homeland, Lemuria, comprised most of the southern hemisphere. Blavatsky was apparently familiar with the work of

Haeckel and Sclater and adopted for her own purposes the name they had given to this vast, pre-human continent. She said that the continent existed from sixty to forty million years ago.

After Madame Blavatsky's death in 1891, one of her successors, a leading British Theosophist named W. Scott-Elliot, wrote a lengthy paper called *The Story of Atlantis and the Lost Lemuria*.[5] The information in this rather fantastical book, he claims, came from the same "Theosophical Masters" and he states he even had "the privilege...to be allowed to obtain copies—more or less complete" of a set of maps which showed the history of the world at critical stages of development.

In his description of Lemuria, Scott-Elliot took up where Madame Blavatsky left off. He said that this huge continent took shape when the great northern continent of Hyperborea broke up. The *Manus*, the unseen supervisors of the universe, then chose Lemuria as the location for the evolution of the "Third Root Race". Their attempt at producing human life at first resulted in jellylike creatures, but in time the Lemurians' bodies hardened and they were able to stand up.

According to Scott-Elliot, Lemurians were between twelve and fifteen feet tall. Their faces were flat, save for a protruding muzzle, and they had no foreheads. Their skin was brown, and their eyes were set so wide apart that they could see sideways as well as forward. The Lemurians had a third eye in the back of their head. This eye now forms the pineal gland in the brains of modern man. The capacity to see out of the backs of their heads was particularly useful, according to Scott-Elliot, because the Lemurians' heels stuck out so far at the back that they could walk backward as easily as forward. The general appearance of a Lemurian was rather hideous by our standards. No less sinister looking were the huge reptiles which they tamed and used for their hunting. Scott-Elliot's Lemurians were not the sort of people you'd want to run into while walking down a dark alley![5]

As if all this weren't bizarre enough, Scott-Eliot continues by saying that the Lemurians started out as egg-laying hermaphrodites. At the time of the evolution of their fifth subrace, they began reproducing as we do today. However, during their sexual progress, they foolishly interbred with animals, producing the apes that populate our planet. This revolted the *Lhas*, supernatural beings whose duty it was, at this stage of the cosmic plan, to incarnate on earth in human bodies to help the evolving Lemurians. The repulsed *Lhas* as a result refused to carry out their appointed task. Beings from Venus saved the day by offering to take the place of the *Lhas*. The Venusians—called "Lords of the Flame"—had already developed a highly advanced civilization on their own planet. They were responsible for teaching the Lemurians how to achieve individual immortality and reincarnation. At the advent of the seventh subrace, Lemurians began to look human. Today's Australian aborigines, Andaman Islanders of India, and Lapps are said to be remnants of this "seventh subrace of the third root race".[5]

Lemuria began to break up during the period of the sixth and seventh subraces and various parts of this giant continent sank. However, a peninsula of this continent that extended up into the north Atlantic grew into Atlantis. It was here that the "Fourth Root Race" came into being some eight hundred thousand years ago: Atlanteans. Wars grew up between Atlanteans and the remaining Lemurians. During these wars most of Atlantis sank, reducing it to a relatively small island. Meanwhile, more wars took place and other islands appeared. Another disaster split what was left of Atlantis into two islands called Ruta and Daitya. The next phase of the cataclysm took place eighty thousand years ago. Finally, the sinking of the last little bit of Atlantis, Ruta, took place in 9564 BC. And that is the history of the world according to the "Theosophical Masters". Whew!

It is easy to see why L. Sprague de Camp found this all pretty silly. James Churchward also thought this account of Lemuria's history was a lot of baloney. De Camp believes that Madame Blavatsky and Scott-Elliot completely fabricated the whole story. Personally, I believe there is another explanation, and unfortunately, it is more sinister, rather like Scott-Elliot's Lemurians themselves.

Both of these books were written nearly one hundred years ago. Apparently, Blavatsky and Scott-Elliott attempted to make their pre-history fit in with the progressive and prevailing geology of the day. This would explain the name they gave to their southern continent, "Lemuria" (Lemuria was geologically in vogue at the time). It also explains the absolutely wild dates which they ascribe to their continents and the inhabitants, 60 million years, no less. Since prevailing geological theory held that these "lost continents" had to be many millions of years ago, Blavatsky and Scott-Elliott made their strange history fit with the current geological theories. Others who came later such as Churchward or Edgar Cayce placed the date of these ancient lands as being only thousands of years ago, rather than millions.

Blavatsky is to be credited for bringing Tibetan Buddhism to the west, which is largely what the Theosophical Society is based on. But in an effort to make sense out of the past, particularly in a way to satisfy scientific minds at the time, her writings were infiltrated by material that, in retrospect, would work against her credibility. There is some evidence to indicate that Madame Blavatsky, Scott-Elliot and others in the Theosophical Society were given misinformation by adepts of the ancient Bön cult of Tibet.

Little-known outside of Tibet, Nepal and India, the ancient Bön religion embraced the principle of personal power, control over others, deception, "black magic", and so-called "telepathic hypnosis". As a general rule, they like to call themselves the "Masters of the World". It is known historically that Buddhists tried to peacefully remove the Bön religion from Tibet. Though this effort was largely successful, certain Bön centers managed to either survive intact or to go underground. (See *Lost Cities of China*, *Central Asia & India* for more information).

Unfortunately, some of Blavatsky's "Root Race" beliefs were later taken up by Nazi Germany. If talk of "subraces" and "rootraces" seems vaguely familiar, it is because the Nazis used much of it in their "Fire and Ice" doctrine. The existence of subraces of differing levels of advancement became the rationale behind the wiping out of millions of Jews, Gypsies, Slavs, and other minority groups in central Europe. Furthermore, the "Coming Race", or "Supermen" as Hitler called them, were just around the corner: the "sixth root race"!

Even stranger still, Tibetans were known to work as advisors to Hitler and the religious wing of the Nazis, the SS. When the Russians took Berlin they found a bunker full of Tibetan and Indian monks, all of which had committed mass-suicide.[16] Were these the same people who had given their cosmology to Blavatsky and Scott-Elliot, and then the Nazis? Were they Bön adepts?

One last hint on that question; the Buddhist swastika runs to the right, symbolizing the "right-hand path". The Bön swastika runs to the left, symbolizing the "left-hand path". This is how Buddhist and Bön monasteries are differentiated. Which way did the Nazi swastika run? To the left, the same as the symbol of the Bön religion! The Swastika is an ancient symbol found in Asia, Africa, Europe, the Americas, and throughout the Pacific.

§§§

I had other things on my mind as I walked down the main street of Victoria: like where I was going to stay, now that I was in the Seychelles. I had to find a hotel, and a cheap one at that. Victoria is a sunny, pleasant colonial town of around fifteen thousand, which is one quarter of the population of the Seychelles. I strolled down the main street past some shops and asked the way to Captain Treegarten's from a brown-skinned shopkeeper in front of a French bakery.

"Straight up the hill", he said, motioning with a fresh baguette. I smiled and thanked him and looked to where he had pointed. The street sloped up steeply a few blocks ahead of me, and there at the top of the hill was a ramshackle Victorian house with a peeling coat of blue paint. That must be Captain Treegarten's!

I had been told about Captain Treegarten's by some Peace Corps volunteers I had met almost two years before in Sudan. They had said it was the only Youth Hostelish place in the Seychelles, and that this was the cheapest place to stay in Victoria. With renewed vigour in my walk, I strode uphill to the house.

Captain Treegarten turned out to be an old British-Seychelloise sailor who was now blind. But, he'd sailed the seven seas many a time, and knew the Indian Ocean like the back of his hand. For five dollars a night I could have a bed in one of his rooms. This seemed a little expensive to me at the time, but, I was assured, this was the cheapest place to stay in Victoria. I shelled out my money and tossed my pack onto a creaky iron spring bed.

The Republic of the Seychelles is a ninety-island archipelago, and is said to be the only mid-oceanic granitic island group in the world. Actually, the Republic of the Seychelles is two island groups; the granitic islands of the north chain, where the capital and all the people are, and the coral islands stretching south toward Madagascar, which are known as the Aldabra Reefs. Little did I know that I would be heading for these mostly unexplored islands on my quest for Lemuria.

The Seychelle Islands can be described as a beautiful tropical paradise, and as I wandered about the main island of Mahe, I could see why. It is lush, with mountainous palm forests and empty beaches. Crystal clear warm water splashes on the clean white sand. The Seychelles are mostly cut off from the rest of the world, and there is no industry to speak of except tourism, coconuts, vanilla and spices. The climate is equable and healthful, although quite humid, since the islands are small and subject to marine influences. Temperatures on the main island of Mahe never get too hot or too cold and high winds are rarely encountered as this "lotus land" lies outside the cyclone belt. Some of the early visitors to the Seychelles earnestly declared that the Seychelles were the original "Garden of Eden".

Apparently, the islands were not inhabited when first discovered by Arab sailors hundreds if not thousands of years ago (Sinbad must have made it to the Seychelles at some time, yet the tourist industry was only some coconut's dream). It appears on Portugese charts as early as 1505, but the islands were unclaimed and uninhabited until 1742 when the French Governor of Mauritius, Mahe de Labourdonnais, sent an expedition to the islands. Hence the name of the main island of the Seychelles: Mahe. Full settlement and population of the islands did not take place until 1794. At this time French colonists moved to the Seychelles to set up sugar, spice and coconut plantations. They imported African slaves to work the plantations and the population of the islands, known as Seychelloise, are the descendants of the children of the French colonists and the African slaves.

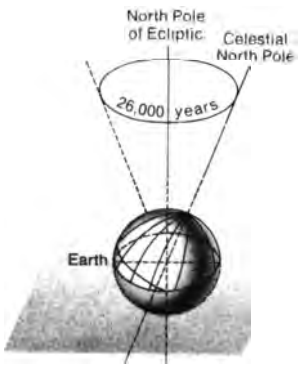
Shortly after the French colonized the islands, however, they were defeated by the British in the Napoleonic Wars, and the Seychelles passed onto the British in 1814 and became a dependency of Mauritius which was lost to the British at the same time.

The Seychelles became a separate crown colony in 1903 and gained their independence only in 1976. A coup a year later deposed the "Playboy" President James Mancham and the former Prime Minister France Albert Rene assumed the Presidency, vowing social reform. His coup was allegedly backed by Tanzania with Chinese weapons, and while he made much-needed reforms, he began to militarize what were once very peaceful islands. In the end, it turned out he may have had good reason: a dozen or so South African mercenaries tried to take over the capital in a botched counter-coup a year later, probably financed by Mancham. International political intrigue came to paradise.

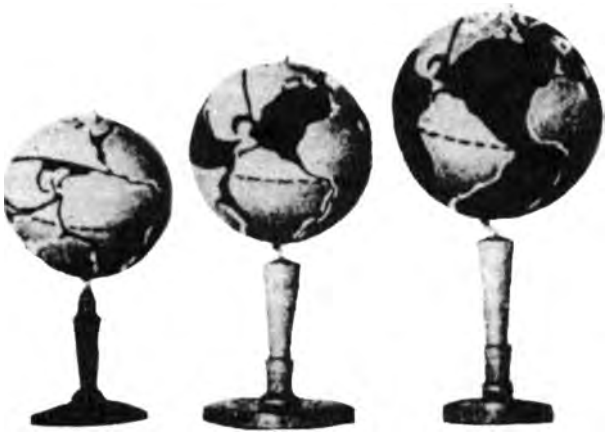
Naturally, I spent several days hitchhiking around the island, snorkling among the reefs and swimming on the beaches. People are friendly and fun in the Seychelles, and there is a certain romantic breeze that blows through the coconut and hibiscus trees at night.

Victoria is quite small, and easy to walk around in a few minutes. There are markets, many French bakeries, small cafes and small shops on the streets. As tourism has picked up a great deal since the international airport was built in 1971, there are many cafes and restaurants down by the port, with luxury hotels scattered about the island.

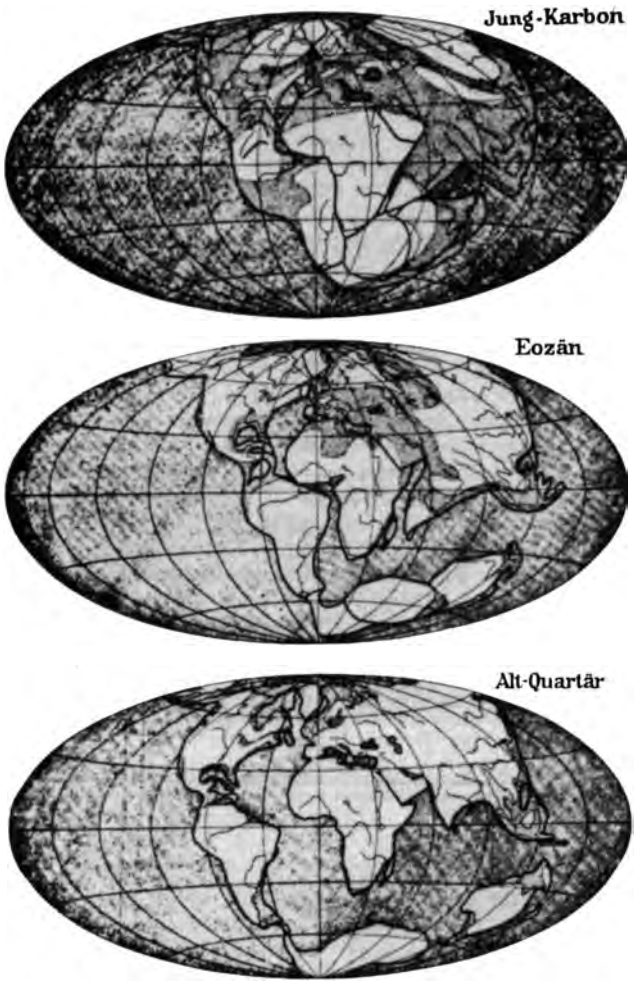
After I had been on Mahe for a few days, I walked down to the yacht club at the port intent on looking out at the harbor and having a local "Seybrew Lager" beer. I casually scanned the bulletin board at the entrance and spotted a note that was advertising for crew on a yacht that was headed for the Comoro Islands via the remote island of Aldabra. No yachting experience was necessary, but there would be a five dollar daily charge for food. Five dollars a day was within my budget, and after I tracked down the captain, I was off on another adventure!



The precession of the equinoxes.

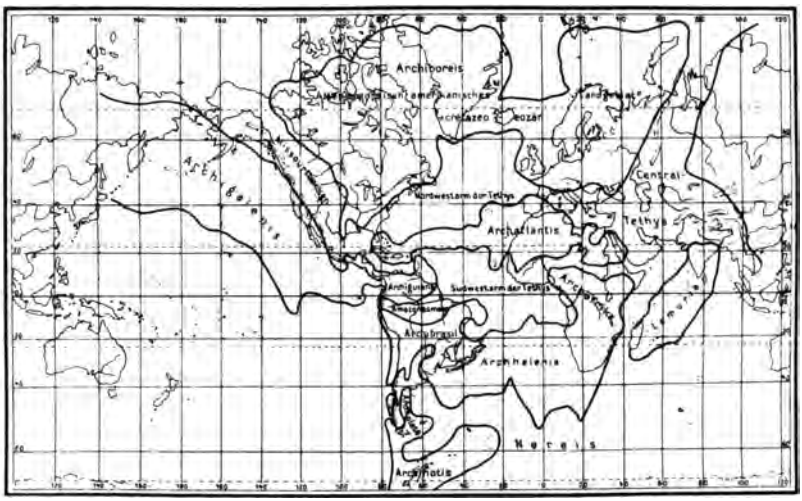


Hilgenberg's 1933 'expanding terellae' – the continents reconstructed on a 3/5 diameter ocean-free globe

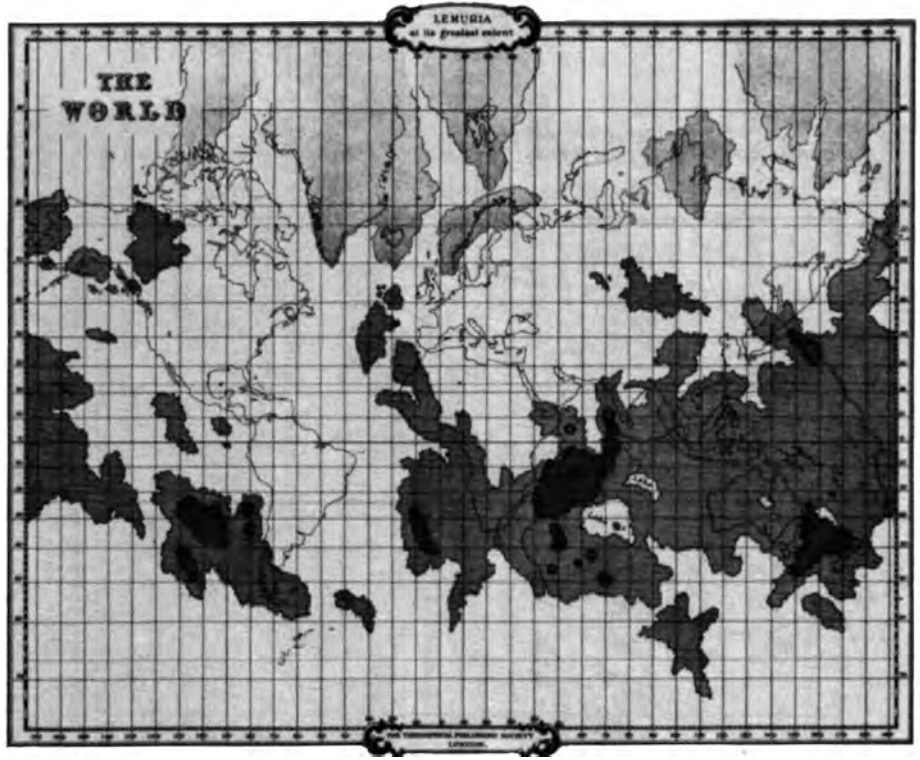


Wegener's map of the break-up of Pangaea in the Late Carboniferous, Eocene and Early Quaternary (from the 3rd German edn)

THE FIRST WORLD PALEOGEOGRAPHICAL MAP, from Neumayr's *Erde geschickte* (1887) showing his hypothetical Brazilo-Ethiopian continent and the Afro-Indian peninsula later called "Lemuria".



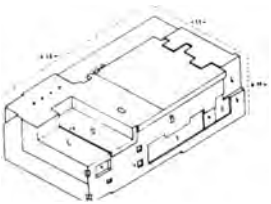
H. von Ihering (1907) constructs three land bridges (Archiboreis, Archatlantis and Archhelenis) across the Atlantic during the Eocene



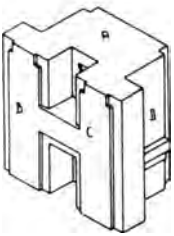
THE THEOSOPHICAL LEMURIA at its greatest extent, according to Scott-Elliot. Lemuria occupies much of the southern hemisphere with an extension into the North Pacific. Dark splotches represent mountainous areas. Remnants of Hyperborea appear in the extreme North.

OUTLINE MAP SHOWING THE LOCALITY OF PAN, THE SUBMERGED CONTINENT.

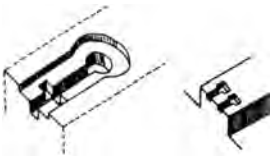
A map of the ancient Pacific Continent, called Pan, from the 1882 book, Oahspe. Written by Dr. John Ballou Newbrough, he claimed the continent sank 24,000 years ago.



An architect's drawing of blocks of stone found at the "canal" of Puma Punku.

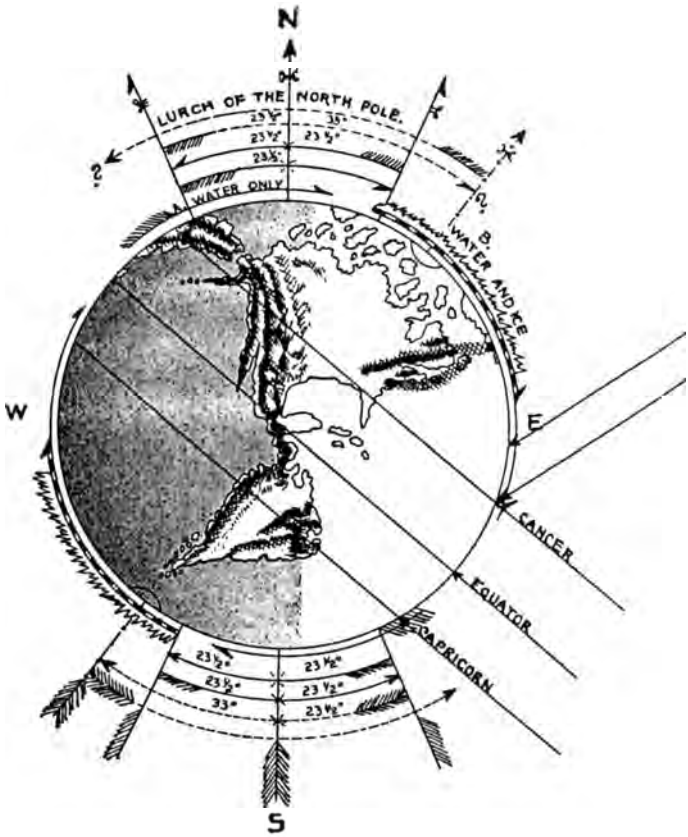


An architect's drawing of the complicated articulation of blocks of andesite lava found at Puma Punku.



These keystone cuts in the andesite were used to hold the gigantic blocks together. Silver or copper clamps were placed in the key cuts.

Portions of the canal at Puma Punku high in the Bolivian Andes, about a mile from the megalithic city of Tiahuanaco. Thought to be the remains of a former sea-level canal, it is perhaps the best evidence for so-called "Lemurian" construction.

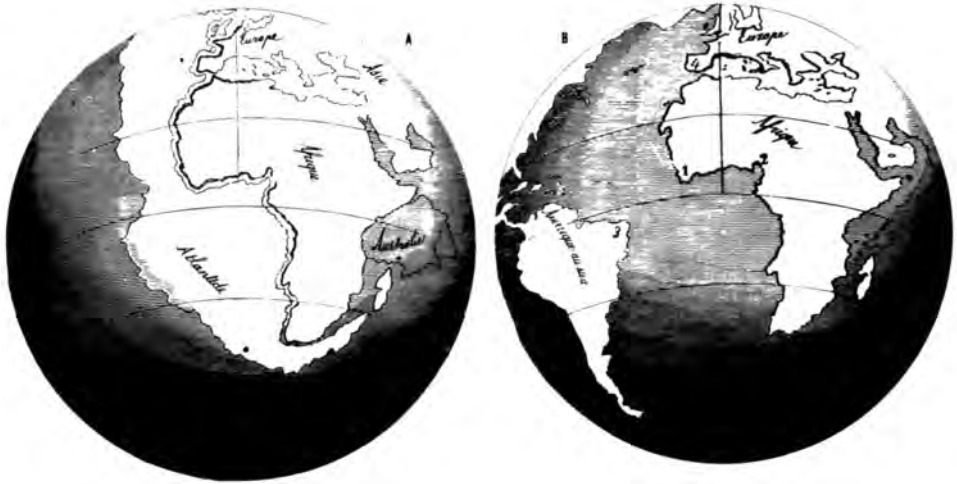


The pole's lurch

N. North pole at its mean position. S. South pole at its mean position. A. Normal western limit of the pole 23½° from mean. B. Normal eastern limit of the pole 23½° from mean. C. Point in east where pole was drawn before the lurch. D. The path of the pole to this eastern point. E. The path of the pole lurching to the west. F. The point west where the pole reached. 1 and 2. The normal variations from the equator. 3. The point reached with the sun vertical at D. X^1. Waves of water with mountains of ice rushing towards the south. X^2. Wave of water only rushing north. W^1. Waves of water with mountains of ice rushing towards the north. W^2. Wave of water only traveling southerly.

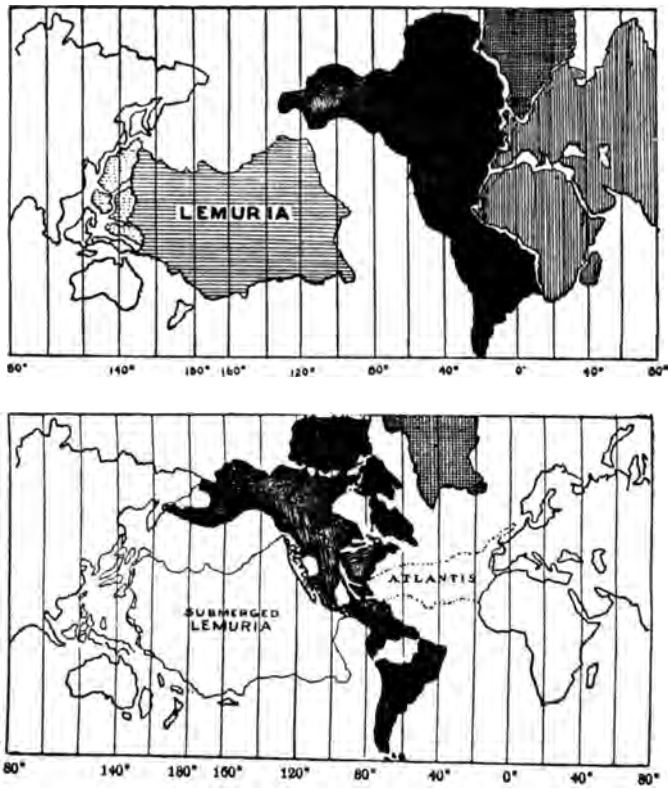
Churchward's 1932 drawing of a poleshift.

His geological theories were far ahead of their time, and are just now coming into mainstream geological acceptance.

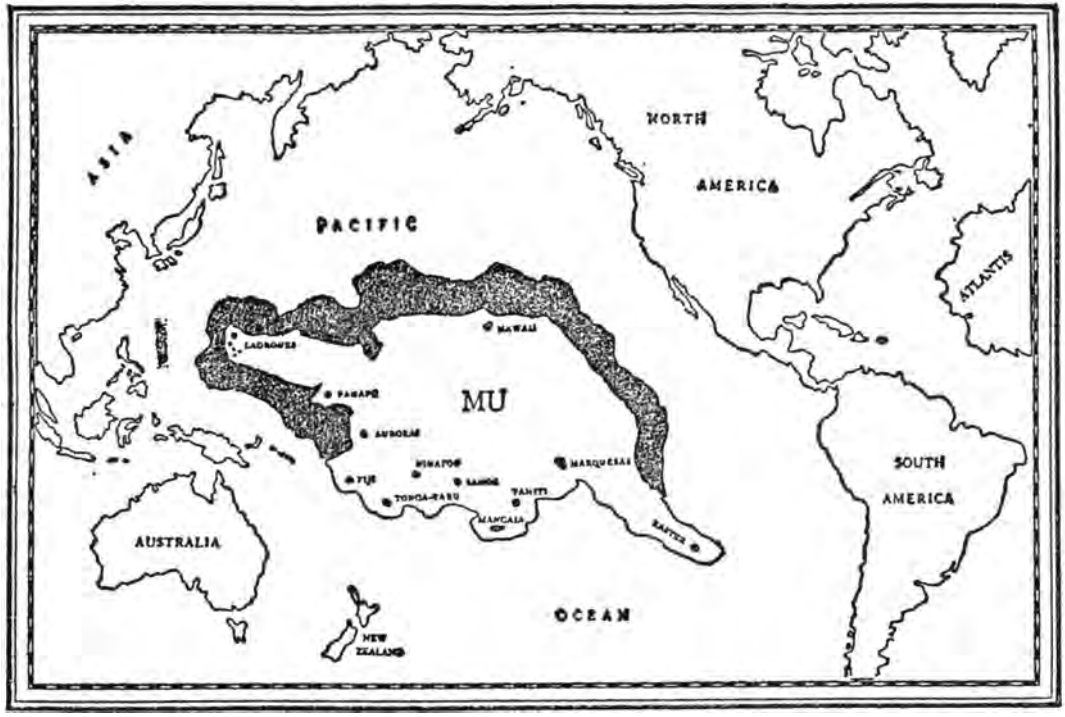


Antonio Snider Pellegrini's 1857 globes, '*avant*' and '*aprés la separation*' – the opening of the Atlantic causes the biblical deluge

An early "cataclysmic" view of geological change. At one time it was believed that the moon was torn out of the Pacific area, leaving the basin and ocean. NASA has proved that the moon is actually older than the earth, therefore, this cannot be the case.

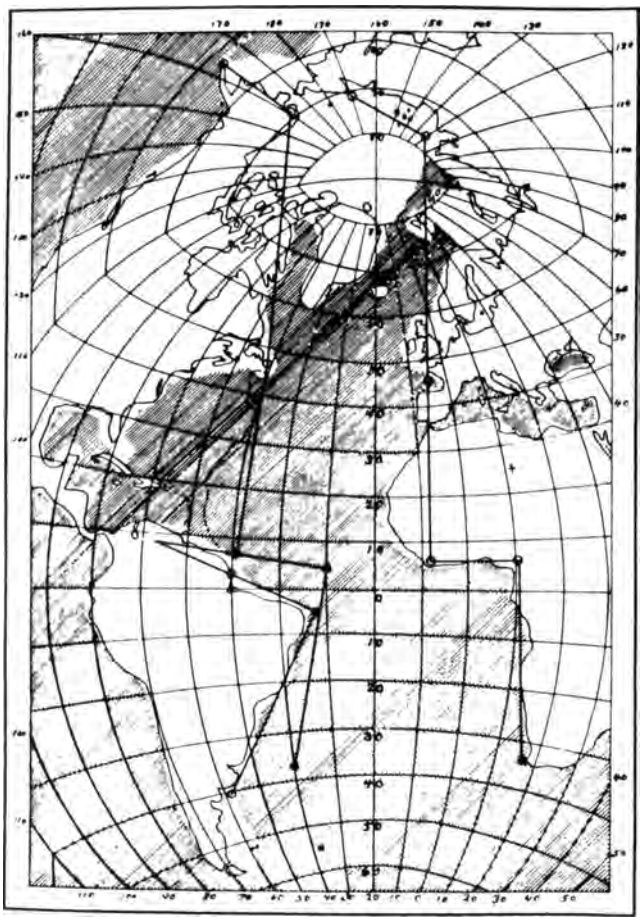


Two interesting and unusual maps from *Lemuria—Lost Continent of the Pacific* published by the Rosicrucians of San José. In the first map, we see Africa, Europe and Greenland fitted with the Americas and the Pacific continent on the left. The bottom map shows a now submerged Lemuria after a cataclysmic separation of the Americas from Africa and Europe. Note the Amazonian Sea.



Churchward's initial map of Mu, the Pacific continent that he learned about in India. Oxford Professor John Macmillan Brown had proposed a similar such land mass several years previously in his book, *The Riddle of Pacific.*

Mantovani's 1889 rearranged continents around the South Pole – prior to Earth expansion



W. H. Pickering's opening of the Atlantic following the loss of the Moon from the Pacific Ocean (from *Journal of Geology* 1907)

Chapter Two

SAILING THROUGH THE SEYCHELLES: THE GHOST ISLAND OF ALDABRA

There's a race of men that don't fit in;
A race that can't stand still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And roam the world at will...
—Robert Service, 1907

I've always been ready for an adventure, but I wasn't quite prepared for the events to follow after I struck a deal with Barry the Captain, a black haired South African from Durban who had married a wealthy wife, and now sailed about the Indian Ocean as he pleased—without her. He didn't seem to miss her, and, well, I don't know what she thought of him.

We'd sail for Aldabra and the Comoro Islands in a week, he said. He still wanted to get a few more crew members to man the ship and help pay expenses before we set off. His yacht, a 40 foot luxury ship named the Sirius, had three cabins and a kitchen. He planned to have as many as six people on board. He was sailing for Durban. I would be going as far as Grand Comoro in the Mozambique channel.

Back at the Guest House, I sat in Captain Treegarten's living room drinking tea and chatting with him and some other guests. I told them that I had hitched a ride on a yacht to Aldabra and the Comoros, and that I had a week to kill.

"Go to La Digue Island, only a two and a half hour trip away", said Bart, a Canadian staying in the same room as myself.

"Don't miss Praslin Island, that's where the Coco de Mer grows!" said Madeline, an Australian who was passing through on her way to London.

"If you're going to Aldabra Island", said Captain Treegarten, cocking his head slightly, and pushing the blue captain's hat back over his sparse grey hair, "you'd better take some cartons of cigarettes. They're expensive there! As is everything".

I took a sip of tea and said, "But I don't smoke, Captain".

"Who cares?" he bellowed. "You can trade them. They're like currency! Mark my words, lad, Aldabra is like the end of the earth. Those few miserable blokes stuck out there see a supply ship twice a year, if they're lucky! You can trade them cartons of cigarettes for food and accomodation—you won't be sorry!"

When the salty old sea captain spoke, his word was final.

I decided to take everyone's advice. The next morning I set off by ferry to La Digue, the third most populated island of the Seychelles and just a short ferry ride from Mahe. The ride seemed a bit rough to me, and, judging from the green faces on the other passengers (whose complexions were normally a dark brown), I gathered that I wasn't the only one who felt sick.

La Digue has no taxis to speak of. But it is only a short walk along the coconut palm lined road to reach the several small hotels. I pitched a tent in a vacant lot near the Grand Anse Guest House and then tracked down a fellow named James who I

had heard could be found hanging out at a local bar.

James, I was told, had a motor boat and would be willing to take me to a nearby uninhabited island, if he became so inclined. After a few Seybrew lagers, James informed me that he would be taking some tourists there the next day, and for the price of a couple of bottles of Guinness stout, I could go along.

It was getting late, I realized as I walked back to my tent that night. I was alarmed to discover that a coconut had fallen from a tree above, knocking down my tent. I was glad that it hadn't been me; these things have been known to kill people. Having a coconut fall on you can ruin your whole day, tents not withstanding.

It was noon the next day by the time we reached Coco Island, a deserted islet which lay a mile off shore. James' motor boat hit the small beach and we all hopped out for our picnic. Popping the cap off a stout, James told me that the best snorkling anywhere could be found just to the west of the island. I snorkled among the coral for several hours while the others ate lunch. I got a pretty bad sunburn on my unprotected back. Unlike the Seychelloise, I am not a cross between French colonists and African slaves.

That night as I lay in on my side in my tent with aloe cream smeared on my tender back, I thought of lost continents.

It was pretty easy for me to dismiss as improbable Madame Blavatsky's lizard men and her bizarre history of civilization, yet somewhere in the back of my head I still believed that very real cataclysms had taken place in the past and that they may have destroyed ancient civilizations. If the legends were correct, these cataclysms had not taken place millions of years ago as Blavatsky had asserted, but instead had occurred in more recent times.

The famous 19th century French naturalist George Cuvier, associated with the Museum of Natural History in Paris and widely acknowledged as the founder of vertebrate paleontology, once said, "Life on earth has often been disturbed by terrific events. Numberless living beings have been the victims of these catastrophes, such violent sweeps that entire races of living beings have been extinguished forever and have left no other memorial of their existence than some fragments which the naturalist can scarcely recognize".

Cuvier once described a disaster that had apparently occurred in a far northern part of the Pacific Ocean in an area off Siberia today known as the Laptev Sea. The earliest scientific exploration of these areas in 1805 and 1806 surprisingly uncovered evidence of a cataclysm.

At a site on the Liahknov Islands, a deposit was discovered: a layer of broken trees 200 feet deep. It appeared that millions of trees had been wrenched out by the roots in one violent blow of nature. Encased in the mud beneath the splintered wood were found the broken and frozen bodies of millions of animals. Some belonged to extinct species, like the woolly mammoth, and some were of contemporary species, such as bison. Ivan Liakhov, discoverer of the islands, reported, "Such was the enormous quantity of mammoths' remains that it seemed that the island itself was actually composed of the bones and tusks".

Greed and avarice turned these paleontological finds for the most part into billiard balls and piano keys. Indeed, for a time, the area supplied half the world's ivory, and ten thousand year old ivory at that!

Scientists agreed that vegetable-eating creatures such as bison could not have existed in the polar climate present today on the Liahknov Islands. In the stomachs of frozen animals they found undigested food currently not grown anywhere in the area for hundreds of miles away. Fractured bones and other microscopic evidence pointed toward simultaneous death.[17]

Cuvier surmised that at some time in the remote past, a huge wave had swept these creatures up from some distant spot and dragged them through the forest, tearing them apart and burying them.

What incredible geological event could create such massive destruction? Whatever it might have been, it is the event generally credited as being the cause of extinction of the woolly mammoths and other Ice Age mammals. Evidence of cataclysmic events in geology are responsible for the division of the science of geology into two main schools of thought.

These two schools are known as Uniformitarianism and Catastrophism. Uniformitarianism, currently the prevailing school of thought, holds that earth changes are gradual in nature, happening slowly over thousands if not millions of years. Nearly all dating of fossils and geological strata is done according to this theory. It is through this "theory" that the dates of so-many millions of years for this age and so-many million years for that age are arrived at.

While Uniformitarianists will admit that volcanoes occasionally erupt suddenly and earthquakes do happen, they maintain that the general workings of nature are gradual and easily observable. Mountain ranges inch their way up or down over millions of years, continents inch their way around the globe over millions of years and occasionally glaciers creep down from the poles and cause mass extinction. Most people will recognize this school as being in alignment with the geology that they were taught in high school or typically on television documentaries.

The other school, catastrophism, holds that major earth changes can happen very suddenly, much like Cuvier's destructive wave. In a violent wrenching of the earth's crust or a sudden slamming of two continental plates, mountain ranges can be created in a few days, oceans can spill out of their basins, large lakes can be created and continents can sink!

Though different from what is taught in schools today, this explanation of earth changes is more in line with ancient myths, legends, and traditions. One well known example of this is the legend of a great flood. Interestingly, prevailing geological thought is slowly moving more in the direction of catastrophism. For instance, catastrophism fits perfectly into the presently accepted plate tectonic theory.

Why is there resistance to catastrophism in academic fields? There are several reasons. It is not a very pleasant thought that everything we hold as stable today could be destroyed overnight when Mother Earth has the hiccoughs! The very notion itself could send Wall Street into a spin. And of course, uniformitarian geologists can site as evidence the fact that cataclysmic geology is not yet proven (just as Cataclysmic geologists site as evidence that Uniformitarian geology is not proven). Both sides make good points, and neither can be indisputably proven right until either thousands of years go by and no major geological changes have happened or a pole shift occurs and most of mankind is destroyed. Should this take place, there won't be too many uniformitarians around to be arguing anymore.

§§§

After a few days of lounging around La Digue with James, I took a ferry to Praslin Island for the day, mainly to see the Coco de Mer. I found it in the Valley de Mai, the area where the last of the primeval Seychelloise forest still grows. Walking through the lush, dense groves, I marveled at this unique species of coconut, the largest seed in the world, according to the *Guinness Book of World Records*. It grows as a double coconut, forming the shape of a heart, and looking remarkably like the ample buttocks of a plump, brown, Seychellois lady.

Perhaps for this reason, the Coco de Mer is considered to be something of a sex symbol and an aphrodisiac. Musing over this thought I recalled that I had seen one of these coconuts in the Gujarat area of India at the State Museum in Junagargh. It had been made into a silver perfume box and was labeled "poisonous coconut". I had asked the curator of the museum where it had come from and he said it had just turned up on the beach one day a hundred years or so ago. He didn't know how it had

had gotten there.

The Coco de Mer is unique indeed, and is found only on Praslin Island in the Seychelles. Wouldn't the fact that these islands had developed their own species of coconut seem to indicate that the islands had been in existence for a long time? Perhaps that they had been part of some ancient landmass? The early geological concept for Lemuria had the continent running through the Seychelles. Had the Coco de Mer once been widespread through such a hypothetical continent?

Probably the most mysterious plant in the world also grows in the Seychelles, and all over the world, in fact. It is eaten daily by millions of people on every continent. What strange, mysterious plant am I speaking of? The Banana! Bananas are not trees, but a perennial herb that reaches its full growth in one season and then dies. The banana's trunk is is a gigantic shoot, and what appears to be a solid bark is in fact only a hollow sheaf of leaves. As the plant reaches maturity, the true stem pushes up through this sheaf and emerges at the top of the plant, bearing the female flowers that will develop into the plant's familiar yellow-green fruit. Often reaching a height of 30 feet or more, bananas are the world's largest plants without a woody stem or trunk.

What actually makes bananas so mysterious is that seeds are completely absent from the plant! A new plant must be generated from pieces of rootstalk. Bananas are found all over the world, even on remote islands. They are said to be one of the few foods that mankind can live completely on. Yet, the only other seedless fruits, such as naval oranges and seedless grapes are genetically engineered. Someone, somewhere, at sometime in the remote past, cultivated bananas into the amazing plant that it is today. Bananas are sometimes said to be proof of an ancient and sophisticated civilization that spanned the entire world in remote pre-history, possibly radiating out of the Pacific. It seems unlikely that nature on her own would develop a fruit bearing plant without any other purpose than to feed people.

§§§

Three days later the yacht *Sirius* set sail for the Ghost Island of Aldabra. On board was the first mate, Joe, an olive-skinned, black-haired Mauritian who had lived in Zimbabwe-Rhodesia for some years and was now working for the captain as his cook and number one crew member; a whale spotter named Ron who owned a communal house in San Francisco; a Scottish marine biologist named Jim who was on board to gain passage to Aldabra; a young Norwegian sailor named Henrik, and an Australian traveler named Andy who was on his way to London, or Capetown or Nairobi, or somewhere.

We were an odd bunch. We set sail south one afternoon from the harbor in Mahe through a thousand miles of dangerous coral reefs and little known islands with our captain Barry at the helm, who at least talked as though he knew where he was going. We divided into watch teams. Andy and I were the least experienced sailors, so I was matched with Joe, a young, fun-loving adventurer, and Andy with Barry, the carousing yachtsman.

It seemed like a fine day to set sail. The sun shone bright through the scattered clouds of the Indian Ocean. We cruised hard with the wind behind us, heading straight for the Almirantes group of the Seychelle Islands. Mahe had become a small dark spot on the horizon. The day passed without event until sunset when a storm hit us as fast as we could prepare for it. Captain Barry ordered everyone to get below the deck except for himself, Joe and Henrik.

With quickness borne of desperation, Henrik and Joe tore at the sails in an attempt get them down before the gusts tipped the boat over. I watched in horror as Henrik stumbled towards the bow to get the forward sail. Ten foot waves were breaking across the deck! Normally a crew member wears a line and harness while

any such luxuries, and if Henrik should be swept overboard by a wave, we would never be able to see him through the growing darkness.

With our sails down, and Captain Barry at the helm, we steered the yacht through the night, waves breaking into the cockpit throughout. The crew, save for the captain, rode out the storm in their bunks that night. The yacht bucked and tossed in an angry sea. It was an inauspicious beginning for our trip.

The storm had passed by the next morning, and our two-man teams took turns on watch duty; three hours on watch, six hours off. As the storm had blown us off course, Captain Barry took a sextant reading every day at noon in an effort to find out where we were. Joe would haul in his fishing line which he constantly dragged behind us, hoping for a tuna or some other edible fish from which he could make steaks. Every evening at dusk, captain Barry would pour himself a glass of rum, his "libation to the Gods". The rest of us would sit and wonder where we were. "Right on course", the captain would say.

We had been four days at sea with no sign of any ships or land. That night I lay in my bunk and daydreamed of living on some desert island somewhere here in the Indian Ocean. Later, Joe and I were on the graveyard shift which ran from three in the morning to dawn. During the nightwatches, one had to be keenly aware of lights. We watched for ships that plied tanker lanes to the Persian Gulf. A large freighter could ram us, we would sink in minutes, and they would never know that they had hit anything.

It was a dark moonless night and clouds hid the southern stars. Flying fish occasionally landed on the deck. The sun was just starting to come up when suddenly Joe leaped up from the helm.

"Holy shit!" he cried. "Barry, quick, get up here!"

I jumped forward to the bow. The growing light illuminated palm trees and an island began emerging out of the darkness. We were but a few hundred yards from shore and about to run aground on a coral reef! In minutes the Sirius would be reduced to splinters and its survivors would be swimming ashore. The time of our shipwreck had come. Perhaps I would be living on that desert island sooner than I had expected.

Captain Barry was on deck in moments followed by Henrik and Ron. "Where did that island come from?" he shouted. As we approached the reef he screamed, "Full starboard!"

I looked in horror at the coral heads looming up in the crystal clear water and now laying only a few yards ahead of us. It seemed to be reaching up at us like the ghostly hands of sailors drowned before us, ready to pull us down to join them. Henrik, Joe, Ron and I tore down the sails as fast as we could before we were carried off into the reef.

By some miracle, we did not strike the reef but instead cruised around the island. It turned out to be one of the Farquhar group of the Seychelles, and apparently it had a small coconut plantation on it. The crew wanted to land, but Barry claimed that the sea was too rough and that there was no good anchorage here. Heading back out onto the open sea, and charting a course south, we set sail for the Ghost Island of Aldabra, still a three day cruise away.

§§§

That night in my bunk I was reading a book called *The Ultimate Frontier.* Several chapters in the book discussed ancient Lemuria, and the things it had to say about the Lost Continent seemed quite different from the stories told by Madame Blavatsky and Scott-Elliott.

According to *The Ultimate Frontier*,[18] Lemuria had been a large continent in the Pacific which had encompassed all of present-day Australia, New Zealand, the

Philippines, Oceania, western North America, and everything in between. The continent's real name had been Mukulia, or Mu. Lemuria is its geological name, even though it had not extended into the Indian Ocean. Its boundaries were established by what is today called the Pacific Tectonic Plate. Some modern geologists prefer to call this hypothetical continent Pacifica, rather than Lemuria, since it is not part of the same block of area originally designated as Lemuria.

Mankind's first civilization rose 78,000 years ago on this giant continent and it lasted for an astonishing 52,000 years. It was destroyed in earthquakes which had been generated by a "pole shift" occurring some 26,000 years ago, or at approximately 24,000 BC. The continent was so large, that when it sank, the oceans of the world became drastically lowered as water rushed into the newly formed Pacific Basin. The relatively small islands which had existed in the Atlantic during the time of the Lemurian civilization were left high and dry by the receding ocean. The newly emerged land joined the Poseid Archipelago of the Atlantic Ocean to form a small continent. This continent is called Atlantis by historians today. Its real name was Poseid.[18'19]

The Ultimate Frontier, which is a work taken largely from the lessons of a group called *The Lemurian Fellowship*, says the Lemurian, or Mukulian civilization "...lasted in the form of an empire for 52,000 years and reached heights so great that our present civilization can barely be considered a civilization when compared to it. Government, religion, and science achieved such perfection as to be far beyond our present comprehension. Western Civilization is only about 2,500 years old and has narrowly survived its power-seeking rulers and priests. Our science and technology are but in their infancy and as yet consist of relatively few rediscoveries".[18]

Looking out at the moon through the porthole in my bunk, I thought for a moment about this Lemuria. According to this account, Lemuria had not been a world of lizard men from millions of years ago, but instead had been a land of normal human beings. Furthermore by the standards of geological time, even in terms of homo-sapiens, it had not existed so very long ago. I could easily accept the possibility that civilizations and governments had existed tens of thousands of years ago. After all, human beings with the same brain size and capacity for reason as exists at present had already been on this earth for hundreds of thousands of years. There is no real reason why civilization could not have risen even a half a million years ago. In fact, logically it seems *improbable* that mankind would have remained stumbling around in the dark for so long. It seemed more probable that he would have begun building.

According to this information on Lemuria, there was one language and one government. Education was the keynote of the Empire's success; and because every citizen was versed in the laws of the universe and was given thorough training in a profession or trade, magnificent prosperity resulted. A child's education was compulsory to the age of twenty-one in order for him to be eligible to attend citizenship school. This training period lasted for seven years; so the earliest age at which a person could become a Citizen of the empire was at twenty-eight.

In order for a person to be eligible for public office, the terms of which lasted for life, a man had to complete seven additional years of specialized training. This also earned him the right to cast two ballots in public elections. Therefore, no one under thirty-five years of age could hold office.

According to the *Ultimate Frontier*, there were ten Laws:

1. No man shall profit at the expense of another.

2. No man singly, nor the commonwealth collectively, may take anything away from another by force.

3. All natural resources shall remain the property of the state or commonwealth and may not be claimed as a personal possession by any individual or any group of individuals not constituting the entire citizenry.

4. Every citizen and every child thereof shall be entitled to and receive equal education, equal opportunity for the expression of his ability and equal standing before the laws of the land.

5. All advancement in position shall be based upon merit and the performance of service alone.

6. No individual shall be entitled to retain as a personal possession anything for which he has not personally compensated in equal value.

7. No individual shall have the right to operate in the environment or personal affairs of another unless asked to do so by the person. The commonwealth or government may do so only where criminal or treasonable intent can be proved, or the civil rights of another have been violated.

8. No one may intentionally kill or injure another person, except in the defense of life or state.

9. The sanctity of the home shall be kept inviolate, and no woman may be taken in marriage without her consent.

10. In all matters affecting the common good, and when no violation of Natural law is implied or involved, the opinion of the majority shall rule, subject only to the consent of the Elders whose decision shall be final.

The whole purpose of civilization in Mukulia was to create "Masters", or "Saints" as they are commonly called today. Each person studied and worked to be a better person their whole life. Over several life times (the Lemurians of this lost continent believed in reincarnation) those persons who had applied themselves and had penetrated their inner selves to a high degree became "Masters". They had "Mastered" life; not an easy thing to do. These "Masters" were then known as "Elders" according to *The Lemurian Fellowship*'*s* version of Lemuria; they were loving, knowledgeable, kind and sympathetic human beings dedicated to helping others journeying along the same path.

The ancient lost empire of Mukulia, as presented by *The Lemurian Fellowship*, seemed almost too good to be true. Far from having been a bunch of sinister, dull-witted half-men, these Lemurians had been intelligent, sincere human beings who took into account the feelings and lives of other people in ways which make even our own "advanced" attitudes toward each other seem childish by comparison. Here were ten reasonable laws, which if practiced would certainly lead to better harmony between people.

In my own judgement these laws seemed to me to be consistent with the karmic principles of non-interference in other people's lives, the rights of the individual, and the rights of the collective group as a whole. These laws were reflective of a people who took responsibility for their lives, and worked for the honest advancement of themselves and their civilization.

They reminded me of Moses' Ten Commandments and also of the United States' *Bill of Rights*. Was there a connection? Moses had been raised by the Egyptian priesthood, and as such must have been privy to much of their inner circle of knowledge. Perhaps he had read Carl Sagan's wish-list book, "*The True History of Mankind Over the Last 100,000 Years*"? Had *The Lemurian Fellowship* read it as well I wondered?

The founding fathers of the United States included many Masons as well as several Rosicrucians. The history of both of these groups can be traced back to the ancient Mystery Schools of Egypt; the same Mystery Schools that had taught Moses! Had the secret teachings of the Masons and Rosicrucians been based on information which had been passed down for thousands of years through Egypt, originally having come from some lost civilization? It occurred to me that this was possible, and certainly, both Masons and Rosicrucians have assured me it is indeed the case.

I couldn't be sure that these really were the Laws of some lost civilization, but I

must admit that the idea appealed to me. I was hooked. Even if it wasn't true, the possibility of a civilization having lived so humanely in the past struck an idealistic cord deep within me. I wanted to know more. If such a civilization had existed in the past, then could it be recreated?

§§§

Bare-chested and barefooted,
he goes into the dust of this world.
Smeared with mud and daubed with ashes,
he wears a broad grin.
He has no need of the secret powers of the gods,
for by his direct command
the dead trees blossom with flowers.
—*Shih Niu T'ou*, *Zen commentator*.

It was a bright afternoon when we sighted the first palm trees on the island of Aldabra. The entire crew was ecstatic! Cabin fever had contagiously swept through all of us and our near shipwreck some days earlier had caused us to get a bit antsy. Captain Barry fired up the inboard motor, and we headed for the west side of the island where the small British-Seychelloise scientific station was located.

Aldabra is a huge island, and it took the rest of the day just to motor to the long beach and the small cluster of shacks on Settlement Island. We had just finished anchoring near the reef when an open motor boat came out to meet us. They yelled to us from their boat, saying that it would be better to anchor at the other end of the beach where it was safer. Apparently, one yacht had already torn lose at the place where we were moored and had smashed and sunk on the reef.

We moved the yacht and then Joe and Jim, the Scottish marine biologist who had lived on Aldabra for a year, and I sailed ashore that night in the open motor boat. The first thing that we did was take a shower. My hair was all stringy and salty and my bottom and thighs were covered with salt sores. How good it was to shampoo my hair and rinse off. I relished every minute, short though it was since water, being very precious on Aldabra, had to be used conservatively.

That night, after a huge meal in the common mess hall, everyone sat around the small "pub", located at the far end of the room, and chatted about Aldabra.

I learned that there were nine people living on Aldabra; three researchers from the Royal Geographical Society, two Seychellois scientists, and four other Seychelloise whose job it was to cook and maintain the small group of wooden buildings that made up the research station.

Over a few Seybrews, Ted, one of the British biologists and a black-bearded, beer-guzzling Londoner, told us a few facts about Aldabra which was one of the most unusual places in the world! The name Aldabra is Arabic and was originally given to the island by Arab sailors. It means "Green cloud seen at sea".

Aldabra is the largest coral atoll in the world, spanning 21 miles long and and 8 miles wide. It extends only 50 feet high at its greatest point. Its lagoon, a virtual inland sea 135 square km large, holds "giant sharks which cruise the water by the hundreds", according to Ted.

Most importantly, Aldabra is the home of an estimated 100,000 Giant Land Tortoises! The only other place in the world where Giant Land Tortoises live naturally is the famous Galapagos islands, which boasts only 30,000 tortoises. These slow-moving, long-lived and humble creatures are everywhere on Aldabra. When walking from the mess hall to the small accomodation huts a few hundred yards away, one had to take care so as not to trip over a sleeping tortoise.

Aldabra is a wildlife refuge. It is teeming with a variety of animal life and is also

the home of millions of birds. There are probably in excess of a million frigates living there, huge booby colonies and some of the rarest land birds in the world, including the last flightless bird in the Indian Ocean, the white-throated rail. Huge coconut crabs whose pincers could take off your finger scurry about beneath palms, while fruit bats fly through the mangrove swamps. Aldabra also has the greatest concentration of breeding sea turtles in the Indian Ocean. They come to the island during full moons to lay their eggs.

In the water, all kinds of sharks, manta rays, sail fish, tuna, wahoos, dolphins, and fish abound. It is a naturalists' paradise, a sort of primeval world where animals live as they had... since Lemurian times!

According to the book, *Aldabra Alone*,[20] two World War I German supply ships rendezvoused in the Aldabra lagoon with the only German warship ever to enter the Indian Ocean, the 3,083 ton Königsberg. During a second visit in 1915, the Kongsberg met the 5,442 ton Kronborg in the lagoon. The warship was resupplied so that it could carry on the German war effort in Tanganyika. This was an incredible feat, considering the shallow and dangerous entrance of the Aldabra lagoon.

"Oh", said Ted, tossing back his sixth Seybrew, "there are also wild goats on the island!"

"Wild goats?" I bellowed, finishing off another one myself. After all, we had been at sea along time..."Where did the wild goats come from?"

"Ah", said Ted, "now we come to the ghost story of the evening. Joe and I leaned forward in our seats slightly to hear. What mystery did the remote island of Aldabra hold?

"Well", began Ted, "about a hundred years ago, a group of Norwegian Marxist Utopianists left Norway in a large vessel intent on starting their social utopia, based on their high ideals. They steamed around Africa and headed for Madagascar. They were searching for an uninhabited island where they could found their utopian community. They believed they had found the site for their utopia here at Aldabra.

"Certainly, Aldabra was large enough, and uninhabited all right, but it had its problems. First of all, there is very little fresh water here; what small amount there is collects in pools during rains. Secondly, the soil is mostly hard, jagged coral, and difficult to farm. It would be hard to make a very good living on Aldabra.

"They brought with them their goats, and these goats still roam the island today. We know that the Norwegians got here, because of their goats, but no trace of them has ever been found. They have completely vanished! This island has rarely been visited, and it was even less so back then. No one came here for years. What happened to those Norwegians, no one knows".

"Maybe they just sailed away", said Joe.

"Maybe, but no one knows where", answered Ted. "Perhaps they were lost at sea. Or maybe..". His voice suddenly got very low, "...maybe they are still here! Or their ghosts. Most of the large south island is still unexplored, and while it seems unlikely that a bunch of Norwegians might be living there in seclusion, it still is possible".

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Well", said Ted, his face turning a little pale. "Sometimes at night, late at night while everyone is asleep, the most blood curdling scream you ever heard will pierce the darkness. It will make your hair stand on end. It is genuinely the most frightening thing I have ever experienced. I pray you will not hear it! That is why they call Aldabra the Ghost Island".

Joe and I sat silent for several moments looking at Ted, then Joe took a nervous sip of his beer.

Suddenly, the other British biologist, Trevor, said, "Well, there is another explanation, actually. It seems that the goats can make a scream that is genuinely blood curdling and sounds uncannily human. Most probably it is just a wild goat

"Ah, did you have to spoil it for me, Trevor? I had these blokes scared there for a moment!" lamented Ted.

"Not me", said Joe, finishing his Seybrew, "I knew it was the goats all along".

"Well I didn't", I confessed, and we all laughed. With that, it was well past midnight, and time to go to bed.

As I lay in my bed, one that did not rock back and forth—such a luxury—I thought of the Norwegian Utopianists who had tried to escape the insanity of the world, and search for their own place in the sun. How easy it would be to get along with each other, if we all lived by the ten Lemurian Laws!

Hours later, as if in fulfillment of some prophesy, I awoke in the middle of the night to the most awful, blood curdling scream I have ever heard. It was loud and close. I thought someone was being horribly murdered right there outside my room. Just as Ted had predicted, the hair stood up on the back of my neck and shivers ran up my spine. It was genuinely frightening.

I leaped out of bed and went to the door. Looking out over the beach, I saw a full moon low in the sky. All was quiet. Joe was standing at his door, his face a little pale, looking out just as I was. We looked at each other.

"Goddamn goats", he said.

§§§

Joe and I spent the next day on the Sirius while the others went ashore. We would be at Aldabra for five days or so, and captain Barry was worried that the yacht might tear loose and be wrecked on the reef. We had already had one close call.

We busied ourselves cleaning the yacht, and then got out some snorkling gear. I was about to jump into the water and dive around the reef, when a large hammer head shark surfaced just next to the boat. Well, I thought to myself, maybe I would just read instead.

Over the next few days we explored the islands, went deep sea fishing outside the reef, and snorkled in the channel between the west and south island. One day, Joe and I along with a Seychellois meteorologist explored the interior of the west island, searching for a pool of water that was said to hold a rare, multi-colored, upside-down jellyfish.

Walking through the interior of the island was like walking on the moon; the surface was covered with formations that were like stalagmites, sharp and pointy. Large pools of semi-saline water teeming with fish and jellyfish were everywhere. These pools were somehow connected by tunnels to the inner lagoon. Giant Land Tortoises were abundant throughout the atoll, though it is said that the heaviest concentration is to be found on the mostly unexplored South Island.

I paused and looked at some tortoises that seemed quite friendly. One was rather large—probably a hundred and fifty years or so old—and stood about two feet high. One can certainly become quite fond of these heavy guys, I mused to myself as I sat down under a coconut palm to observe.

Amiable and slow, they mind their own business (Lemurian Law #7), while casually chewing away in the shade. My friend, the large tortoise, gave me half a glance, hardly missing a chew on the grass in his mouth. He picked at a clump for awhile and then, eyeing a particularly succulent blade of grass, he stretched his neck out and went for it. These guys would make great pets, I thought to myself. They don't make a lot of annoying noise and they don't carry with them hoards of buzzing insects.

When the mood strikes them (or the heat gets to them) they crash out under the nearest bush or tree, legs and head sprawled on the grass, a pleasant expression of dreamland on their face. Their only predator is man. In truth, these cousins of

dinosaurs were noble animals.

Apparently, many Indian Ocean Islands had had giant land tortoises on them, but over time sailors had killed them off for an easy lunch. However Aldabra had been too large and remote to have suffered complete extinction.

How, I wondered, did giant land tortoises get to be here on Aldabra? These animals do not swim, but can float. David Attenborough in his book, *The Living Planet*,[213] says that smaller tortoises probably reached Madagascar from Africa "riding on clumps of vegetation. It is also possible that once giant forms developed, they spread to other islands supported by no more than the buoyancy of their own bodies". Attenborough asserts that giant tortoises could live for days and that currents could propel them to Aldabra and other islands.

Yet, if this were the case, why don't giant land tortoises live on islands all over the world? The only other island group in the world that they do live on is the Galapagos. The Galapagos Islands are more than half way around the world going via the Indian and Pacific Oceans! Attenborough asserts that the giant tortoises of the Galapagos are more closely related to the smaller South American tortoises, and probably got to the islands in the same way, by floating there!

This may be the case, farfetched as it may be. Yet, tortoises have been around for a long time, millions of years. Is it not likely that lower sea levels and geological changes had once created a larger land area, of which only scattered islands remain today? This is the same theory, coupled with continental drift, used to explain the presence of large, flightless birds throughout the southern hemisphere.

Wouldn't some land mass have had to stretch all the way across the Indian Ocean and the Pacific in ancient times in order to have distributed these animals? Visions of many giant land tortoises lumbering around ancient Lemuria filled my head. Couldn't the distribution of the giant land tortoises be considered some sort of proof that Lemuria had existed? Not necessarily. Yet, in the early days of geology, when lost continents were in vogue, an author such as Attenborough would not have hesitated to at least mention such a theory. It was an identical theory on the distribution of lemurs that had created the term "Lemuria" in the first place. However, in these "modern times" lost continents are not in vogue with the academics, and Attenborough knows better than to bring up topics with are taboo.

As it was our last night at Aldabra, I went for a walk alone along the beach just as the sun was setting and the full moon began to rise. It was a pleasant walk complete with the ocean breeze and the gentle sound of the surf. I hadn't planned on walking to the end of the beach, which was more than a mile away, as dinner was going to be served shortly. But something drove me on.

At the end of the beach I discovered some turtle tracks. The markings looked as if a tractor had driven up onto the beach. Silently I sneaked around until I saw a green sea turtle digging in the sand. I watched for awhile, hiding cautiously behind a tree. Then I slowly moved closer until finally I was laying right next to her in the sand. I was close enough to touch this beautiful, six foot animal intent on laying her eggs for the next generation of sea turtles.

She was totally preoccupied with her labor. Her head stretched into the sand bank of the two foot deep pit she had dug. Every 10 seconds or so she would flip out some sand with one of her hind flippers, and then arch herself, bottom down, to lay an egg.

I laid back and looked at the moon while the turtle worked beside me. How wonderful life was, I thought. How good life could be! Here on this desert island, a thousand miles from anywhere, the cares and worries of war, strife and hatred seemed so far away. Yet, out there, in the *real* world, I knew that the insanity that was sweeping our planet and had been for thousands of years, was still taking its evil toll.

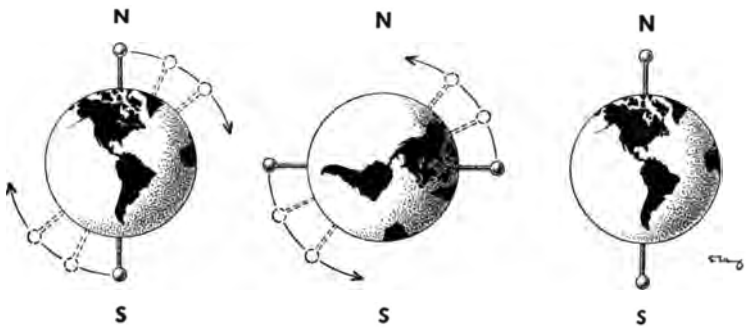
It was no wonder that the Utopianists had sought to escape Norway (a fairly

calm country at that) and had attempted to create a better life here on the remote island of Aldabra. Why, oh why, I asked the moon, couldn't people work together to build, instead of destroy? Is it really the nature of man, as so many people assert, to fight against each other?

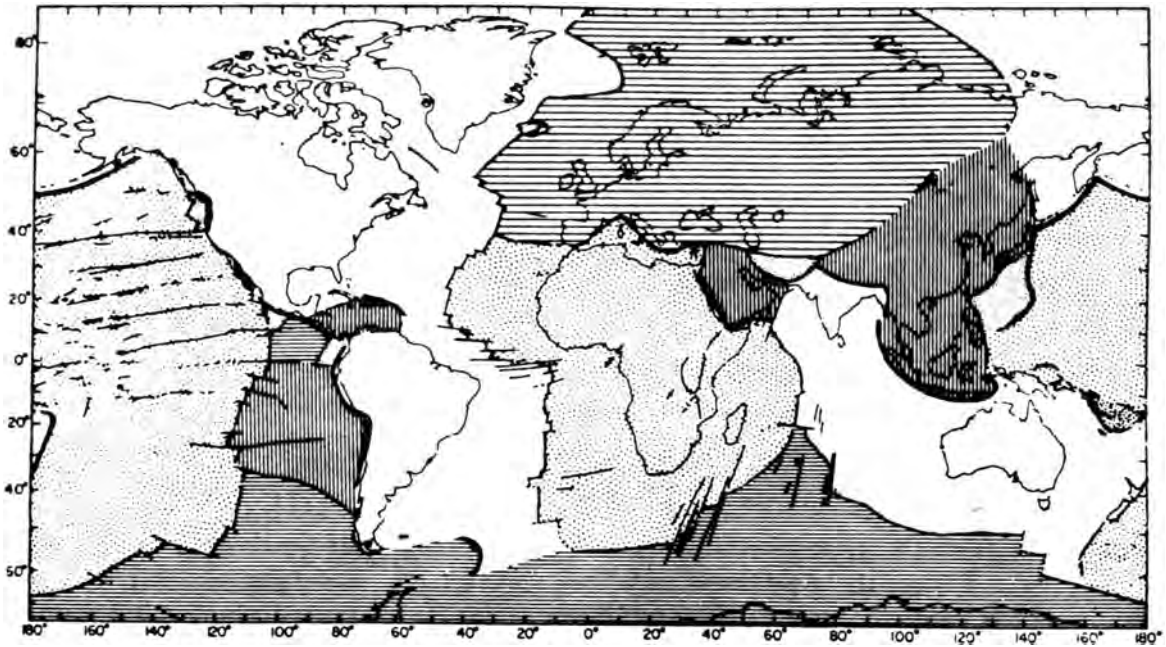
Out in the starry night, far away from the sea, I could almost hear the ancient Masters of Lemuria calling to me: "No, it is not mankind's nature to destroy. It is mankind's nature to build! And there will come a time, soon, when the men who are dedicated to building, rather than destroying, will get together to rebuild the world based on these higher principles".

Tears welled up in my eyes as I looked at the moon. This time of rebuilding could not come soon enough. I could not stay here on Aldabra forever waiting for mankind to reach that stage. I had to leave; though I did not want to just yet. Maybe I could spend just a little more time on my ghost island paradise.

As if in answer, the sea turtle tossed a flipper full of sand on top of me. It was time for me to move on.



Pole shift according to Velikovsky.

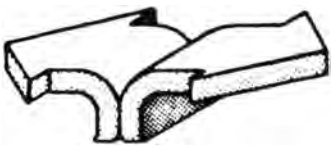


The pattern of global plates as outlined by Morgan (1968) Subduction zone boundaries are heavy lines, and extensional boundaries are thin lines (with permission of the American Geophysical Union, copyright AGU)

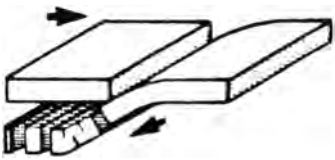
Here, the Pacific Plate can be seen as the largest of all tectonic plates as Morgan first proposed the theory in 1968. Such a theory totally supplanted the "Gondwanaland Theory", as continental landmasses, whether submerged or not, cannot drift very far before they would collide with another tectonic plate.

Plates in collision

As the plates making up the solid skin of the earth slide ponderously around on the layers of molten rock below, they interact with each other in several different ways.

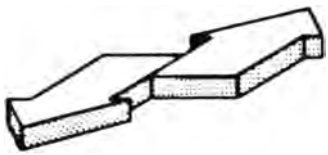


Where the oceanic plates are pulling apart, molten rock flows up to fill the rifts and solidifies, pushing the other side of the plates outwards.



Oceanic layers are heavier than land masses, so where ocean plates collide with continental coastlines, the oceanic plates tend to be pushed below the land masses to form subduction zones The edges of the oceanic plates below the land remelt, completing a continuous cycle which replaces the ocean floors every 200 million years or so.

Land masses on the plate boundaries colliding head-on cause folding of the land into mountains. The folds usually take place close to the plate boundaries, as in the case of the Himalayas, formed relatively recently when the Indian sub-continent was pushed into the Eurasian continental block. In America, the Appalachians are an example of a previous continental collision.

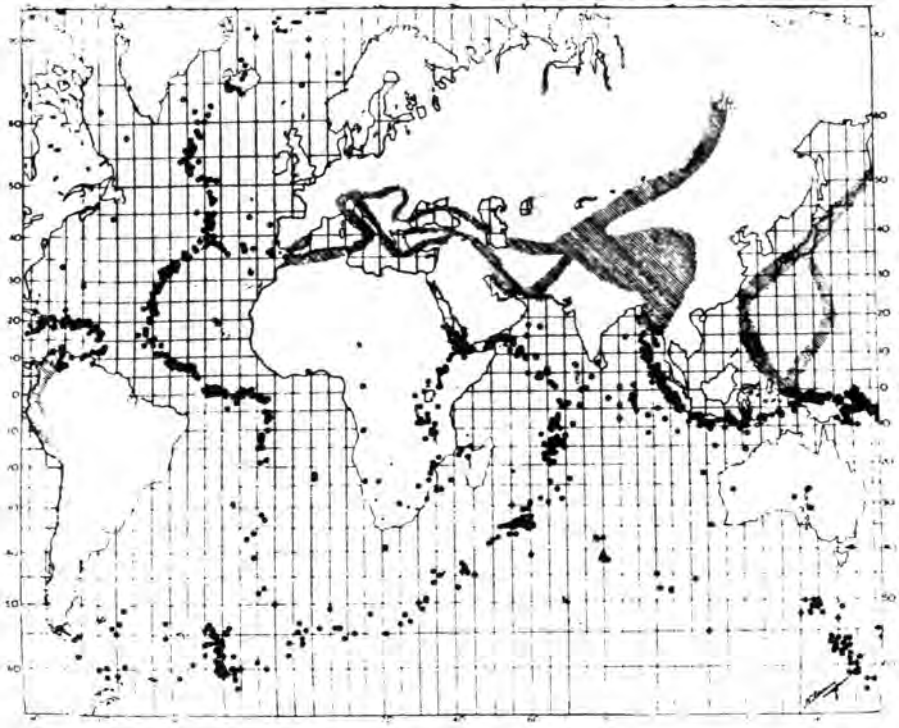


Plates sliding past each other along land borders cause strike-slip faults, like the San Andreas fault. These faultlines can be the cause of earthquakes, as the plates scrape unevenly against each other.

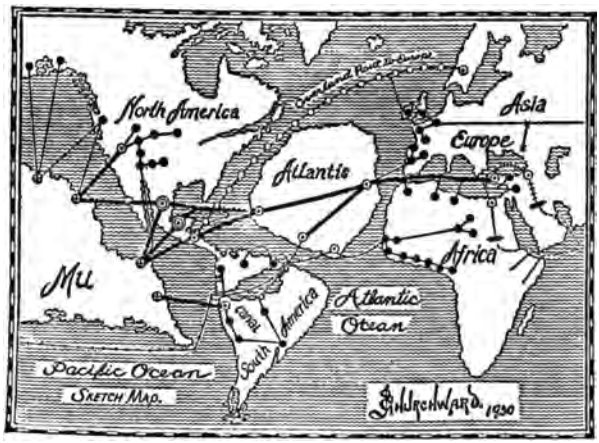
SOURCE US Geological Department

©InfoGraphics 1984

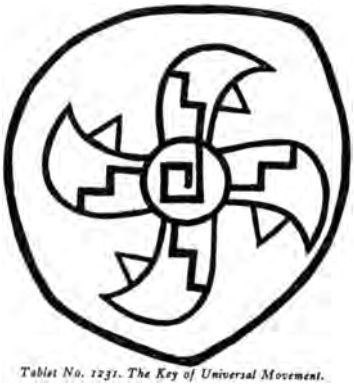
What happens when tectonic plates collide? They have to move—up, down, or sideways. During a theoretical pole shift, entire continents rise and fall.



Map of earthquakes in the Atlantic and Indian Oceans (After Rothe, Royal Society of London, 1953).



Churchward's maps of Mu, Atlantis and the world circa 20,000 BC.

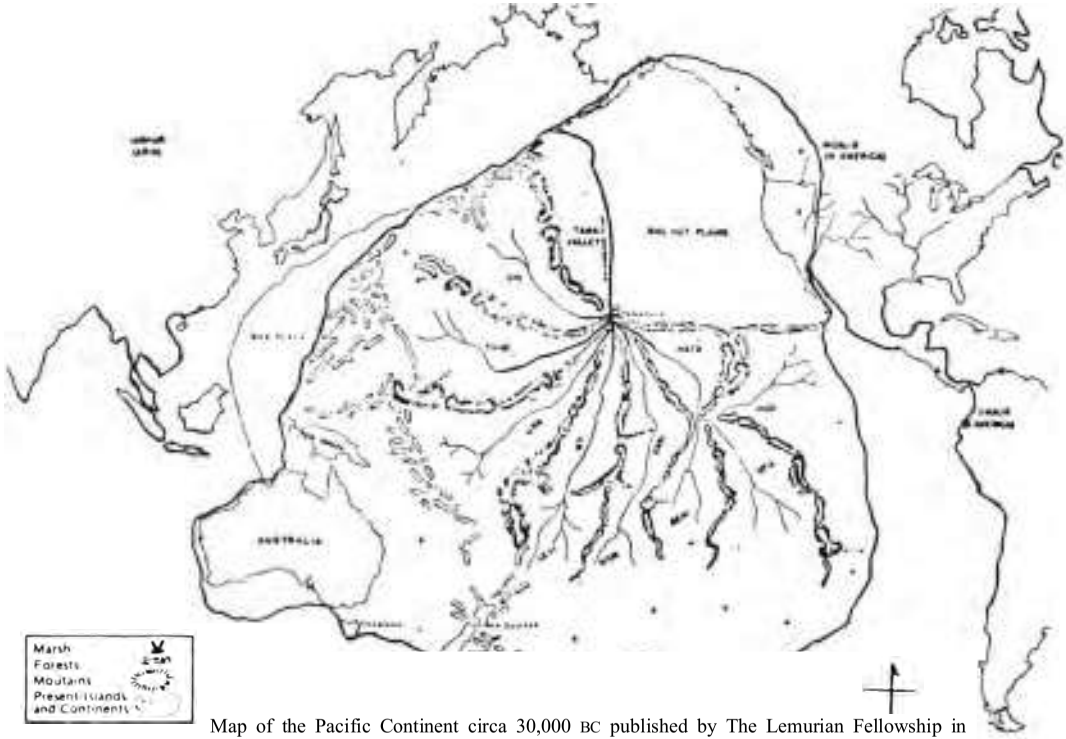


Tablet No. 1231. The Key of Universal Movement.

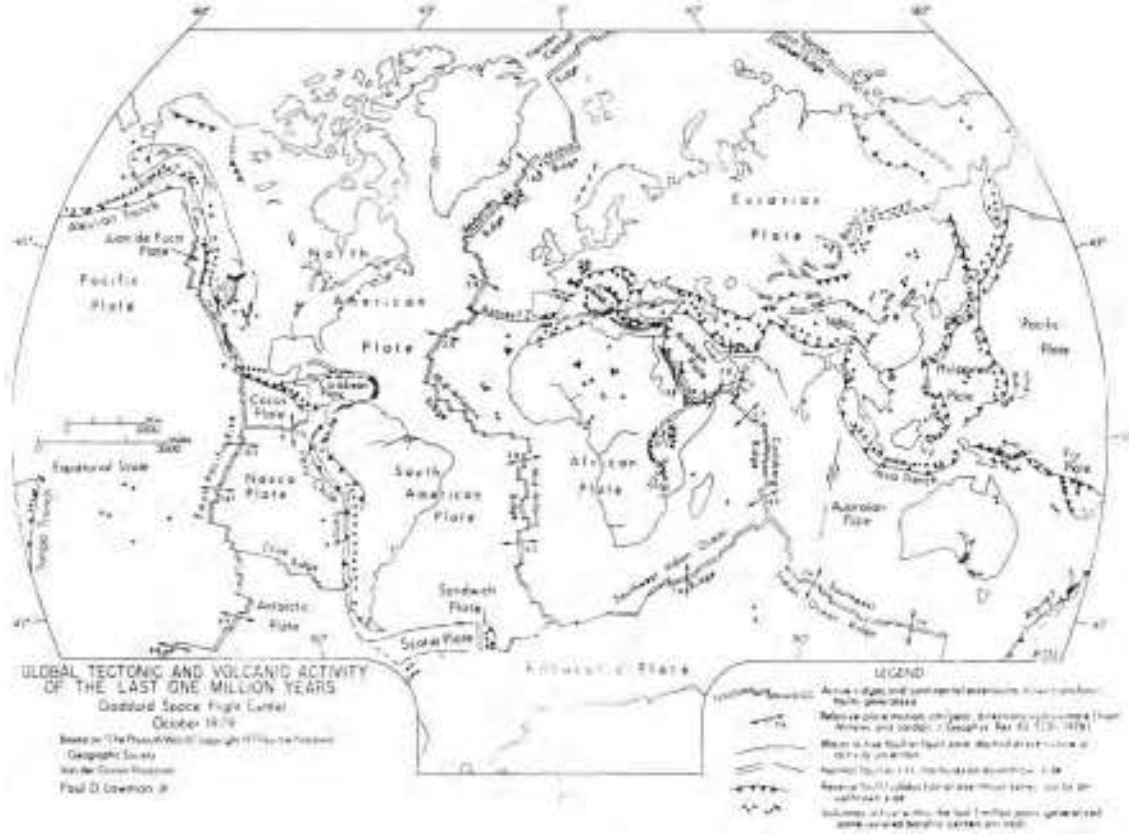
THE KEY OF THE UNIVERSE.—This tablet is the "Rosetta Stone" of all sciences in which movement is involved. I consider it the most valuable tablet in the whole of Niven's collection of 2600.

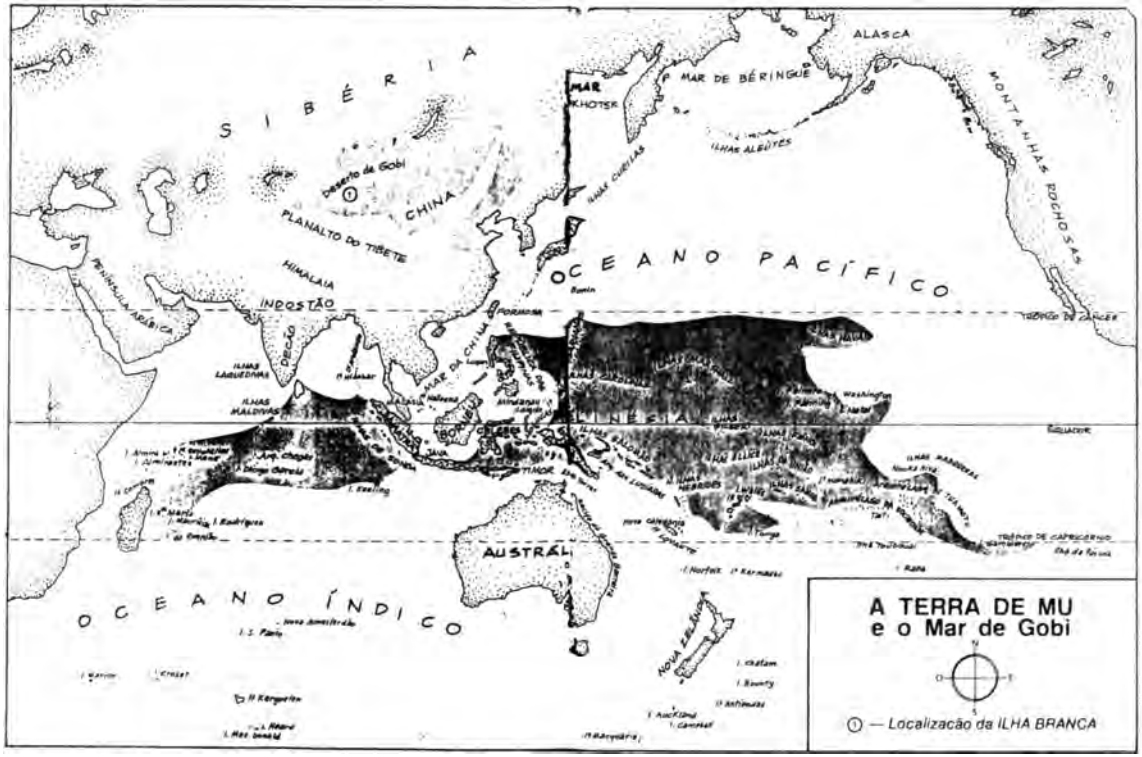
The alphabet of Mu, Mayax and Egypt.

Two illustrations from Churchward's Mu books, his Key of Universal Movement, illustrating the cyclical nature of existence, and his reconstruction of the alphabet of Mu.



Map of the Pacific Continent circa 30,000 BC published by The Lemurian Fellowship in the late 1940s. This map is astonishing in that it largely outlines the Pacific Tectonic Plate more than 20 years before such plates became accepted geologically. In a geological sense, it is way ahead of it's time, and may be the most accurate of "Mu" maps. It is one of the few maps to include both California & Australia.


Eurasian Plate
North American Plate
Pacific Plate
Juan de Fuca Plate
Cocos Plate
Nazca Plate
South American Plate
African Plate
Philippine Plate
Australian Plate
Antarctic Plate
Scotia Plate
Sandwich Plate
Caribbean Plate
Arabian Plate
Indian Plate
Equatorial Scale
LEGEND
GLOBAL TECTONIC AND VOLCANIC ACTIVITY OF THE LAST ONE MILLION YEARS
Goddard Space Flight Center
October 1976
Geographic Society
Paul D. Lowman Jr.



Interesting map of Mu and the Gobi Sea in Portuguese based on the work of the French "Maverick Archaeologist" Robert Charroux.

Chapter Three

THE COMORO ISLANDS & MADAGASCAR: LAST OF THE LEMURS

> Go forth into the world, my son, and learn that which is written by nature. Nature is the great schoolhouse provided for man in which to learn. Nature does not theorize. Nature does not lie. Nature is truth personified. ...Every rock has a tale written on its wrinkled and weathered face, and the tales are true. Every blade of grass, every leaf on tree and shrub has a whisper for listening ears....
>
> *—Parting words of the Rishi to James Churchward*

By late afternoon the next day we were looking forward to sailing out of Aldabra, and heading south into the Mozambique Channel for the Comoro Islands. As we were finishing packing, we were suddenly hit with a bill for the nights we had stayed at the Research Station, and it turned out to be more than any of us had expected. I suspect the rate had changed after Jim, the Scottish Marine Biologist discovered that everyone else on the *Sirius* had paid only five dollars a day for passage to the island while Captain Barry had charged him many hundreds of dollars to get to Aldabra. After all, there were no other scheduled boats he could have taken.

The cartons of cigarettes that Captain Treegarten had recommended I buy in Victoria came in handy now. I sold them at a tidy profit, neatly offsetting the room and board charge given to me for the nights spent at the Research Station. We all settled up our tabs with the Research Station, and then we were off to the *Sirius* to continue our voyage to the Mozambique Channel and the Comoros.

Typical of our luck, it seemed, no sooner had we left Aldabra, than we were hit by a couple of squalls and some heavy swells. The small yacht bucked and rocked all night, and we were thrown off course. There were certain suspicions among the remaining crew that there was a jinx on board. Was it me? I hoped not!

The next morning was a nice day. The sun was shining and the sea calm. We skipped over the ocean like a stone, laughing and eating our albacore steaks as quickly as Joe could fry them up on the stove. The sails were white and full with southern breezes, and flying fish danced happily about the ship.

That night, Joe and I were on watch. I leaned back in the cockpit against a cushion, while Joe held the wheel.

"Do you like yachting?" I asked Joe.

"Well, Barry has a saying", said Joe. "Yachting is like knocking your head against a wall; it feels good when it stops".

I laughed and fell back. The moon was big and bright, casting shimmering

reflections on the waves. Suddenly I heard a loud squeak. Looking around, I saw a school of dolphins following the ship; more than ten of them.

They jumped and swam about the ship; our pilots, our guides, our companions. Leaning out over the rail, I let a hand trail in the water to reach out for these frisky friends. Apparently they were as moonstruck as I.

Suddenly, a flying fish landed on the deck. I reached over, grabbed the flopping, slippery critter, and tossed him back into the ocean, perhaps for a dolphin to eat.

"Do you think that dolphins are intelligent?" Joe asked me.

"It seems like it", I said, "I've often heard stories of them doing amazing things, like saving people, helping them, stuff like that".

"Well, I've heard of turtles doing that", replied Joe.

"Yeah, I suppose, they are intelligent, too". I said. Then I thought of how plants supposedly have emotional reactions to events and thoughts, as has been catalogued in *The Secret Life of Plants*. Furthermore, even the oceans are alive, and conscious, or so believes Jacques Cousteau. Where did it stop?"

"It seems to me, Joe", I said, "that the whole earth is intelligent".

Joe looked at me for a moment and then looked at the moon. "Yeah, sure", he said, as a flying fish landed on the deck. Off both sides of the yacht, dolphins danced in the moonlight. I loved them, and told them so. They nodded in appreciation; the feeling was mutual, they assured me.

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We had expected that we would arrive in the Comoro Islands on the second day, yet, when Captain Barry took a radio signal bearing, it turned out that we were way off course. It was probably because of the squall and a current that had been pulling us far to the west. We were practically in Mozambique!

With this realization Captain Barry, who was not a particularly calm person to begin with, flew into a frenzy. "You stupid idiots", he yelled, "your bad steering has brought us to Mozambique!"

He ordered us to turn the yacht around, and we headed to the east, as fast as the sails could carry us. "Do you know what they do to South Africans whom they catch in Mozambique territorial waters?" he demanded. Henrik, Andy, and Ron all looked at Captain with wide eyes.

"What?" they said in unison. Joe and I knew.

"They convict them as spies and execute them! Goddamn Communists!"

Well, this did not seem very just, not even for Captain Barry. The rest of us would not have faired any better. The idea of spending a few months in some disgusting prison in Mozambique, a country torn by war, paranoia, political and economic strife; was anything but appealing.

We jumped to the sails, put out a spinnaker, and started up the in-board motor, in an effort to escape the waters of Mozambique. Captain Barry nervously scanned the waters to the west of us, in search of Mozambique gunboats, as we headed eastward. We ourselves had a few guns on board our own ship...

Fortunately they were never needed. We sited Grand Comoro the next day. We first spotted the mountains of the Comoros during the early part of the morning and we motored into the harbor at Grand Comore that afternoon. By one o'clock, we had moored at Moroni, the capital of the Comoros. Captain Barry and Ron, the whale watcher, went into the port to check on immigration. We had come from the Republic of the Seychelles, and were now entering the Comoro Islands.

The Comoro Islands are a string of beautiful volcanic islands stretching between

Mozambique and Madagascar; they are surrounded by coral reefs. The archipelago is comprised of the four islands of Grande Comore, Anjouan, Moheli and Mayotte. The French maintain a military base on Mayotte at the main town of Dzaoudzi.

The special atmosphere of the Comoros can be attributed to both the beautiful scenery and to the unique racial mixture which exists there. The varied racial background of the natives reflects the successive invasions of sea-faring people in this part of the world: Arabs, Persians, Malays, Malagasy, and Africans. The strongest influences are Arab and African and for this reason the main religion is Islam and the predominant language is Swahili. This is the same language spoken in Kenya, Tanzania, much of Uganda, Mozambique and parts of Somalia.

For centuries each island was dominated by its own Arab aristocracy, but between 1841 and 1908 the French gradually established rulership over the islands incorporating them into the colony of Madagascar. Then, in 1947 they became an 'Overseas Territory' of France. It was not until 1975 that the Comoro Islands gained their independence.

The Comoro Islands are 'spice islands' of a sort. They are the source of a great deal of the perfume oils used in the French perfume industry. They also supply copra, vanilla, cloves and other spices. In spite of this, a large number of Comoro Islanders have to go to East Africa or France to find employment. Most tourists to the Comoros (these few fly in from from France) come there for the deep sea fishing. They may catch tuna, shark, barracuda, grouper, scad, or even, on occasion, the prehistoric fish called the coelacanth!

The predominant culture in the Comoros is Swahili, and while Swahili is spoken all over East Africa, this is the only French-influenced Swahili country. Moroni, the territorial capital, is not unlike Zanzibar; it holds a certain quiet, whitewashed charm. Arab sailors had sailed to the Comoros for hundreds, and perhaps thousands of years. The name for the Comoros comes from an old Arabic phrase, the "Jazair el Kamar" or "Islands of the Moon". They were named this because of the rugged volcanic landscape, and the several live volcanoes which exist there, like the Karthala Volcanoe, the world's largest active volcano.

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Standing on the deck of the Sirius, I looked out at the many box-like, Arab type buildings that stretched out away from the harbor. They were clustered around the squares and mosques. Occasionally one might detect the odd sidewalk cafe, reflective of the French influence. The waning moon rising in the late afternoon sky was still almost full. Looking out over the harbor at the city, I realized that my odyssey with the *Sirius* had ended. In fact, it was ending for many of us; Henrik and I would be staying in the Comoros, Ron would be flying off to Dar Es Salaam in Tanzania to continue whale watching. Only Joe and Andy would be continuing on with Captain Barry to Durban in South Africa, avoiding both Madagascar and Mozambique, so as not to end up in prison as spies.

It was good to know that the journey in the yacht along with the demanding expectations of Captain Barry were over. From here I would go onto something unexpected, something new. I did not know what. Nor did I care, I was glad to be caught in the "Zen" of the moment. I thought of something that Allen Watts had said in *The Way of Zen*:

> To the Taoist mentality, the aimless, empty life does not suggest anything depressing. On the contrary, it suggests the

> freedom of clouds and mountain streams, wandering nowhere, of flowers in impenetrable canyons, beautiful for no one to see, and of the ocean surf forever washing the sand, to no end.[21]

In the years that I had lived in China, I had read and learned much about those Taoist masters from which the popular Japanese Zen tradition comes. Of particular interest to me were the books by Lao Tzu and Chuang Tzu; two Taoist Masters. Did they have any connection with these so-called Masters of Lemuria I wondered?

According to *The Lemurian Fellowship*, as the first civilization began to develop in Lemuria about 78,000 years ago, the "Elders" required that any person wishing to join the Empire take a seven year "citizenship" training before being allowed into the newly formed "Mukulian Empire".

A person wishing to join the Empire had to give up half of their cattle to the Empire, in order to undergo the Citizenship training. Cattle was the currency of the day, and interestingly, it remains the main measure of wealth among tribes in the Sahel region of Africa. This proved to be a major commitment for people, most of whom were wary of turning over what amounted to half of all their worldly possessions to something that they knew little about. However, it would appear that many did so. What the "Elders" did not tell them was that once they had completed the seven year citizenship training, all of the cattle would be returned to them!

According to the *Fellowship*, these Lemurians built great cities out of large blocks of stone and, under the direction of the so-called Elders, went on to create an "advanced" civilization. As the Mukulian Empire grew, more people wanted to be part of it. Persons from all the valleys of Mukulia eventually joined the "Empire of the Sun".

The Lemuria spoken of by these people was a highly sophisticated civilization in as far as the philosophy behind the lives of the populace was concerned. In its beginnings, however, it was not the highly technological society that we know today. According to *The Lemurian Fellowship*, the people lived close to nature in scattered settlements rather than large cities, were largely agriculturalists and herders, and had a fairly simple lifestyle. A high value was placed upon personal growth, rather than the acquisition of material possessions or control over others. Nature was something with which to cooperate, rather than something to be conquered.

Homes and communal buildings were built out of megalithic blocks of stone. Because of the high level of consideration the culture had for the well being of future generations and the value they placed upon the gradual, sustained growth of the community, things were built to last for thousands of years. A house built of cement, wood and plaster-wall will last a hundred years or so, if kept up. Witness the megalithic construction existing in Egypt, Malta, Peru, and all over the world. These buildings are still standing today. Cusco, the ancient capital of Peru which was probably built before the Incas, is still inhabited today after what may be thousands of years. The same buildings, with a history of minimal maintenance, comprise most of downtown Cusco today.

Only a few hundred miles to the south of Cusco lie the fantastic ruins of Puma Punku high in the Altiplano of Bolivia. The ruins of Puma Punku, about one mile from the famous ruins of Tiahuanaco, are massive megalithic constructions that are tossed about like toy building blocks. What kind of cataclysmic upheaval could have done such a thing? Here is the kind of megalithic construction meant to last for thousands of years, yet, the 100-ton blocks have been torn asunder by mighty geological forces.

Advocates of lost continent theories have asserted that the incredible ruins of Puma Punku are the remains of an ancient canal that once spanned the western part of the South American continent during "Lemurian" times. During this time, South America was many thousands of feet lower than it is today, and the Amazon Basin was supposedly a sea. The canal supposedly spanned from the Pacific coast, possibly to Lake Titicaca, and then onto the so-called, geological Amazonian Sea. This was during a period when ships from the possible Pacific continent were plying the world's waters. Their main destination, supposedly, was a group of small islands called the Poseid Island group, which were later to become Atlantis when the oceans of the world poured into the empty Pacific Basin after the sinking of the Pacific Continent.

South America was then theoretically lifted up, and a former sea-level canal can now be seen at 13,000 feet in the Andes Mountains. As possible evidence for this scenario, Lake Titicaca has many ocean fossils around it, and even a type of sea horse still living in the lake! It is the only known fresh water sea horse, and how it came to be at 13,000 feet in the Andes, is puzzling to all biologists, except those who believe in the sudden uplifting of the continent (see my book, *Lost Cities & Ancient Mysteries of South America* for more information).

Interestingly, the picture of society painted by the *Fellowship's* account of Lemuria is very similar to that existing in a book called *Islandia,* which was published at the turn of the century.[22] *Islandia* is a fictional account of a large island continent existing in the Southern Hemisphere. This continent had been kept isolated from the rest of the world for thousands of years. The people are good-natured, hard-working and close to the land. As the rest of the world undergoes the turn-of-the-century industrial revolution, Islandia maintains its traditional values, and reminiscent of Tibet during the same period, jealously guards their culture against the detrimental outside influences brought by tourists.

A young American diplomat is sent to Islandia as the U.S. Ambassador. He finds the country a virtual paradise, though not without its problems. And of course, he falls in love with a local gal and so on. It is a rather long story, and it is still in print today. The significance of the book is largely as a social commentary, yet it echoes of the possibility of an agrarian utopia that might have once actually existed, and perhaps might again exist in the future.

According to *The Lemurian Fellowship*, the seeds of the Pacific empire's destruction were sown in the beginning of its existence, when the nation's industry and economy grew so fast that they could not maintain the growth using "citizenry" alone as laborers. Therefore, they allowed "non-citizens" to live among them and work. The citizens always hoped that the non-citizens would be motivated to undertake citizenship training. But the non-citizens had all the material advantages of the citizens already, and cared little about personal growth or taking citizenship training.

The non-citizens eventually divided into two opposing groups, those who prized practicality and those who prized spirituality. The citizenry were more balanced, and valued each equally. *The Lemurian Fellowship* calls the practical minded non-citizens *Pfrees* and the spiritual minded non-citizens *Katholis*. As a very serious rift between the opposing ideologies began to widen, the government encouraged various groups of Pfrees and Katholis to settle their own countries. Later, open warfare between the remaining factions in the Empire became inevitable.

The continent had been subsiding for hundreds of years, when a *pole shift* caused the Pacific continental plate to sink amid much juggling of the tectonic plates. The once great cities were suddenly a thousand feet underwater. The Phrees had

already established their main colony on another continent (actually an island group at the time), Atlantis, while the Katholis established a colony of their own, later to be known as the Rama Empire, in India. Other civilizations which came into existence during this period, according to *The Lemurian Fellowship,* were the Uiger Empire in the Gobi desert area, and the Osirian Civilization in North Africa and what was then the Mediterranean Valley, as well as others.

Significantly, the Elders of Lemuria, known as the "Thirteenth School", moved their headquarters prior to the cataclysm to the uninhabited plateau of Central Asia that we now call Tibet. Here they supposedly established a library and school, and became known as "The Great White Brotherhood".

I watched the sunset that night from the yacht and thought about the Lemurian Fellowship's tale of this lost civilization. Was it true? Well, it did not seem unreasonable. In fact, there seemed to be much information to support it!

For instance, the great Chinese Philosopher Lao Tzu talked frequently of "Ancient Masters" and their profound wisdom. Lao Tzu was born more than two and a half thousand years ago in 604 BC. He wrote the famous book, the *Tao Te Ching,* probably still the most popular book ever written in Chinese. When he finally left China, near the close of his very long life, he journeyed to the west, to the legendary land of *Hsi Wang Mu*. According to the ancient Chinese, this was the headquarters of the "Ancient Ones". Could this have been The Great White Brotherhood and the Thirteenth School of "Mu"? It was just before Lao Tzu left the last border post in China near Dunhuang that he was persuaded by a border guard to write down the classic *Tao Te Ching*. No one ever heard of Lao Tzu after that. It is presumed that he made it to the land of *Hsi Wang Mu* (Teachers of Mu?). Lao Tzu had this to say about the Ancient Masters:

> The Ancient Masters were subtle,
> mysterious, profound, responsive.
> The depth of their knowledge is unfathomable.
> Because it is unfathomable,
> All we can do is describe their appearance;
> Watchful, like men crossing a winter stream.
> Alert, like men aware of danger.
> Courteous, like visiting guests.
> Yielding, like ice about to melt.
> Simple, like uncarved blocks of wood.
>
> —*Lao Tzu*, *Tao Te Ching*, *Chapter 15.*

Hsi Wang Mu is also another name for the popular Chinese goddess, Kuan Yin, the "Merciful Guardian" and "Queen Mother of the West". The land of *Hsi Wang Mu* according to tradition was located in the Kun Lun Mountains of northwestern Tibet, and was known as the "Abode of the Immortals" and "The Western Paradise".

Lao Tzu wasn't the only Chinese to go off in search of the Abode of the Immortals. The Chou dynasty emperor "Mu" (strange coincidence, eh?) journeyed to the land of the Kun Lun mountains, and is said to have actually held audience with "Goddess Hsi Wang Mu" (also known as *Kwan Yin*) on the bank of Jasper Lake.

Over the many thousands of years of Chinese history expeditions were sent out to the Kun Lun mountains, the "Mount Olympus" of the Central Asia and ancient China, in order to contact the "mysterious, profound and wise Ancient Masters". Were these legendary Masters identical with the Masters of the "Thirteenth School"

and "The Great White Brotherhood" spoken of by *The Lemurian Fellowship*? It is an intriguing possibility.

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After a night on the yacht, Henrik and I got into Moroni, and were having lunch at the Kartala Hotel, the largest in the Comoros when a young Belgian man in a Hawaiian shirt came up to us.

"Wow, where are you guys from?" he asked enthusiastically. Pulling up a chair, he sat down at our table. His hair was almost down to his shoulders, and his clean-shaven face was alive with curiosity and wonder.

"I'm from Norway, and David is from the United States", said Henrik.

"Wow, and how did you guys get to the Comoros? It is very rare that I ever see travelers here!"

"We arrived on that yacht out there in the harbor", I said, finishing a bit of fried fish.

"Oh, wow!" he said. "That's great! I'm glad to meet you guys! My name's Yvonne, I'm a Belgian Volunteer here, sort of like your Peace Corps", he nodded to me.

"Well, you certainly speak good English", I said. "Can I buy you a beer and ask you some questions about the Comoros?"

"Let me buy you a beer!" he laughed, and motioned to the waiter. With that, we began our long conversation about the Comoros, Aldabra, traveling, and life in general. Yvonne had been teaching French and English on the island for two years and had one more year to go. He was performing this volunteer service in lieu of going into the Army. When we asked if he could recommend a cheap hotel in town, he said that we could stay with him at his house, as his house mate was gone on vacation to Kenya. We gladly accepted.

Back at the yacht, we collected our bags, and said our goodbyes to the crew. Joe, Andy and Barry would be leaving for Durban in a few days, we would probably see them around once or twice before then. Ron was already gone. We offered cheerful goodbyes, but both Henrik and I were glad that we would not be continuing on to South Africa.

Yvonne's place turned out to be a pleasant little modern three-room apartment. Over dinner that night he told us about the history of the Comoros.

"It was the Arab traders of east Africa who were first to populate the Comoros", Yvonne said sipping a glass of French wine. "Historians generally agree that the Phoenicians had passed through thousands of years before that. Portuguese and Dutch sailors then visited the islands in the 16th century, but it was the French who finally seized the island of Mayotte in 1843. They then seized the remaining islands as well as Madagascar in 1886. Being small islands, France administered the entire territory as part of Madagascar".

"Don't the French still administer these islands?" asked Henrik.

"Well, only Mayotte, supposedly", said Yvonne. "The Comoros became independent in 1975, but the new government of Ahmed Abdallah was overthrown in a coup staged by a guy named Ali Soilih in the same year". He finished his wine and poured himself another glass. "Ali Soilih hired a group of French mercenaries who were experienced fighters from the wars in the Congo and Biafra. It was they who staged the early morning coup that overthrew the Comoros' first government".

"How many were there?" I asked.

"Twenty or so. That is all it takes to overthrow the government here. It was

bloodless, no one was killed. They just arrested all the top government leaders, and then Ali Soilih declared himself President".

"So for a few bucks and some hired guns a guy can become President of the Comoros", Henrik said dryly.

"Yeah, but Ali Soilih made one mistake", said Yvonne with a grin, and then he laughed. "He forgot to pay the mercenaries! Ha ha! Three years later these same mercenaries were hired back by Ahmed Abdallah. They overthrew Ali Soilih's government and put Ahmed Abdallah back in power! Ha ha! Now there is a twist! Ahmed Abdallah back in power by the same mercenaries who overthrew him!"

"There's a lesson to be learned here", I commented.

"Yeah, always pay your mercenaries!" cried Henrik, and we all laughed. Perhaps that is what politics in the Comoros amounted to—a joke!

Over the next week, Henrik and I toured the Comoros. We were escorted around the island by Yvonne, who was very glad to have someone new to pal around with. Henrik and I looked for boats that might be heading out of the islands to East Africa or Madagascar, but there wasn't much happening. In the end, Henrik booked a ticket for himself to Dar Es Salaam in Tanzania, and I attempted to get a visa and ticket to Madagascar.

I was quite keen on the idea of getting to Madagascar, a country of considerable charm and mystery, and holding perhaps, the occasional lost city.

Although geographically a part of Africa, the diverse culture of Madagascar is largely Indonesian in origin. It is assumed that the colonizing of Madagascar began between 200 BC and AD 800 with parties of adventurers who crossed the sea in huge outrigger canoes starting from the Sunda Islands in Indonesia. This voyage stretches out over thousands of miles of vast, trackless ocean without even a tiny island to stop at as a lay-over! It is about the same distance as that which Columbus sailed to reach the Bahamas from the Canary Islands.

Malagasy, the language spoken on the island sounds a lot like an archaic form of Malayo-Polynesian. In addition, the first inhabitants brought paddy rice with them, and certain Malayan customs such as the building of large square family tombs still to be found around the capital of Antananarivo.

The northern tip of Madagascar was once a distant port of the Arab-dominated Indian Ocean trade. Alluvial gold and silver mined from the interior were used as commodities of trade. A small-scale two-way traffic in slaves also developed between the island and East Africa. Persian glass and Chinese pottery have been found in excavations at Arab and Swahili built towns, such as Vohemar which date back to at least the 11th century.

It is generally believed that Madagascar was uninhabited before the arrival of the present day Malagasy. However a story that appeared in Science magazine in 1897 discussed the "curious fact" that a *Red Race* existed there up until the middle of 18th century. I quote the article in full:

"It is a curious fact that the older navigators who visited Madagascar describe a red race there, which now seems to be extinct. In the 'Bull. de la Soc. d'Anthropologie', (Bulletin of the Anthropological Society) of Paris (Tome VII., fasc. 5), Dr. Block collects a number of extracts bearing upon this. The red people are described as tall, without beards, nose prominent, hair straight and long, the features of the European rather than the Mongolian type, and the color of the skin red or reddish. This race, the description of which corresponds singularly with that of the North American Indian of the Algonquian or Iroquoian stock, appears to have passed out of existence about the middle of the last century. It is to be hoped that at least some ancient cemeteries may supply their osseous remains. One writer, Flacourt, believes

them to have been ancestors of the Hovas, but the physical traits do not correspond".[25]

Red men in prehistoric Madagascar? How did they get there? Migrations of people around the world in prehistory are anything but predictable within the context of our present understanding. It is interesting to note that Bushmen of the Kalahari, and the Hottentots of Namibia are not Negros, but racially classified as "whites" by Anthropologists. Where did these people come from? One theory is that they are the remains of a Phoenician settlement. This is only one of the mysteries of Madagascar and the Indian Ocean.

In *1001 Arabian Nights*, the classic Arabian text containing stories of Aladdin, Shaherazad and Ali Baba, Sinbad the Sailor (who by the way, is believed to have lived in Lamu, off the Kenya coast) sails to a mysterious island where a giant bird named the Roc lives.

In the thirteenth century, Marco Polo also claimed to have information about the Roc. He said that Kublai Khan had shown him two eggs of prodigious size and bird feathers which stretched some 60 feet long. He said that he thought the Roc came from some islands to the south of Madagascar.[23] These stories, as is typical of many legends, are actually based in fact! It would appear for starters that Arab and Chinese sailors had visited Madagascar.

The early Greek historian Herodotus was told by Egyptian priests about a race of gigantic birds "beyond the sources of the Nile" which were strong enough to carry away a man. This would have been a staggering feat considering that the most powerful eagle can barely carry away a small lamb.[24] Were these just the tales of imaginative sailors? Or had ancient sailors visited Madagascar before the arrival of Malayan-Indonesians?

Giant, flightless birds, sort of neo-dinosaurs if you will, have existed throughout various parts of the southern hemisphere. The origin and distribution remains a mystery similar to that of the giant land tortoises. In 1658 after a long stay in the country, Admiral Etienne Facourt published his *Histoire de la Grande Isle de Madagascar* in which he mentions the "Vouroupatra, a large bird which haunts the Ampatres and lays eggs like the ostrich's; so that the people of these places may not take it, it seeks the most lonely places".[23]

Other travelers also told fantastic tales about the bird's size, saying that its eggs were enormous, big enough for the natives to use as tanks for drinking water. Naturally, the "experts" of the day didn't take these tales seriously. After all, an ostrich, at 8 feet tall was plenty big enough.

Later, in October 1848, a merchant named Dumarele said that an unknown bird lived in the remote parts of Madagascar. Its egg alone could hold the almost incredible quantity of thirteen wine quart bottles of fluid, he himself having carefully measured that quantity. It was of the color and appearance of an ostrich egg, and the substance of the shell was very hard in texture, about the thickness of a Spanish dollar.[24]

In 1851, the existence of a giant bird in Madagascar was at last officially acknowledged when a merchant captain found three eggs and some fragmentary bones on the southwest coast of the island. The two largest eggs were six times as large as an ostrich's egg, 148 times as large as a hen's egg (enough to make an omelet for 70 people) and had a capacity of nearly two gallons. Now these are big eggs! The size of the bird, we might assume, would be rather large.

On the strength of this evidence, a biologist named Isidore Geoffroy-Saint-Hillaire christened the bird Aepyomis maximus, or "tallest of the high birds". He deduced that the bird stood at least sixteen feet tall. Actually, as would later be

learned, the Aepyomis stood only about ten feet tall. This makes the largest species of New Zealand Moa at eleven or twelve feet high the tallest bird in the world. The Aepyomis, however, is the larger and heavier of the two birds.

Alfred Grandidier fished out a near complete Aepyomis skeleton from some pools in 1866 and a skeletal model was constructed at the Paris Museum that stands 8 feet 8 inches high. Scientists believe that the birds weighed about 965 pounds and it is assumed that they are now extinct, though they probably were extant up until about 1800. Since large portions of swamp land in Madagascar, which is the believed habitat of these birds, remain unexplored even today, it seems possible that a few of these gigantic, shy birds might still actually be alive.[24]

It would seem that Marco Polo and the Kublai Khan were pretty accurate after all when they believed that the largest bird in the world occupied islands around Madagascar. In fact, it lived in Madagascar! What about the Red Men of Madagascar? Did they dine on the world's largest omelet? Did the Aepyomis affect the price of eggs in China?

Other large flightless birds of the Indian Ocean pose a bit of a mystery. One is the famous dodo of Mauritius, and the other birds are the white dodo of Reunion and the solitaires of Rodrigues Island and Reunion Island. These three islands constitute what is called the Mascarene Islands, after the Portuguese navigator who discovered them. All were unpopulated by humans at the time of discovery. A book on lost cities need not dwell overly on mysterious animals, but these four flightless birds, along with the Aepyomis of Madagascar are something of a mystery and provide a clue to a lost continent in the Indian Ocean.

All of these birds are presently considered extinct. Each appears to have developed separately on its own individual island. Yet, while it may not seem unusual for large flightless birds to evolve on remote islands where there are no mammals or large reptiles as predators, how is it that birds evolving on these islands, separated by hundreds miles (even thousands) would evolve virtually identical flightless birds? Dodos, even when forced into the water, could not swim. Could it be that these areas were once connected by land bridges, literally creating a mini-continent in the Indian Ocean?

Such a mini-continent would have included Reunion, Mauritius, Rodrigues (the Mascarenes), the Seychelles, and possibly even Aldabra and Madagascar. Curiously, the famous cryptozoologist Roy Mackal from the University of Chicago points out in his book, *Searching For Hidden Animals*[214] that another island, today known as Ile Tromelin, lies between Madagascar and the Mascarene Islands. This island may well, Mackal theorizes, contain living dodos! Virtually unknown, though small, the island is uninhabited and may contain "hidden animals".

Yet, if living dodos are on Ile Tromelin, how did they get there? Unlike giant tortoises, as David Attenborough attests, dodos do not go floating around the Indian Ocean looking for new islands. Nor do they fly. The dispersion of dodos in the Indian Ocean is a mystery. The theory of a mini-continent in the Indian Ocean would go far to help explain some of these mysteries.

Meanwhile, I wondered about ancient megalithic remains in the Indian Ocean and the last of the lemurs in Madagascar. Were there any lost cities on this mysterious island?

Mr. A. L. Lewis discusses some mysterious megaliths in an article for the *Royal Anthropological Institute Journal* of 1917. (No. 47, pages 448-453).[25] According to him, on the plateau of Emyrne, or Imerian are located numerous notched menhirs. He says that standing stones had been placed at the heads of the tombs, and that the stones had probably been erected in connection with a cult of the dead ritual,

perhaps only as late as the sixteenth century. Childless women who either desire children or an easy child birth, rub grease on the stones and then rub themselves against it. When either men or women desire the curing of an illness, or success in some undertaking, they throw fine gravel at the greasy part of the stone. If it sticks there, they can hope for success. Or they try to throw a stone so that it lodges on the narrow top of the menhir. If afterwards their wishes are gratified they bestow another coat of grease on the large stone.

According to tradition these stones were set up in as recent a period as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to celebrate successes in war, and the conquering of a village. Afterwards the practice was extended to signalizing the foundation of new villages by the king, then the nobility began to erect stones as thank-offerings to the king for favours conferred by him upon them, and finally the people at large devoted them to the cult of the dead by placing a standing stone at the head of their tombs.[25]

One stone, considered especially sacred, "has animals sacrificed there, and their blood sprinkled on both parts of the top of it". Lewis comments that a similar practice of smearing blood on stones is also done in India. This perhaps suggests some connection between the two places, though Lewis doubted it.

That's about it for lost cities and megalithic remains in Madagascar, though there are still other types of mysteries to be found. For instance there are the strange Candelabra Trees on the southern, desert-like tip, that reach to a height of 25 feet and have trunks lined with thorns and tiny leaves. Regardless of how tall they grow, observers find that the branches point like a compass toward the south pole.[26]

Also there are strange tales of "cannibal plants" that lure unsuspecting humans into their center and devour them like a monstrous Venus Fly Trap. In 1924 a former Governor of Michigan, Chase Salmon Osborn, published a book called *Madagascar, Land of the Man-eating Tree*.[27] Some years previously he had sailed to Madagascar in order to study the island. While the book is largely a matter-of-fact account of Madagascar, the first chapter deals with the man-eating tree. His information comes from a letter written in 1878 by Carle Liche which had been printed in a number of journals.

Supposedly, Liche and his companion, Hendrick had made friends with a reclusive tribe of cave-dwelling pygmies called the Mkokos, and had been invited to attend a sacrifice. They went deep into a forest and stopped at a clearing by a bend in a stream. It was at this place that the dreaded tree grew.

Standing about 8 feet tall, it was brown, iron-hard and shaped like a large pineapple. At the top grew eight leaves, each of which were about 12 feet long and drooped to the ground. Their exposed inner sides were covered with spikes and wavy tendrils stretched out of the plant. The top had a sort of bowl with an oozing green liquid. The young woman to be sacrificed climbed to the top of the tree and drank the liquid. The tendrils wrapped around her body and the giant leaves rose up and enclosed her. A mixture of blood and oozy liquid ran down the tree.

Suddenly, Liche reports, the Mkodos rushed up to the tree and began drinking the grisly flow of blood and fluid, lapping it with their tongues. They became intoxicated and began a "grotesque and indescribably hideous orgy" at which point Liche and Hendrick excused themselves.[27]

Governor Osborn, genuinely convinced of the reality of this tree, crossed Madagascar many times in search of it. He claims that there were many natives who spoke of the tree, though no one would show him one. Even certain missionaries believed in the tree, although the Mkodos have never been heard of before or since.

Man-eating trees are a popular subject in Madagascar (though not typical of your usual dinner chit-chat). It is not so far out to believe that carnivorous plants might exist on the island, but certainly one of this size would be exceedingly rare. It is interesting to note that it was described as similar to a giant pineapple. Pineapples are thought to have evolved from carnivorous plants, its fleshy center once its stomach!

Just as incredible to the naturalists of the 1700s were tales told by Marco Polo and others of dog-headed men in the Indian Ocean. Early European explorers to Madagascar described the same strange animal: "with a round head and a man's face; the forefeet are like an ape's, and so are the hind feet. It has frizzy hair, a short tail, and ears like a man's. . ".[24]

The "experts" of the time understandably claimed that this was ridiculous. Then, an animal called the "Indris", the largest lemur known in existence was discovered by scientists. This animal is three feet high, and does look remarkably like a man with a dog's head! It has a man's outline, no tail, and like other lemurs, it has a fine, pointed muzzle, which makes its head look much like a fox's or a dog's.

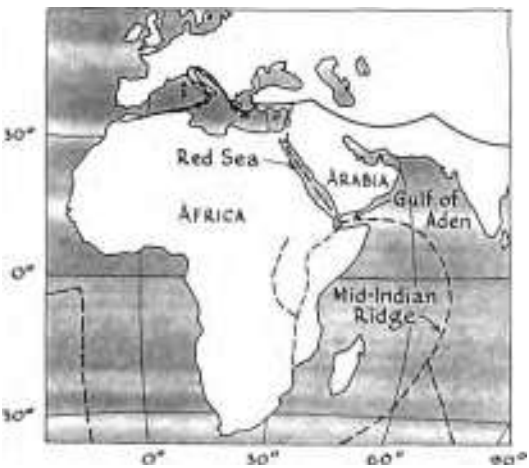
There are other legends in Madagascar which tell of little, hairy men called the Kalanoro. They live in the forest and are quite feared by the natives. It is said that they forage for food at night, and that they can run and climb very nimbly. A Swiss Zoologist, Bernard Heuvelmans, theorizes that the Kalanoro may be a surviving "Giant Lemur", a species called Hadropithicus which was thought to be extinct.

The Hadropithicus is the lemur version of a human within its species. Professor C. Lamberton writes, "Its round head, its broad flat face, its almost straight nose standing well clear of the face, its eyes close together, the upright symphysis of its lower jaw all tend to make it look not merely ape-like, but almost like a human".[24]

With some eight or nine million acres of virgin forest extant on Madagascar, who knows what might yet lurk in that strange land? Perhaps, a hairy man, bearing enough intelligence to stay away from humans....the last of the lemurs?

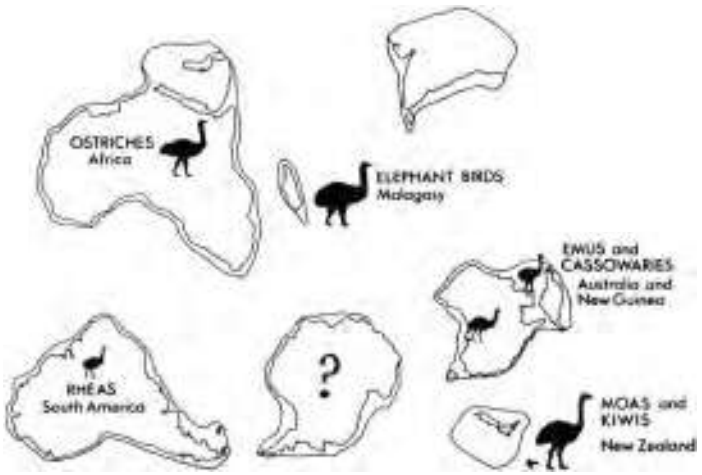
Madagascar, mysterious land of Red Skinned natives, man-eating trees, and giant birds.

Aepyomis maximus, the giant flightless bird of Madagascar.

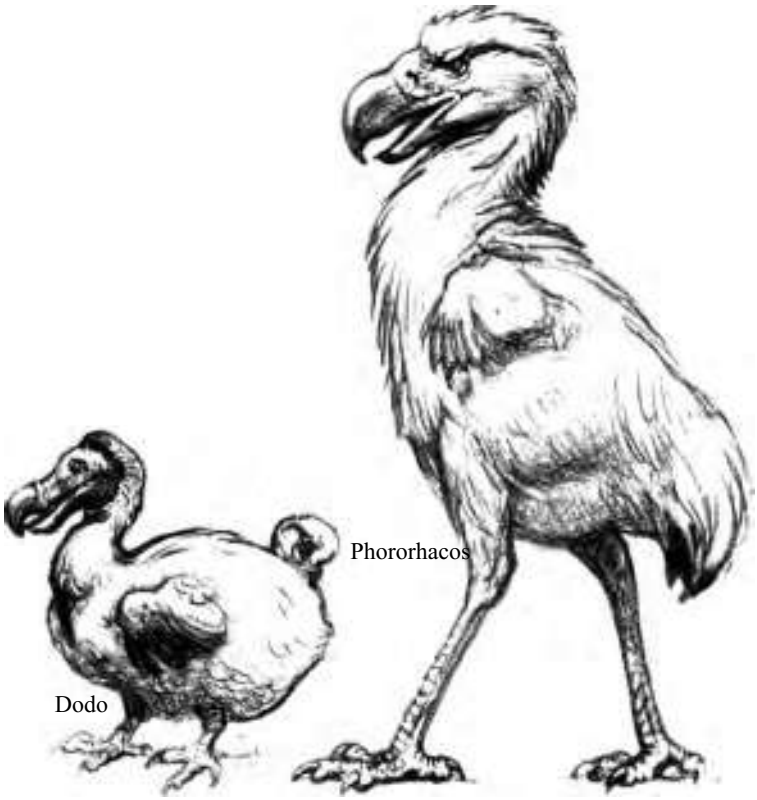


Map of the Mid-Indian Ridge, which includes the Seychelles, Rodrigues, Mauritius and Réunion. This may have been a small island continent 10,000 years ago.

The super-continent of Gondwana 150 million years ago — the home of the flightless ancestor of the moa and the kiwi.



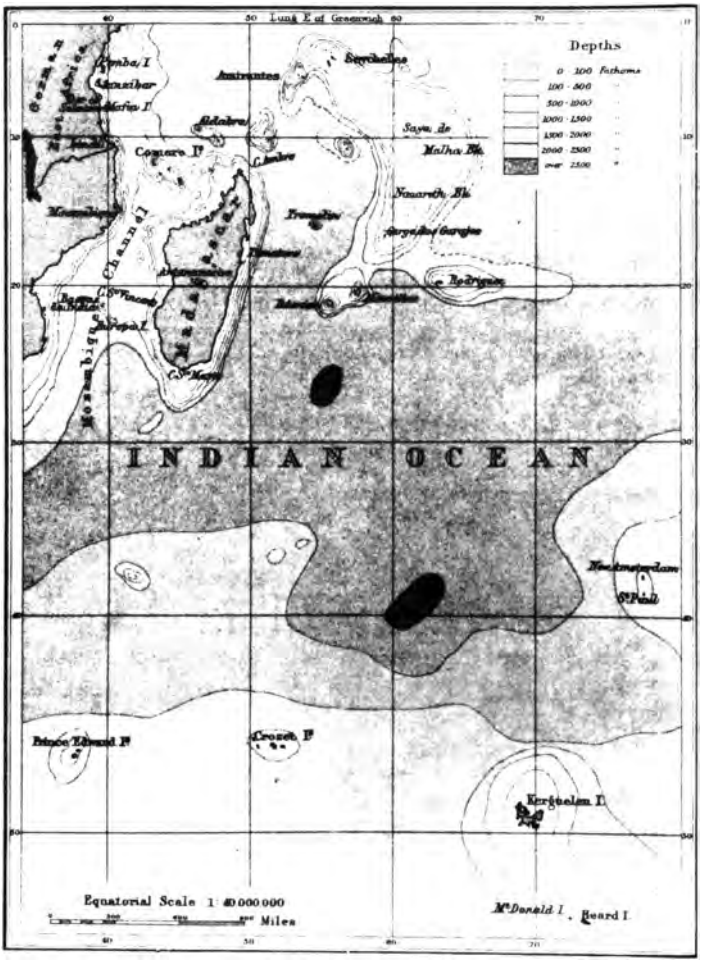
A theoretical distribution of ratites via the break-up of theoretical Gondwanaland 150 million years ago. Cataclysmic changes and pole-shifts provide another distribution theory.



A Dodo of Mauritius and the Phororhacos, an extinct prehistoric bird of the Ratite family, was 12 to 18 feet tall and lumbered across unknown land-bridges in the prehistoric world.

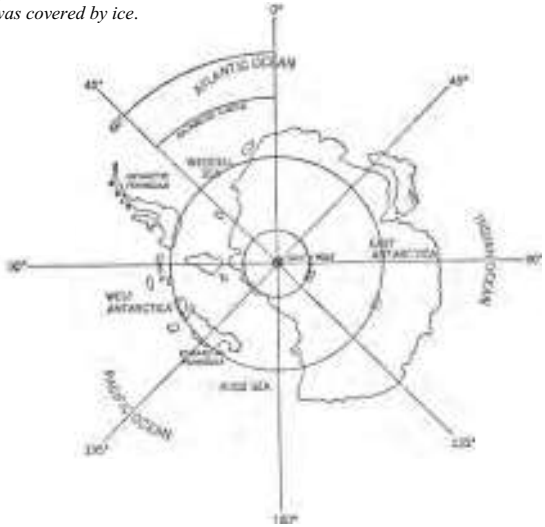
Skull of Hadropithecus with
its astonishingly human profile.

Above: Skull of a Hadropithicus lemur. Lemurs were often called “dog faced men”. Below: the largest known lemur, the Indris, if walking on its hind legs, would appear as a small hairy man, just as early reports from Madagascar said.

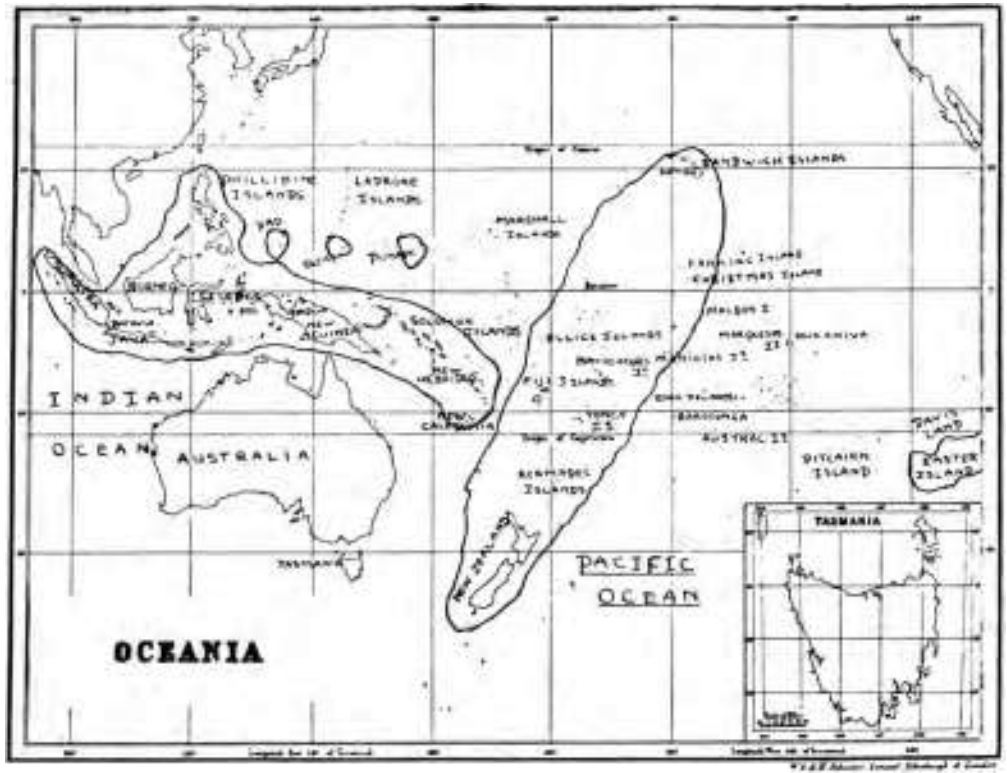


Mascarene Islands, showing the Dodo Islands of Mauritius, Réunion, Rodriques, and the Nazareth Bank. This map clearly shows what could have been an Indian Ocean land mass if water levels were lower over the past many thousands of years.

The Philippe Buache map of Antarctica, made in Paris in 1737, a century before Antarctica was discovered. Evidently copied from maps surviving from ancient times, it shows Antarctica as two separate land masses, a fact not established until the Geophysical Year of 1958 through ice soundings, but evidently known to navigators of prehistory, who may have visited Antarctica before it was covered by ice.



Sketch map of Antarctica as it would appear without *the icecap, now more than two miles thick. The Antarctic continent, without the ice, would not be one land mass but two, separated by water.*



Map from the rare book, The Problem of Lemuria by Lewis Spence (1933). He believed that lower sea levels were the key to a lost continent in the Pacific.

Chapter Four

SRI LANKA & THE MALDIVES: TALES OF ANCIENT CEYLON

On leaving the island of Andaman
and sailing a thousand miles a little
south of west, the traveller reaches
Ceylon, which is undoubtedly the finest
island of its size in all the world.
—*Marco Polo*, *The Travels*

A blast of hot, humid air hit me as I stepped off the plane in Sri Lanka and walked toward the terminal. Back in the Comoro Islands, I had been unable to get a visa for Madagascar, and had instead flown to Mauritius, island of the ill-fated dodo bird. After a brief stay on the beach with some Australian surfers, I purchased a ticket that would take me across the Indian Ocean to the very bottom of the Indian sub-continent: Sri Lanka.

The islands of the western Indian Ocean were behind me, before me now stood those islands of the eastern half. I was back in the Indian Subcontinent, which was an old stomping ground for me; though this would be my first trip to Sri Lanka, the tear-drop shaped island at the southern tip of India.

I breezed through customs and immigration, and was immediately assaulted by a gaggle of taxi drivers; about three pulled at my trusty green pack and insisted that I take their taxi into Colombo, the capital of Sri Lanka. Wrenching my pack away from them, I shuffled down to one end the parking area where there was a bus. The taxi drivers withdrew to attack other tourists just coming out of the terminal.

"I want to go to Anuradhapura", I said to the driver, an older man with greased back greyish black hair wearing a paisley, polyester shirt.

"We just go to Negumbo, not far from here", he responded in English.

It was getting late, and the airport was rather a distance yet from the capital of Colombo, or from any of the other major towns. I agreed, deciding that I would spend a night in Negumbo and move further north the next day; though there had been some occasions in my travels, especially when arriving very late at an airport, that I had preferred to just spend the night in the terminal and move out into the country the next day.

Negumbo it turned out was a friendly town which rested on the beach near the airport. A teenage boy quickly hustled me into his family's guest room for the night. I dropped my pack in one corner of the room and headed down to the beach for the sunset. On my way I was stopped by a woman who was sitting on a chair outside the front door of her small white washed home.

"Hello", she said in English.

"Good evening", I responded.

"Where are you from?" she asked.

"The United States".

"Oh, good. Won't you come in for a cup of tea?"

I glanced down the street; I still had a few minutes before the sun set. "Well... all right. Thank you". Inside, she had me sit on an old stuffed chair while she went into the kitchen. Moments later, two girls came into the room and sat silently on the wooden chairs that adorned the clean, though rather stark room. The woman came in with a cup of tea and introduced her daughters.

I chatted a bit with the mother and sipped my tea, while the girls sat silently and obediently, looking at me with great interest. They were in their late teens or early twenties and were quite attractive with long black hair falling down below their shoulders and big brown eyes that matched their beautiful brown skin.

"And how long have you been in Sri Lanka?" asked the mother.

"I just arrived today", I told her.

"And how do you like my daughters?" she asked.

"They are very charming and beautiful", I said honestly.

"Choose one for yourself", she said matter-of-factly.

I had just taken a sip of tea, and I nearly sputtered it all over her. Regaining my composure, I said, "Pardon me?"

"Go ahead, choose one!"

"May I have two?" I said. From the puzzled look on her face, I gathered that she did not understand my humor. I was rather perplexed myself. What did she mean, choose one? Choose one for the night? Choose one, marry her, and take her back to America with me? It was an awkward situation, and since it was my first day in Sri Lanka, I had not yet had the time to make myself aware of their customs. It was not my intention to get married on my first day in the country, nor did I want to offend her by refusing. I realized that this was a situation that called for tact.

"It is a very difficult choice", I said. "I think that I will have to think about it over night".

"Very well", she allowed, and we both stood. The charming young ladies stood up as well, smiles beaming on their innocent faces. They did not speak English, I gathered.

"Thank you very much for the tea", I said as I left.

"You are welcome", said the mother, her gaze following after me as I walked toward the sunset. The next morning I left town with my conscience clear. After all, I had thought about it over night, just as I had promised!

I arrived in Anuradhapura around noon. After checking into a small guesthouse, *The Traveler's Halt*, I rented a bicycle and left for the ruins of the ancient city. With me were two French guys, who had arrived from the north of the island on the same day.

Sri Lanka (formerly Ceylon) is about the size of Indiana, and is made up of low, rolling hills which culminate in a mountain range and jungle in the south central part of the island. Its history extends far back into the world of myth and legend; Ceylon plays a major part in the ancient Indian Epic of the Ramayana.

The earliest recorded history of Ceylon only goes as far back as the sixth century BC. These records tell of a Prince Vijaya who was banished from India by his father, and who embarked on ships with seven hundred companions in search of a new home. Most scholars believe that Prince Vijaya was of Aryan stock, and came from northwestern India. Vijaya landed in Ceylon, and the reports he sent back home must have been encouraging, for soon he was joined by other princes and their followers. The new arrivals subdued the "savage inhabitants": the Yakkhas and Nagas, who already existed on the island.

The descendants of these ancient people can still be found in remote parts of the island. They are called Veddas, which in their own, obscure language means "hunter". Standing about five feet tall, with dark skin and frizzy hair, they wear clothes made of bark cloth. They live a nomadic existence sleeping in caves or crude huts. With bows, arrows, stone axes and hunting dogs, they hunt and gather fruit, wild yams, honey, truffles and fish.[41]

The prehistory of Ceylon is rather mysterious. It is generally believed that prior to Prince Vijaya, nothing more than stone-age men lived in Ceylon, yet there is a certain amount of evidence to indicate that this is not the case.

Modern history on the island begins with the advent of Buddhism in the third century BC. Mahinda, son of the converted Buddhist Emperor Asoka, came from India to the court of the Devanampiya Tissa, who was a Sinhalese descendant of Prince Vijaya. After a series of sermons delivered at Anuradhapura, the king and most of the court converted to Buddhism, a religion that stresses good deeds, positive thinking, harmless living and high moral conduct.

Later, Mahinda's sister brought a cutting from the Bodhi Tree to Ceylon; the tree under which the prince Siddhartha, later Gautama Buddha, had become enlightened according to Buddhist tradition. This tree was planted at Anuradhapura, and is still growing today, two and half thousand years later! After Siddhartha's cremation (the term Buddha actually means "wise one" in sanskrit), his remains had been divided into eight main parts and then subdivided into more. When Mahinda's sister came she also brought Buddha's right collar bone and begging bowl and she enshrined them in a dagoba, or stupa. In the fourth century AD the left eyetooth of the Buddha was brought to Anuradhapura and preserved in a noble shrine; it was exhibited once a year. This tooth is now kept in the Temple of the Tooth in Kandy.

From beneath the shade of the Bodhi Tree, I looked up at the great stupas of Anuradhapura, some of the most magnificent structures in the world! The largest is carved out of solid rock, covered with brass, and is larger in size than the Great Pyramid of Egypt. The Ruwanweli Pagoda, built in 144 BC is constructed on a base of solid silver. The silver is over 500 square feet in area and is seven inches thick. The value of the metal used in the foundation alone is estimated to equal over three million dollars![57,42] It was an astounding, awe-inspiring sight and I could not help but marvel at the magnificence of the ancient capital.

In the late 19th century when the British excavated the ancient city which had been abandoned in the 11th century because of an invasion from Southern India, they uncovered an extremely sophisticated irrigation system. An engineer called Parker, who worked for the Irrigation Department of Ceylon was astounded at the skill of his ancient Ceylonese counterparts. Not only had they successfully created large reservoirs as early as the 4th century BC, but by the 3rd century BC, they were using a highly sophisticated discharge system: the valve-pit.

This involved a stone-lined sluice which had a gate that could be raised or lowered to control the discharge of water from the reservoir. Its stones were finely worked to create a completely smooth internal face. Probably it had been originally lined with wood to make the sluice completely watertight. Parker marvelled at the competent way in which the prehistoric engineers had coped with the problems of gravity and flow speed. The system fed three large man-made lakes that served as reservoirs.[43]

As the three of us rode our bikes back to *The Traveler's Halt*, I thought about this marvelous lost city, uncovered by the British during their colonial period on the island. Although the British and other western archaeologists had been impressed at how a bunch of islanders had accomplished fairly modern engineering feats, I myself wasn't that amazed. Such an irrigation system would have been necessary

for the prosperity of the culture since the northern part of Sri Lanka is quite arid. Also, the existence of modern technology in ancient cultures of India, including cultures that are far older than Anuradhapura, has been already been proven many times. What amazes the academics is that their findings consistently push the beginnings of technology and civilization further and further back in time. Suddenly, the mystics who have insisted that civilization hadn't started in Sumeria five thousand years ago, and that ancient peoples in India were quite sophisticated, have become correct.

Anuradhapura is also the origin of "moonstones": semicircular stones to be found at the entrances of temples and which are carved with elephants, lotuses, bulls, lions, horses, geese and such. The carvings are delicate and refined. There are six at Anuradhapura, and they are peculiar to Sri Lanka.

Anuradhapura is a nice place, but save for the ancient city, there is little to attract the tourist. After a restful night and a breakfast of scrambled eggs on a pineapple slice, I was off by mini-bus for the Lion Fortress of Sigiriya. I secured a seat up front next to the driver and gazed steadfastly at the world as it went by—ox carts, people on bicycles, sugar cane fields, women walking along the road with baskets on their heads.

Suddenly, out on the plain there rose a great rock. It looked like the base of a gigantic statue, yet, where one might expect to see an ancient Ceylonese Statue of Liberty, there was not. This was Sigiriya, or "Lion Rock", the fortress in the sky. Its vertical sides rise to six hundred feet above the level plain. It lies only eight miles from Polonnarwa, another former capital of the Sinhalese. The Sinhalese had moved from Anuradhapura as the result of Tamil invasions from southern India.

The story of Sigiriya has the unreality of some gruesome legend. King Dhatusena, a builder of water tanks and a generous patron of Buddhism, had two sons and a daughter. The daughter was given in marriage to the commander of the royal army. This man was a son of the King's sister. The mother-in-law quarreled with the bride. The bride was then beaten by her husband, and the enraged King Dhatusena ordered the mother-in-law, who was his own sister, burned alive!

One of the king's sons, Kassapa, joined forces with the commander and they captured Dhatusena walling him up alive in a dungeon cell. In the year AD 479, when Kassapa withdrew from Anuradhapura further into the interior of the island he came to this giant, sheer rock. He first built a wall and moat around it, and then carved out long flights of steps which became a dizzying path to the top of the rock. In later centuries sections of the rock-cut stairs crumbled away and have since been replaced by an iron stairway. Just below the summit of the rock there are stairs which once led upward, directly through the body of a huge brick and plaster figure of a lion; today only its giant forepaws remain. The top of the rock was painstakingly hewn into a series of level terraces. They were then adorned with pools and palace structures; these pools and the foundations of the buildings still remain.

For eighteen years Kassapa remained in safety on the impregnable rock until one day he ventured out in battle against his other brother who was now king. His army was defeated, and Kassapa as a result committed suicide. And so the brief, eighteen year history of Sigiriya came to an end. Part of the way up the rock one can find the well preserved paintings of twenty-two women whose figures emerge, from the waist upward, out of painted clouds. Some have light-colored skins, while others are very dark. Just who these women were and the meaning of the paintings is not fully understood. They are perhaps Royalty and servants, or Buddhist Bodhisattvas of some sort.

Buddha must have been rolling over in his grave as this royal family of devout "Buddhists" tortured, burned alive, and fought each other in bloody battles. Family

problems, even in ancient Ceylon, can sometimes take on monumental proportions!

§§§

From Paradise to Taprobane
is forty leagues:
There may be heard the sound of
The Fountains of Paradise.
—Traditional
Reported by the Friar Marignolli, AD 1335

It was later that afternoon that I found myself standing by the Royal Park, which was next to the Royal Lake in the center of Kandy, former capital of Ceylon (sometimes it seems like every place is the former capital of Ceylon). Just across the street was the Temple of the Tooth, where Buddha's tooth had been moved from Anuradhapura.

It would be dark soon and I was wondering where I was going to stay that night. A teenage girl with long black hair said, "Are you looking for a hotel?"

I looked at her for a moment. She was young, innocent, and smiling, waiting anxiously for my reply. "Well, I guess I am", I said finally.

"Would you like to stay at my family's guest house? It is just nearby", she replied hopefully.

It seemed legitimate, so I followed her to the *Sunray Inn* which was just down the hill from the temple. An Australian traveler, Ron, was also staying there, and over the next few days, we hung out together in Kandy.

When it wasn't raining, and it usually was, it was fun to walk around town, or around the lake. One often has to step off the street occasionally for an elephant hogging the road, or open a door for a Buddhist monk. At the *Speak Easy*, they served draft beer in the evenings, and Ron and I would always have a beer or two before heading back to the *Sunray Inn*.

"What about those two daughters at the *Sunray Inn*", Ron said one day over some noodles at a cafe, "they're awfully friendly!" He was speaking of the two charming and inquisitive teenage daughters, the one of whom had met me at the park when I first got off the bus.

"They're just curious", I said. "I wouldn't get any ideas about romance". However, Ron's statement made me stop and think a moment. I remembered the lady with the two daughters I had met in Negumbo. Ron had just been served his curry, and began putting some hot sauce on it. "That's pretty hot curry all by itself", I told him. "I know. I had it the other day".

"I like it hot", Ron said, shoveling in a great big bite. He added more hot sauce to the next big bite, and stuffed himself. He chewed for a moment and then held his breath. It was like he was taking a deep dive in some pool. Sweat formed on his brow and he began turning pale. Finally he came up for air, letting out a long, low whistle, "—whew—!"

After he had gotten his voice back, Ron finally said, "Well, it could have been hotter..". I let forth a violent sneeze from all the pepper in the air, and dug into my "Special Hong Kong Noodles". Better that he was hot for the curry than the teenage girls at the guesthouse, I thought.

Though the friendly and talkative girls of the *Sunray Inn* crossed my own mind from time to time, I was currently more occupied by the thought of lost cities and tales of ancient Ceylon.

In 1893, a young British officer named Percy Fawcett was stationed in Ceylon.

Operating out of Trincomalee and keenly interested in archaeology, history and Buddhism, he would often take long walks, sometimes lasting for days, into the remote jungle areas of the island. On one such trek, he was overtaken by a storm, which forced him to seek shelter beneath some trees for the night. As dawn broke into a new, sunny day, he found himself near an immense rock, covered with strange inscriptions of unknown character and meaning.

He made a copy of the inscriptions, and later showed them to a local Buddhist priest. This priest said the writing was similar to that used by the old Asoka-Buddhists, and was in a cypher which only those ancient priests could understand. His assertion was confirmed ten years later by a Ceylonese Oriental scholar at Oxford University, who claimed that he was the only man alive who could read the script.[39,40]

Young Percy Fawcett, later to become a respected Colonel and one of the most famous South American explorers of all time, believed that the letters which he had seen on the ancient, vine covered wall in Ceylon, had been taken from the ancient Sansar alphabet. This alphabet was first discovered by the French traveler and missionary, Abbe Huc, in 1845 while visiting a lamasery on the frontier of Tibet and China. The lamasery, known as the monastery of Sinfau or Sifau, or more popularly, the Kumbum Monastery, contained the "mystic Kounboum tree"; upon each leaf of this tree a Sansar character was allegedly written. *Kunbum* or *Kounboun* means "ten thousand images" referring to the images on the leaves of the tree.

According to the report given to Huc, the tree and alphabet came from the drowned land of Rutas, which in central Asian mythology, is identical with Mu, Lemuria, or a lost Pacific continent (all one and the same, shall we call it Pacifica, instead?). The tree itself was a white sandal tree of some sort, and was located in a great brick-walled court-yard of the Buddhist temple at the foot of a mountain. Each leaf of the tree bore a different character of *Sansar,* or ancient Sanskrit, the "language of the sun in the drowned land of sun-worshippers of *Rutas".* Other legend has it that the tree sprang from the Tibetan saint Tsong Khapa's hair. Given these two choices, the idea that tree came from a lost continent seems all the more likely (though probably both are equally false)!

Huc said the sweat mounted to his forehead in his effort to detect any lamaic fraud about the tree, which he added, "is very old, about eight feet high, with brilliant scarlet flowers, and nowhere else exists, and cannot be propagated from seeds or cuttings".[39] It is said that sometimes the tree will hold images of Buddha on its leaves, as well.

While legends in Central Asian monasteries do include stories of *Rutas* and *Sansar,* the "magical" Kounboun tree appears to have been a fraud. The Prussian traveler, Kreimer, visited the same lamasery in 1880 and saw neither letters nor Buddhas on the leaves of its trees. He says he did detect, however, an ironic smile on the corner of the mouth of the lama guide when asked about such images, and he suspected trickery with acids. Other travelers who visited the monastery at the turn of the century saw no images on the leaves. Robert Ripley, of the famed *Ripley's Believe It or Not* claimed he saw the images, or at least he included them in his feature, and an article appeared on them in a well known London Sunday paper in 1940.[39]

Lamas have been known to pull tricks to impress visitors, and it seems probable that the Kounboun tree may have been dressed up for important visitors. But even if the lamas had used acids to inscribe characters on leaves, what were these unknown characters? Were they truly Sansar, an ancient language from Mu?

The name of *Rutas* for a lost pacific continent showed up again in 1879, this time by another French traveler named Louis Jacolliot (1837-1890). Jacolliot was a

serious student of mythology, and had collected a number of Sanskrit legends while on sojourn in India. His book, *Histoire des Vierges*: *Les Peuple et les Continents Disparus*, a study of mythology, was published in Paris in 1879. According to Jaccoliot, the Hindu classics tell of a former continent called *Rutas* that sank beneath the ocean in times past, according to the traditions of the *goparams*. Jaccoliot believed Rutas to have been a former Pacific continent, that the original inhabitants of India had come from this vanished continent and that the language of *Rutas* was Sansar.[2,39]

A number of events were set into motion by young Percy Fawcett's finding of these strange characters on a rock wall in Ceylon, some involving mysteries still to be worked out. Colonel Fawcett set off from Cuyaba in the Mato Grosso in Brazil in 1925 to find a lost city in the jungle. He believed there was a connection between the city and the letters he had found in Ceylon. Neither he nor his two companions were ever seen again, and their expedition became the archetypical "lost expedition" (for more information on the fascinating story of Colonel Fawcett and his lost city, see my book, *Lost Cities & Ancient Mysteries of South America*).

If it is true, as Colonel Fawcett and certain Ceylonese scholars believed, that an ancient and vanished civilization once existed in Sri Lanka, where are the ruins of that civilization's cities? In the ancient Tamil literature of southern India there is a flood myth which tells of a destructive cataclysm and of two lost cities named Tenmaturai and Kapatapuram. These cities were two of three sites on which literary academies had been established. The third was at "Maturai", which is apparently the present day city of Madurai, near the southern tip of India. According to ancient tradition, there were forty-four rulers at Maturai before the great flood. Many cities were lost, but Maturai was reestablished afterward.[38]

Some sense of the time scale we are are dealing with when looking at myths from Indian literature can be gleaned by recognizing that the length of time that each of the literary academies existed were 4440 years for Tenmaturai, 3700 years for Kapatapuram and 1850 years for Maturai.[38] Assuming the existence of these literary academies to be factual (Maturai is a very real place, indeed), it would not be unreasonable to suggest that Tenmaturai and Kapatapuram were lost in a cataclysmic flood that in in all probability took place thousands of years ago. This being the case it would not be difficult to place the dates of these cities back to five or six thousand years BC if not earlier. Fantastic? These stories and dates are tame by comparison to other stories in the incredible realm of Indian literature!

Perhaps the best evidence of lost cities and an ancient civilization in Ceylon is the remarkable pre-Aryan Indian Epic of the Ramayana. The Ramayana (literally, "Rama's Way") is one of the great Indian Epics, handed down over thousands of years to the twenty-first century. Even the author to which the Ramayana is attributed, the poet Valmiki, has achieved a legendary status. The Ramayana is some 25,000 verses long. It tells a story of courtly intrigue, heroic renunciation, fierce battles and the triumph of good over evil. The hero is Prince Rama of Ayodhya. Born into a family of noble rulers, the treacherous machinations of his stepmother force him to abdicate his claim to the throne of Ayodhya in favor of his half-brother, Bharata. Rama withdraws into the forest for thirteen years accompanied by his faithful wife Sita and devoted half-brother, Lakshmana. Here they battle demons called the Rakshasas, who kidnap the beautiful Sita. The evil demon king Ravana takes her away in his *Vimana*, or flying machine, to his capital on the island of Lanka (Ceylon). He urges her to yield to him and be his queen, but she remains faithful to her husband, Rama.

Meanwhile, Rama and Lakshamana search frantically for signs of Sita. They go from one witness to another to learn her whereabouts. Finally, they ally themselves

with an army of talking monkeys and bears. The army operates under the generalship of the great monkey, Hanuman. The animals discover that the place where Sita is kept prisoner is Ceylon and Hanuman crosses the water to visit her.

After setting fire to the city he returns to Rama who decides he must rescue his wife by force. With the help of thousands upon thousands of monkeys they build a causeway between the mainland and the island. A frightful battle ensues and hosts of monkeys and demons are slaughtered. Both sides use devastatingly powerful weapons which are hurled from their flying machines and which destroy whole cities and disintegrate whole armies at a time. Naturally, Rama and his buddies win, Sita is saved, and they go back to Ayodhya in a flying machine, where Rama is crowned king. Unfortunately, in the end, vicious rumours about Sita's purity are spread, Rama is forced to banish her to the forest where she gives birth to Rama's two children, and the poet Valmiki helps her to raise them. Thus, the story comes full circle back to the story teller, Valmiki.[37]

The Ramayana, and its companion The Mahabharata, are something like a combination of George Lucas' *Star Wars* and J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*. In texts thousands of years old, the combatants fly around in metallic flying machines that run on some sort of "anti-gravity" mechanism and battle each other with particle beam weapons and horrifying explosive devices.

Many historians discount the Ramayana as being nothing more than the vivid opium dreams of a bunch of stone-age "rag heads". Fortunately, other more "open-minded" historians discern a thread of authenticity present in these great epics, and indeed, clues to the mysterious and fabulous past of ancient India, Ceylon, and even of Atlantis and "Mu".

Perhaps the best way to unravel the tangled web of the Ramayana is to go back to *The Lemurian Fellowship* lessons' accounts of ancient Mukulia and see what sense can be made out of the Ramayana story.

According to their lesson material, the non-citizens of *Mukulia* divided into two opposing factions, which had grown to be poles apart in philosophy. The first group, the "Phrees" prized practicality. Generally they worked in the Empire as highly skilled laborers and professionals. The second group, the "Katholis", prized spirituality and were more interested in "artistic" pursuits. The Citizenry of the Empire by contrast were "balanced" mentally; they could see the value of both sides. As open conflict manifested between the two groups, the government encouraged the emigration of these peoples to hitherto uninhabited lands. The main colony of the Phrees was established upon an island group in the Atlantic Ocean called Poseid, while the main colony of the Katholis was established in India.[19]

Even today, Indians, especially the women, prize spirituality above all things. Throwing oneself on the funeral pyre of one's husband is still customary in many parts of India today. Atlantis, by many reports (all rather difficult to verify, unfortunately) developed a technology which was described as being extremely advanced and rather war-like.

The *Lemurian Fellowship* lessons state that the destruction of Lemuria occurred circa 24,000 BC. The civilization which developed in ancient India afterwards was known as the Rama Empire, and was ruled by Priest-Kings called "Rishis" who were "Adepts". Rishi is a sanskrit term meaning "Master" or "Great Teacher". The Rishis were wise and kind and possessed considerable "yogic" powers. The Rama Empire spread out to include most of the Indian sub-continent. It probably extended as far west as Iran or so, and as far east as Burma. There were seven capital cities known as "The Seven Rishi Cities of the Rama Empire". *The Lemurian Fellowship* does not say which cities these were, but my guess is that they included Ayodhya, Nagpur, Mathura, Mohenjo Daro, and Harappa.

§§§

"Rama ruled the earth for eleven thousand years.
He gave a year-long festival in this very Naimisha Forest.
All of this land was in his kingdom then;
one age of the world ago;
long, long ago;
long before now, and far in the past.
Rama was King from the center of the world
to the four Oceans' shores".
—The Ramayana

During the heyday of Atlantis and Rama, both the Ramayana and the *Lemurian Fellowship* agree that other advanced civilizations were also in existence. According to the *Lemurian Fellowship* the Osiris Civilization existed in what is today North Africa and the Mediterranean Basin, and the Uiger Empire ruled over what is today the Gobi Desert. Yet of all of the civilizations, Atlantis and Rama were the two most developed.

These two cultures had advanced technology, which they shared between themselves and the rest of the world. It had been mainly developed in Atlantis and would seem like science fiction to us today, just as the Ramayana and Mahabharata seem like science fiction. They had aircraft similar to zeppelins and "flying saucers". They had weapons such as fireballs that could destroy a whole city, "Kapilla's Glance" which could burn fifty thousand men to ashes in seconds and flying spears that could ruin whole "cities full of forts".[37,58,46,47,49]

According to The *Lemurian Fellowship*, as Atlantis and Rama each reached the height of civilization, war broke out between them. The Atlanteans, a highly technical, patriarchal and war-like culture were bent on conquering the world. Subjugating the Rama Empire was an important step in their plan.

Although both sides had airships, Atlantis had developed military applications for its technology, while the Rama Empire had always applied its technology towards peaceful purposes. The main vehicles for both nations during their war were airships, called Vimanas in Indian Epics, and Vailixi by the Atlanteans.

The Ramayana describes a Vimana as a double-deck, circular (or cylindrical) aircraft with portholes and a dome. It flew with the "speed of the wind" and gave forth a "melodious sound". Ancient Indian texts on vimanas are so numerous, it would take several books to relate all that they say. The ancient Indians wrote whole flight manuals describing the four types of vimanas, and the control of these ships. The Sumara Sutradhara is a scientific treaty dealing with every possible angle of air travel in a vimana. There are 230 stanzas which deal with Vimana construction, take-off, cruising for thousands of miles, normal and forced landings, and even with the possibility of collisions with birds.[46,47]

In 1875, the *Vaimanika Sastra*, a fourth century BC text written by Bharadvajy the Wise, was rediscovered in a temple in India. The book dealt with the operation of vimanas and had been taken from older texts, no longer extant. It included information on steering, precautions for long flights, protection of the airships from storms and lightening; and even on how to switch the drive to solar energy from some other mysterious force, a kind of "Anti-Gravity". Vimanas it said, took off vertically and were capable of hovering in the sky like a modern helicopter or dirigible. Bharadvajy the Wise refers to no less than 70 authorities and 10 experts of air travel from antiquity. This text was translated into English in 1979 at the

University of Mysore by a Sanskrit Scholar named G. Josyer.[59] Perhaps the reader is beginning to get an inkling that there might be a little more to the tales of vimanas and of the Ramayana than wild fantasy. What purpose would it have served the ancient Indians to make up such an elaborate ancient history and technology? And even if they had made it up, the fabrication in and of itself would have been an incredible feat!

An interesting episode in Atlantean history as related by The Lemurian Fellowship involves the Atlanteans sending a well-equipped army to India in order to subjugate the Rama Empire and bring it under the sovereignty of Atlantis. Equipped with "a formidable array of weapons", the Atlanteans landed their valixi outside one of the Rishi cities. They got their troops in order and sent a message to the ruling Priest-King of the city that they should surrender. The Priest-King sent word back to the Atlantean general: "We of India have no quarrel with you of Atlantis. We ask only that we be permitted to follow our own way of life".

The Atlanteans regarded the Rishi's mild request as a confession of weakness. Expecting an easy victory, as the Rama Empire did not possess the technology of war nor the aggressiveness of the Atlanteans, the general sent another message: "We shall not destroy your land with the mighty weapons at our command provided you pay sufficient tribute and accept the rulership of Atlantis".

The Priest-King of the city responded humbly again, seeking to avert war: "We of India do not believe in war and strife, peace being our ideal. Neither would we destroy you or your soldiers who but follow orders. However, if you persist in your determination to attack us without cause and merely for the purpose of conquest, you will leave us no recourse but to destroy you and all of your leaders. Depart, and leave us in peace".

Arrogantly, the Atlanteans did not believe that the Indians had the power to stop them; certainly not by technical means. At dawn, the Atlantean army began their march on the city. Sadly, the Priest-King watched the army advance from a high point of view. He raised his arms heavenward and, using a mental technique supposedly known to certain yogis in the Himalayas today, he caused the general and each officer in descending order of rank to drop dead in their tracks, apparently of a heart attack. Without leaders, the panicked Atlantean force fled to the waiting airships, and retreated back to Atlantis! Of the siege of the Rishi City, not one man from the Rama Empire was lost![19]

The Indian Epics, especially the Mahabharata, pick up the thread of the tale from here and go on to tell the rest of the horrible story; a story of devastation and destruction. Apparently Atlantis, rather displeased at its humiliating defeat, decided that they were no longer interested in subjugating the Rama Empire, and decided instead to annihilate the major cities using weapons so destructive that sanskrit scholars could not comprehend what was being described in the Epics until the first dropping of atomic bombs on Japan.

These are authentic verses from the Indian Epics:

> "Gurkha, flying a swift and powerful vimana,
> hurled a single projectile
> charged with all the power of the Universe.
> An incandescent column of smoke and flame,
> as bright as ten thousand suns,
> rose with all its splendor.
>
> It was an unknown weapon,
> an iron thunderbolt,

a gigantic messenger of death,
which reduced to ashes
the entire race of the Vrishnis and the Andhakas.

The corpses were so burned
as to be unrecognizable.
Hair and nails fell out;
Pottery broke without apparent cause,
and the birds turned white.

. . .After a few hours
all foodstuffs were infected...
...to escape from this fire
the soldiers threw themselves in streams
to wash themselves and their equipment".
—The Mahabharata

"(It was a weapon) so powerful
that it could destroy the earth in an instant—
A great soaring sound in smoke and flames—
And on it sits death. . ".
—The Ramayana

"Dense arrows of flame,
like a great shower,
issued forth upon creation,
encompassing the enemy. . . .
A thick gloom swiftly settled upon the Pandava hosts.
All points of the compass were lost in darkness.
Fierce winds began to blow.
Clouds roared upward,
showering dust and gravel.

Birds croaked madly . . .
the very elements seemed disturbed.
The sun seemed to waver in the heavens.
The earth shook,
scorched by the terrible violent heat of this weapon.
Elephants burst into flame
and ran to and fro in a frenzy . . .
over a vast area,
other animals crumpled to the ground and died.
From all points of the compass
the arrows of flame rained continuously and fiercely".
—The Mahabharata

Fantasy? The story gets even stranger. For a long time, Indian civilization was not believed to go back further than about 500 BC which is only a few hundred years prior to Alexander the Great's invasion of the subcontinent. More recently however, the extremely sophisticated cities of Mohenjo Daro ("Mound of the Dead") and Harappa have been discovered in the Indus Valley of what is today Pakistan by

British Engineers.

These sophisticated cities, dated at five thousand years old, were constructed almost entirely of extremely well-made, kiln-fired brick. In fact, for a while large portions of Harappa were taken from the site and used as ballast on the Karachi-Lahore railway until the Director-General of the Indian Archaeological Survey realized the importance of the find and put a halt to the looting. (This has been the unfortunate fate of many ancient cities; they are looted of their building materials to build other cities. That is why today many megalithic remains have very little substance to them aside from some megalithic blocks; all of the smaller stones that were movable have been taken!).

These cities, which allegedly date back to the Rama Empire, according to *The Lemurian Fellowship* and other sources that subscribe to that theory of ancient history, are laid out in regular blocks, with the streets crossing at right angles to one another. Archaeologists who have excavated the cities theorize from this that the cities were planned before they were built, which is highly unusual in the ancient world (and in the modern one also, for that matter). Even more remarkable, is that the plumbing and sewage systems found throughout the "Indus Valley Culture" are well laid out and planned. So much so that they are superior to sewage systems found today in Pakistan, India and most Asian countries. Sewers were covered, and most homes had private toilets and running water. Plus water and sewage were kept well separated.[45,47,60,43]

So the cities were sophisticated, but is there any evidence of the devastating wars spoken of in the Indian Epics? Hold onto your seat for a reality-shaking ride to Harappa and Mohenjo Daro! When archaeologists reached the street levels of these two cities during their excavation in the early fifties, they discovered skeletons scattered about the city, many just lying in the streets and some holding hands! It was as if some horrible doom had taken place, annihilating the inhabitants in one fell swoop. These skeletons are among the most radioactive ever found, on a par with those at Nagasaki and Hiroshima. At another site in India, Soviet scholars found a skeleton with a radioactivity level in excess of fifty times that which is normal.[46,47,48,49,50]

Thousands of lumps, christened "black stones", have been found at Mohenjo Daro. These are apparently, fragments of clay vessels that melted together in extreme heat and fused. Other cities have been found in northern India that indicate explosions of great magnitude. A city was found between the Ganges and the mountains of Rajmahal which seems to have been subjected to intense heat. Huge masses of walls and the foundations of an ancient city were found fused together, literally vitrified![46,47,48]

Vitrified structures have been found in Turkey, France, Scotland, Ireland and Peru. No explanations for this fusing of rock has been volunteered, since heat of such an intense nature is not normally generated by natural means. A news item that appeared in the New York Herald Tribune on February 16, 1947 (and repeated by Ivan T. Sanderson in *Pursuit,* January, 1970) reported that "(archaeologists) have been digging in the ancient Euphrates Valley (Iraq) and have uncovered a layer of agrarian culture 8000 years old, and a layer of herdsman culture much older, and a still older caveman [sic] culture. Recently, they reached another layer. . .of fused green glass".[29]

When the first atomic bomb went off at Alamagordo in New Mexico, it turned the desert sand to green glass! Interestingly, Dr. Oppenheimer, the "Father of the H-Bomb", was also a sanskrit scholar. Once when speaking of the first atomic test, he quoted the Mahabharata saying, "I have unleashed the power of the Universe. Now I have become the destroyer of worlds". Asked at an interview at Rochester

University seven years after the Alamagordo nuclear test whether that was the first atomic bomb to ever be detonated, his reply was: "Well, yes", and added quickly, "in modern history".[46]

If we then proceed from the assumption that the ancient Indian Epics are based on real events, related as a kind of mythicized version of the conflicts between India, Atlantis and the rest of the world, Rama himself would then seem to be the personification of the ancient Rama Empire; not necessarily a real person, but rather a combination of persons and events (It is interesting to note here that the "channeled entity" of Ramtha claims to be Rama, the hero of the Ramayana. He claims he lived 35,000 years ago, and speaks, indeed, with a modern Indian accent of sorts, which is suspicious. While I am in no position to judge, this time frame conflicts with the Ramayana itself as well as most other data available on ancient India).

As for the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, the epics themselves place the timetable of events at the end of the last Yuga, or age. There are four Yugas in Hindu cosmology and each Yuga is approximately 6,000 years long. A complete cycle lasts about 24,000 years. Of the four Yugas: Krita, Dvapara, Treta, and Kali, we are now supposedly at the end of the Kali Yuga. The events in the Ramayana and Mahabharata are said to take place at the end of Treta Yuga, which would place the devastating wars at approximately 4000 BC. This date matches, remarkably, with the dates historians ascribe to the Indus Valley cities of Harappa and Mohenjo Daro. However, this date seems is not consistent with the supposed decline of Atlantis, which most sources say occurred at around 9,000 BC.

It is interesting to note that, according to *The Lemurian Fellowship*, Lemuria sank at about 24,000 BC, which would place it at the end of a Kali Yuga and the beginning of a new Krita Yuga. In Indian cosmology, the Krita Yuga marks a time which is a "Golden Age" of enlightenment. Each Yuga becomes progressively worse, until a cataclysmic destruction at the end of the Kali Yuga destroys the world. Then a new Golden Age starts again. Auspiciously, we are at the end of a Kali Yuga.

Interestingly, the Ramayana's time line fits in well with the occurrence of cataclysmic changes and civilizations outlined by *The Lemurian Fellowship.* Says the Ramayana: "We live now in the third age of Time, and Rama lived in the second age of the world". Perhaps the time of Mu, the supposed Mother-Civilization of the World was the first age, the time of Atlantis and Rama the second age, as the Ramayana says; the time after the destruction of Atlantis and Rama, and the time when the great epics were written was the third age, and the fourth age is the time in which we are now living.

Yet if Ceylon really is the home of Ravana and the bad guys, where are the ancient cities, that were supposedly destroyed by the Vimanas and weapons of Rama? Perhaps they are there waiting to be discovered in the jungle growth. Recently some such megalithic cities in the interior of the island have been found!

The Sri Lankan archaeologist A. D. Fernando in an article in the *Journal of the Sri Lanka Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society* (1982)[61] cites what may be one source of information about such a city. The Mahawamsa, the Buddhist "Bible" of the Sri Lankans which portrays the conquest of the island and building of Anuradhapura by Prince Vijaya, says that the early inhabitants of the island, the Yakkhas, had great skill in metallurgy. Reference is made to a temple with "gold images of 4 great kings, 32 maidens, 28 Yakkha chiefs, devas, dancing devetas playing instruments, devas with mirrors in hand and a host of other devas with flowers, lotus, swords and pitchers".[61,44]

Fernando claims that the true hydraulic engineers of Sri Lanka and Anuradhapura were the Yakkhas. According to the Mahawamsa, the Yakkhas were celebrating the

marriage of the Yakkha king's daughter in the palace of the great city of Lanka, when Vijaya and his "lion soldiers" struck and conquered them. The official history of the island begins after this point.

Where the ancient Yakkha city of "Lanka" was located, we don't know for certain. It might be the megalithic fortress of Ariththa, presently located at Ritigala, where large prehistoric monoliths in perfect rectangular shapes standing 18 feet high by 6 feet by nearly 2 feet, and bearing a great similarity to Stonehenge in England can be found. Another city which Fernando discovered by air was that of Vijithapura covering 250 acres.

Perhaps the most incredible discovery of all occurred when Sri Lankan engineers wanted to place a dam at Maduru Oya thereby drowning a large valley. As the bulldozers set to work they began to scrape against bricks which already lay in the ground. To everybody's amazement it turned out that prehistoric engineers had made the same calculations and had built a dam at the very same spot![61,44] The Norwegian archaeologists visited the site and reported that the grandeur of these prehistoric megalithic waterworks would have impressed a Pharaoh. Heyerdahl says that much of the water system was constructed out of 15 ton blocks of stone 33 feet high and arranged in the shape of square tunnels and brick walls. The dams had sluices measuring more than 6 miles in length to control the water flow to a series of artificial lakes. Millions of tons of water had been regulated by this huge and sophisticated dam.[44]

Suddenly we realize that the primitive Yakkhas of Sri Lanka had not been so primitive after all, but instead were highly ingenious, sophisticated builders. Upon their conquest, the society gradually degenerated into a tribe of roving hunters; they probably became hunted themselves by the Sinhalese. Once again our dating for the rise of civilization has been pushed further back in time, and the great epic of the Ramayana is further vindicated. Could the Yakkhas have been the ancestors of the "evil" Ravana and his people who were defeated by Rama?

Another theory suggests that the "Lanka" of the Ramayana was not the island of Ceylon, but rather was Atlantis! Another possibility offered by James Churchward, author of the popular "Mu" series, is that ancient Lanka was actually located along the west coast of India in lands that are now submerged.

This area today is the Lacadive and Maldive islands. The Lacadive islands are part of India, while the Maldive islands are an independent nation to the south of them. Says Churchward, "In the Indian Ocean, adjoining the West Coast of India, there exists a large area of submerged lands with structures showing thereon. Like the remains of the South Sea Islands, these structures are prehistoric. These submerged lands commence at about 231 degrees north latitude, or just below the mouth of the river Indus, and extend south to about the equator. These submerged lands are apparently of an elongated oval shape. The Lacadive and Maldive groups of low-lying islands are within the boundaries of this oval.

"Although I have several times passed quite close to them, I have never been on any of them, so I cannot say whether they are parts of the sunken land still above water, or whether they are the subsequent work of coral insects. There is a long stretch of very shallow water both north and south of these islands with various channels of deeper water crossing them, through which ships have to pass going to or from India. This geological phenomenon has never been noted by any geologist or archaeologist as far as I can ascertain or by any historian.

"On days when conditions are favorable—that is, water and sky—imposing remains of ancient structures are clearly to be seen on the shallow water within the oval mentioned. These submerged lands are well known to the fisherman along the coast; as a matter of fact, it was through them that I became aware of this

submersion. Hindu scientists also know of them; no one, however, can account for structures being at the bottom of the ocean as the submergence is not spoken of in Hindu history no matter how far one goes back.

"I have never come across any references to the submersion either in India or elsewhere, so the probability remains that it took place during those five to seven thousand years when apparently no history was being written in any part of the world. Yet this submergence is a fact because the submerged structures can be seen. To my mind, there is not the slightest doubt what caused this submergence and that the present island of Ceylon was raised through it".[8]

Whether there are indeed sunken structures in the Laccadives, and possibly the Maldives, remains to be seen. However, Churchward is incorrect when he says that there are no references to a submergence in any Indian texts, as there most certainly are! For instance, we noted earlier that the cities of Tenmaturai and Kapatapuram were lost in a cataclysmic flood thousands of years ago.[38] These cities were located on what is now submerged land, according to legend. Was that land an ancient Ceylon where the Maldives and Laccadives now exist?

§§§

As I left Kandy, I waved goodbye to Ron, the girls of the *Sunray Inn,* and the Temple of the Tooth. I was on a bus bound for Dalhuis, where I was planning to climb Adam's Peak, a famous mountain and a place of pilgrimage for Buddhists, Christians, Hindus, and Moslems alike. Surely that makes it one of the most unique places on earth!

Adam's Peak is a pyramid shaped mountain about 7000 feet high located in the south-central mountain range of Sri Lanka. At its summit is a stone bearing a natural impression that looks like a giant footprint. According to Christian and Moslem tradition this is the footprint of Adam as he stepped onto the earth for the first time. In Buddhist tradition it is the footprint of Buddha, and in Hindu tradition it is the footprint of Shiva. In addition, I was told that an interesting phenomenon occurs at dawn when the pyramidal shadow of the peak is cast onto the clouds which lay beyond the mountain.

Arriving at sunset, I checked into a guest cottage run by a very nice Christian couple. They poured me a cup of tea, and asked if I was planning to climb to the summit that night; it is customary to make the ascent at night, so as to be on the summit for the sunrise. I told them that I was.

"I wouldn't if I were you", said a German traveler sitting by the window of the small, sparse room.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because tonight is a 'dark moon'. Didn't you know that?" he said, genuinely surprised.

"A 'dark moon'? What is that?" Though I suspected I knew the answer.

"It is the opposite of a full moon, when there is no moon at all". he replied. "This is not a good night to climb Adam's Peak. Tomorrow would be better".

I regarded this as superstitious nonsense. Yet, respectfully, I considered whether I should wait for another night to climb the peak. Outside, hundreds of pilgrims of all color, creed and religion were preparing for the all night climb to the summit. If they were going, why shouldn't I?

I slept for several hours in a private room in the guest house and was awakened by the owner at three AM. After a cup of tea, I hit the trail, which is well marked by electric lights, is paved, and has thousands of steps throughout the entire climb to the top. It is only about a two hour climb to the summit of the mountain. Many of

the pilgrims had started at 1:30 AM and I passed most of them on my up. As I climbed I stopped at several of the many tea stalls for a cup of tea and a biscuit.

I took my time. There was no hurry. I didn't really want to get to the summit much before dawn, as it would be cold and windy. I reached the top at 5:30. I visited the footprint first; an impression about five feet long, it looked vaguely like a footprint. Its position, however, was at the exact summit of the mountain, which was, at the very least, an interesting coincidence.

The sunrise was much more impressive, a gold and orange stream of light coming out of the clouds. Suddenly, the image of a perfectly formed, dark pyramid appeared on the clouds behind us. The pyramid got darker and shorter as the sun rose. The crowd loved it. In my wonder and excitement, I shot an entire roll of film.

Within an hour I was back at the guesthouse, where a big breakfast awaited me. Shortly thereafter, I got on a bus headed south through the mountains. To this day, the curse of the "dark moon" has yet to strike!

A few days later I was at the beach resort of Hikkaduwa which is probably the main traveler hang-out in Sri Lanka. Hikkaduwa has nice waves and some snorkling. There are plenty of cheap restaurants, tea shops, and gift shops for the vagabond who has a few bucks to spend. Covered with coconut oil, I lay on the beach and for the moment, thoughts of lost cities and ancient mysteries were lost in a world of milk shakes, bikinis, sunsets, showers from a well, beers, rice curry and music drifting in from one of the palm hut restaurants.

All things must pass. And as I have never been the sort to spend my whole life tanning on a beach, I soon found myself, after one last sunset, on a bus into Colombo, the capital of Sri Lanka. I checked into the YMCA in downtown Colombo, and went to American Express to get my mail. I booked a ticket for Male, the capital of the Maldives. I was walking down to the market to buy a leather bag when a young Sinhalese male in a sport shirt and polyester pants offered to change money with me at a rate that was double that of the bank's.

I was suspicious, but my greed got the better of me. I was low on funds, and this would make my leather bag 50% cheaper. At an abandoned building, he showed me a wad of money and then placed it in an envelope and put it back in his pocket. "Show me your money", he said.

"Let me count your money first". I suggested.

"No, let me see your money first, so I can tell if it is counterfeit", he insisted. I knew his trick. If he didn't take my money and run when I showed it to him, he would take it in exchange for the envelope, which would contain mere pieces of paper, rather than currency.

"Look, let's just forget it", I said, and started to walk away. At that moment he tried to reach into my pocket. I grabbed his hand, twisted his arm behind his back, and shoved him into a ditch next to where we were standing. With his curses ringing in my ears, I left for the market, all the wiser in dealing with the currency black market in Colombo. I think we both got what we deserved. Perhaps this was what I got for climbing Adam's Peak during a black moon!

At noon the next day, I checked in at the Air Lanka counter for the flight to the Maldives. This would be the first international flight in which I wore shorts and flip-flops. The Maldives are a remote but popular holiday spot, especially for Scandinavians. There are some 1200 little islands. (No one is really quite sure just how many islands there are. Many are uninhabited). The country has a land area of only about 115 square miles (298 square kms). Most of the islands are so small, that each will accommodate only one village or hotel per island.

During the flight, I drank a glass of champagne and then asked the stewardess if I could go up into the cockpit. From there I looked down at the first of the islands.

The turquoise blue sea was dotted with emerald green specks; each was a round jewel with a white sandy ring around it. They were beautiful. These islands, at first look, could easily fulfill a fantasy about having your own island paradise.

On the ground, I was going through customs at Male airport. The official was carefully searching through my belongings. I glanced at a sign on the wall of the open building that was the terminal: "As Maldives is totally a Muslim Republic, please be decently dressed at all times on any inhabited islands", and another sign which said: "Customs. No importation of alcohol, narcotics, pornography or pork!"

"What is this?" asked the customs official, holding up two small plastic packets he had found in my toilet kit.

"Oh, those? Those are prophylactics", I confessed.

"These are forbidden in the Maldives!" he accused.

"Sorry", I demurred, "I didn't even know I had them".

"That's OK", he said cheerily, tossing them into a waste basket behind him. "And what is this?"

The small black object he was holding in his hand, looking like a large marking pen, was a tear gas clip. Often when I travel, I carry it with me, and although I have come close on several occasions, I never have used it. "Oh, that's, uh, some men's cologne, want to try it?" I said, hoping that he would not.

He looked at it suspiciously, then put it back in my toilet kit. "That's all right", he said finally, "You can go now".

Shouldering my pack, I stepped out of the terminal and into the bright, hot sun. Once again, I was on the road, ready for adventure. . .but there was no place to go!

The islands in the Maldives are so small that the airport takes up one island all by itself. In fact, in view of all the construction around, it was obvious that they had even had to enlarge the island. Male, the capital and the only city, was on another island about a mile across the water.

"Want a boat to Male, mister?" said a young man reading my mind.

I looked at him. He was tall and brown-skinned with a longi wrapped around his waist. Was he some sort of Rama Priest-King with telepathic powers? I dismissed the thought and said, "Sure, how much?"

"One dollar", he replied.

"One dollar?" I asked. "How much in Maldive rupees?"

"One dollar in Maldive rupees", was his answer. This was the start of my Maldivian economics lesson. Everything in the Maldives was quoted in American dollars. In fact, it seemed to me that they regarded their own money with a certain amount of disdain. After a while I wondered why they even had their own currency at all. After all, the country of Liberia in West Africa just uses American dollars as their currency. Why couldn't the Maldives?

On the boat over to Male I met two young Swedish guys who had flown straight from Stockholm to Colombo and from there to the Maldives. We struck up a friendship, and decided to find a guesthouse together.

The small port of Male was like something out of a forties adventure movie. Arab dhows, called *dhonis*, were being loaded by half-naked dock workers. Facing the wharf was a line of white washed shops and cafes. I half expected to see Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet and Ernest Hemingway hanging out in one of the street-side restaurants hatching some plot. While we were still standing on the wharf, a young fellow came up to us and asked whether we wanted a guesthouse for the night.

Shortly thereafter, the three of us found ourselves sharing a room just off the main street. After getting settled, we tripped out into the late afternoon. The two Swedes, Ingmar and Johann, were anxious to hit a beach and go for a swim. We

walked around the entire island, which is about a mile square, but there was not a foot of beach to be found anywhere. Every bit of the small island (which was probably the largest in the Maldives) had been taken up by the capital city itself.

Dusk found us at "Food City", one of the small restaurants in town. Ingmar, tall and dark, was ironically, eating a pork chop while blonde and stocky Johann and I were having spaghetti. On a large video screen, a reincarnation of Elvis Presley was coming to us "Live from Hawaii".

"Johann and I are planning to leave tomorrow for the island of Hurra to spend a few days", said Ingmar, chewing on his porkchop and taking a sip of beer (both of which are supposedly forbidden in the country). "Do you want to come?"

"We have heard that it is a nice little island, and we can stay with a Maldive family there". said Johann.

"Yeah, sure", I said. Meanwhile, Elvis screamed at the handful of patrons that they were nothing but "hound dogs". The Maldives, I decided, was a rather unusual and contradictory country.

The next morning, having left most of our luggage at the guest house, we were at the docks looking for a boat to the island of Hurra, which was supposedly only a four hour sail away. As luck would have it, we got a dhoni to take us to Hurra for five dollars apiece. There was only one problem: the owners of the boat, pleasant Maldivians, with eager smiles and a fair command of English, did not know where Hurra was! With all the little islands in the Maldives, they didn't know every one. To them, however, that was a small problem. As we pulled out of the port, bound north, they yelled at fellow fishermen asking for directions to Hurra. Their friends pointed north-east and we were off, through reefs, past the emerald islands, and on our way—to somewhere, at least.

I leaned back and looked at the white sail that was catching the wind. A seagull was flying along just at the point. Perhaps it fancied itself as our look-out, keeping a careful watch for hidden reefs, and. . .sunken cities?

On that bright, lazy day my mind drifted off to lost cities and the mystery of the ancient Maldives. It is a bit difficult to imagine, I admit, that there might be lost cities in a country that is made up of 1200 tiny islands and is only 115 square miles in total area, but there are!

Not even the Maldivians expected to have lost cities in their little country until one day a few years ago, a statue with long ears was dug up on a remote island to the south. A photo of this statue was sent to the famous Norwegian archaeologist and explorer, Thor Heyerdahl, who suddenly took a great deal of interest in the statue and in the Maldives.

Heyerdahl is well known for his unusual oceanic voyages and the theories he has developed about trans-oceanic trade between prehistoric peoples. With the publication of *American Indians In the Pacific*[51] in 1952, Heyerdahl has established himself as one of the leading proponents of the theory that the Egyptians, Polynesians, Chinese, Arabs, Peruvians, Easter Islanders and other ancient peoples had sailed all over the world, often in reed boats or in large and sophisticated galleys and long boats. Although Heyerdahl is respected as a sensible person, his expeditions and theories have had little impact upon the conventional academic schools of thought which maintain that no one had crossed the Atlantic until Columbus, with the exception of perhaps a Viking or two. Also they maintain that the only way the Indians could have come to North America was by crossing a land bridge at the Bering Strait (never mind the fact that Polynesians cross vast expanses of ocean, three times the distance between Africa and South America in primitive catamarans).

In his book, *The Maldive Mystery*,[44] Heyerdahl explores the mysterious past of

the these remote Indian Ocean islands. Upon arriving in Male, he learned that the statue appearing in his photo had been destroyed by fanatical Muslims. Generally speaking, in Islam it is forbidden to paint or form an image of Mohammed, as this would encourage the worship of idols instead of God. One of the major events from Islamic history involved a time when Mohammed destroyed the many idols that had been kept in the Kaaba at Mecca.

In the Maldives, this edict has been taken to the extreme. For the eight centuries that the Maldives have been Muslim, all images of people, of any kind, have been forbidden! Statues are especially taboo. The advent of Islam in the Maldives effectively wiped out all past history as though nothing had existed prior to that date. The Maldivians are very friendly, gentle people, but fervently, indeed fanatically, religious.

All pre-Moslem artifacts, Heyerdahl discovered, had been discarded or destroyed, but, with the help of the central government and national museum, he was able to uncover one particularly fascinating and mysterious piece of ancient history. Heyerdahl had noted that there were only two deep channels through the Maldive Islands which could be safely navigated by large ships; one in the northern part of the chain, and the other in the south, exactly on the equator! This channel on the equator especially fascinated Heyerdahl because he felt that it would have been important to any seafaring civilization which had worshipped the sun and sailed the world.

His hunch proved correct. On the island of Fua Mulaku along the channel he found the remains of walls that had been made from beautifully cut stones and were reminiscent of what he calls “fingerprint” masonry previously seen by Heyerdahl elsewhere.

On the island of Nilandu, he visited the excavation of a “Phallus Temple”. He pondered the puzzling fact that in the Moslem land of the Maldives, the mosques do not face Mecca! Rather, they are directly orientated east and west following the sun’s path. Heyerdahl realized that the mosques of the Maldives were actually the reconstructions of ancient sun temples that had once dotted the land.

It was on Fua Mulaku that he first found out about the *Redin*, the “ancient people”. According to popular Maldivian legend, they were the original inhabitants of the Maldives, and had built the ancient cities, mounds, and temples. The Redin were said to have been a tall, white-skinned people, with brown hair, blue eyes and hooked noses. They built statues and worshipped them. Commenting on the Redin, Heyerdahl says: “Legendary references to seafaring people with fair skin and brown hair are well known from pre-Columbian Mexico, and Peru, and even on Easter Island. Certainly these early seafaring stonemasons in the legends had not come from Europe. But people fitting this description had also existed outside Europe. There were brown-haired people with fair skin in the Middle East and western Asia”.[44]

This is of course true. In fact the inhabitants of Iran are not Arabs, but “Aryans”, having brown hair and often, brown eyes. The very word “Iran” means “Aryan”. Yet it seems uncharacteristic for Heyerdahl to say that “certainly” they did not come from Europe. Stranger things have happened.

Heyerdahl found that on Fua Mulaku, legend had it that when the Redin had created the great temple in ancient times, the island had been an atoll with a lagoon inside. In very ancient times ships could sail right into the middle of the island and dock in a place where today there stands cultivated land. The natives had heard from their ancestors about how, very long ago, a terrific storm had tossed up coral blocks and sand. These blocked the entrance to the lagoon and gradually transformed it into fertile fields with a freshwater lake at the center. So firm in this belief were the locals that they took Heyerdahl to a steep boulder beach where they said the entrance

to the lagoon had been.

The freshwater lake was there and Heyerdahl said it was the only one he had ever heard of on a coral island. Somewhere in the midst of the jungle around the lake was said to be the remains of the ancient wharf, Heyerdahl could not locate it.

Once nearby had stood a statue of a naked man holding a fish. This man is said to have been Ambola Keu or Ambola Keola, a fisherman, according to local legend. He had come sailing into the inside of the island and had passed from one side of the lagoon to the side which had the mound on it when he met two old men with beards down to their chests. They were not Moslem. They were clad in white garments which had been made from a bark cloth and which covered their sexual parts. They both used walking sticks and appeared to be religious people. Ambola Keu had been fishing. The two men commanded: "Give fish!" They did not beg or ask gently. Ambola gave them some pieces of fish he had strung on a rope. They hung the fish on their walking sticks which they carried over their shoulders and walked away.[44]

Heyerdahl was convinced as to the authenticity of the former lagoon and wharf. Yet, it would have taken quite a "storm" to block off a navigable entrance to a lagoon. And what of these old men? Their presence has sort of a magical quality about it. It is interesting to note that the prehistoric people of Sri Lanka, the Yakkhas, wore a type of clothing made of bark cloth. As the Maldives are very close to Sri Lanka, it suggests a connection. Any ship, even today, sailing around India to Bengal, Burma, Indo-China or beyond, has to pass through the equatorial channel and around Sri Lanka. The Maldives, geographically, were situated in such a way that logically, they could have been an ancient "crossroads of the world".

Evidence that the Maldives have long been a major sea crossroads can be found in the observations of the famous Arab Traveler Ibn Battuta who visited the Maldives in the middle of the fourteenth century. He was amazed at the wealth he found; there was an abundance of rice from Bengal, silks from China, goat hair fabrics from Egypt and a variety of goods.[44]

Unraveling the mystery of the Maldives took Heyerdahl to Sri Lanka, Bahrain in the Persian Gulf, Mesopotamia, and the Indus Valley. Heyerdahl especially felt he found some important clues in the Indus Valley at the ancient port of Lothal which is located in present day Gujarat. Acknowledged to be a Harappan city, Lothal is therefore, theoretically, one of the lost cities of the Rama Empire.

The Maldives are known as one of the few places in the world which actually cultivate cowrie shells. Cowrie shells had been used as currency worldwide until quite recently, especially in parts of Africa and throughout the Indian Ocean. Deposits of "currency cowries" have been found in places as far away as West Africa and even Norway!

A large deposit of Maldivian cowries was found at Lothal when it was excavated in 1954. From this it appears that there is some connection between the ancient city and the Maldive islands. The Indian archaeologist S.R. Rao who supervised the excavations wrote, "The largest structure of baked bricks ever constructed by Harappans is the one laid bare at Lothal on the eastern margin of the township to serve as a dock for berthing ships and handling cargo...In no other port of the Bronze Age, early or late, has an artificial dock with water-locking arrangements been found. In fact, in India itself, hydraulic engineering made no further progress in post-Harappan times".[52,44]

Lothal lies some distance from the Gulf of Cambay across what are today large dry mud-flats. Even the local river is too far away to send flood water into the basin. The entrance into this now dry harbor is too small for any large ships to move into. However, upon careful examination, it is apparent that the entrance was once much

is of kiln-fired bricks, just as that of Mohenjo Daro and Harappa, and would therefore withstand the corrosion of salt water.[44,52]

Heyerdahl felt that Lothal was key to his theories, and believed that, at least in its later stage, Lothal had been used by a people who sailed reed boats, just like the ones he had sailed across the Atlantic in his "Ra Expeditions". These are the same boats which had been used in ancient times and which are still used today in Egypt, Morocco, and at two places in Pern; Lake Titicaca at 13,000 feet in the Andes and Trujillo on the northern coast of Peru.

Heyerdahl comments on the fact that Lothal is now high and dry, and some distance from the ocean. "We know that the sea level in this area has gone down since Harappan and Sumerian times, as witness the Sumerian port of Ur now lying buried in the desert sand far from the river and the gulf".[44] Yet, what caused this drastic change in sea level? Suddenly, we are back to flood myths, cataclysms, pole shifts, sunken lands, and all that "quackery". The water level in one ocean does not change without the water level of our whole planet changing, or so the "experts" tell us. What is especially anomalistic here is that in conservative circles, generally it is just the opposite that is thought to have happened in the past. In the "ice-age" theory, when the glaciers all melted, the waters of the oceans were supposed to have *risen,* rather than having receded!

If we accept, at least for the sake of discussion, that the tales and theories of the Rama Empire are valid, then is it possible that at one point Lothal had been a major port for the Rama Empire and, like Harappa and Mohenho Daro, was devastated in the war spoken of in the Indian Epics? Later, the port was brought back into use, though the water level was receding, possibly due to earth changes (what else could it have been?), and the port entrance had to be narrowed in order for it to maintain its function. In the end, it was abandoned altogether. Let's face it, a port city without any water in it is not of much use to anybody!

One remaining mystery concerning the Maldives: who were these Redin? Heyerdahl is not really sure, but believes them to be connected to the many megaliths and ancient civilizations to be found around the world. It does not seem as though the Maldives had been their capital, but rather perhaps, that the Redin had controlled the equatorial channel and had placed their Sun Temples there.

A study of the subject reveals that other sun worshipping cultures to be found include the Incas of Peru and the civilization begun by the great Egyptian reformer and philosopher, Akhenaton, who ruled Egypt from 1377 to 1358 BC. In addition, Heyerdahl hints at the possibility that the mysterious ancient Celts had somehow sailed out of the Persian Gulf into the Maldives, around India to Indonesia and the Pacific.

Lastly to be considered are the long ears on the statues found at the Maldives. Buddhist images typically portray Buddha and other Bodhisattvas as having long ears. Long ears also appear on statues in Easter Island, as well as on living islanders of both the Marquesas Islands and Easter Island, the statues of the Incas and also those of certain African tribes. Coincidence? Heyerdahl doesn't think so.

As I discussed in my book, *Lost Cities & Ancient Mysteries of South America*, there is a tradition among various peoples today of an ancient culture that had sailed around the world in prehistoric times. They sailed in large ships and built their cities out of large stone blocks. They are generally known as the *Atlantean League*, and it was from these great world voyagers that the Phoenicians are said to have descended. The Phoenicians, Carthaginians and "Mediterranean Sea Peoples" are all one and the same. Up until the time of the Punic Wars with Rome, these people, the theoretical descendents from the Atlantean League, controlled all the oceans that laid outside of the Straits of Gibraltar.

Alleged Phoenician colonies have been found in South Africa, Australia, Easter Island, Central and South America, and other places. Could these the people have been the same as those who were known as the Redin in the Maldives? Probably, we will never know for sure.

§§§

"Land ho!" cried Ingmar.

I sat up from my wonderings on lost cities, and looked about. It was late afternoon, and we were nearing a small island. "Is this Hurra?" cried Ingmar to a tourist who was standing on the jetty that we were approaching.

"No", she yelled back. As we reached the dock, she told us that it was the Furana Beach Resort. Nor did she know where Hurra was.

With a sour look on their faces, the chartered fishermen piloting our boat set off again. This was becoming a bit more than they had bargained for, and it seemed incredible to me that they would have attempted to take us to an island when they had no idea of its location. We shortly became caught in the coral reef, and as the sun was about set, we decided that it would be best to return to the Furana Beach Resort.

Explaining that we were shipwrecked on their island, they gave us a special deal for the night, and we wolfed down a hearty meal in the dinning room. It wasn't until later that next day that the resort motor boat brought us to Hurra, which turned out to be about an hour and a half trip from the resort.

Arranging accomodation with a Maldive family in their three room, white washed, cement home, we quickly hit the beach for a snorkle. Several days passed, in which we explored the island, snorkled, and napped in the shade. These islands are small, and it seemed to me that, unless you are on your honeymoon, it can get kind of boring in the Maldives.

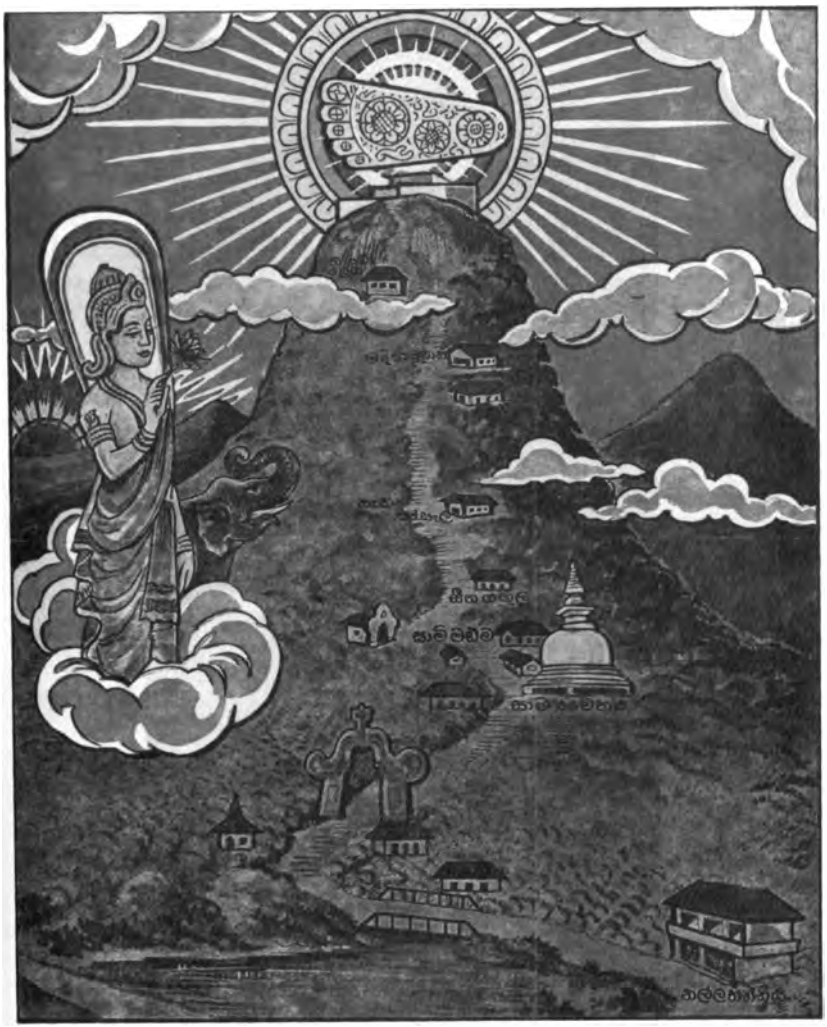
I was just planning to go back to Male and arrange a trip south to Fua Mulaku, when I suddenly started to feel very itchy. While I often get the itch to travel, this was a different kind of itch.

The next morning I had broken out in hives all over my arms and legs. I caught a motor boat back to Male as the problem continued to worsen. I had never had a strong allergic reaction to anything ever before in my life and this was quite disconcerting.

I went to the hospital, and a female doctor who had studied in India told me that I either had coral poisoning, an allergic reaction to some fish I ate, or perhaps an insect bite. She gave me a hydrocortisone shot on the rump and sent me on my way.

Momentarily my rash and puffiness got better, though my bottom got quite sore. The next morning I could hardly breath. My legs had turned blue, and my chest, arms, and legs had swollen horribly. Back at the hospital, the doctor told me that I might be allergic to the Maldives in general, and that it might be best if I left the country. With my bottom hurting from another shot, I went down to a travel agency to book myself on the next flight out of the Maldives. The lost city on Fua Mulaku would have to wait.

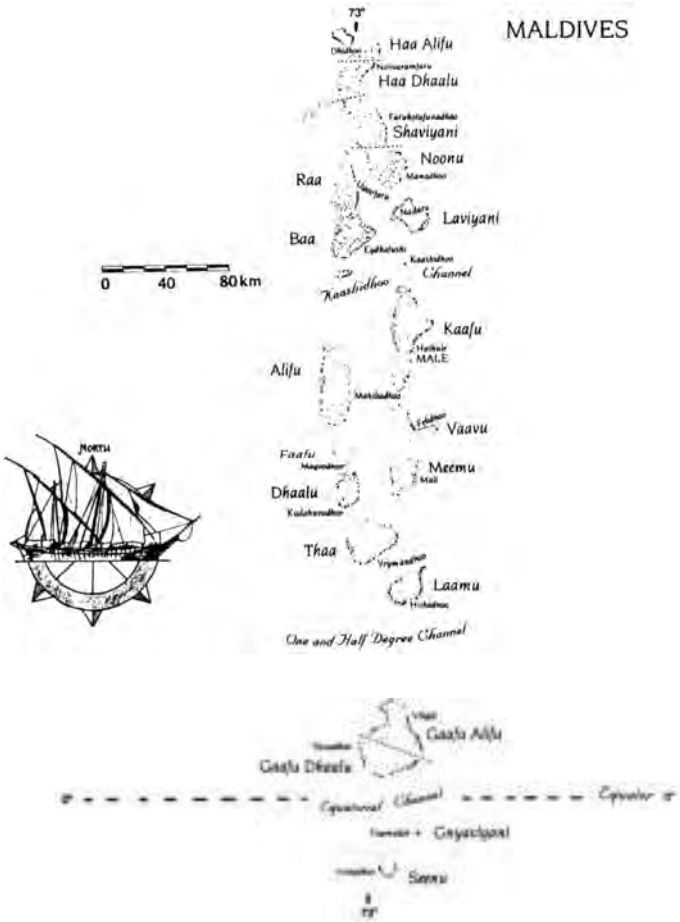
Later that afternoon, as my jet took off from Male airport, I began breathing a little easier, though I still itched a great deal. As my grandfather used to say, "when you gotta go, you gotta go". I was off to another adventure and hopefully in a country that I wasn't allergic to!



A Sri Lankan poster of Adam's Peak. Sacred to Buddhists, Hindus, Christians, Muslims and Jews alike, it is a major pilgrimage center for thousands every year.

Sigiriya Rock.

A painting on the wall of Sigiriya Rock.



Map of the Maldives showing the significant Equatorial Channel

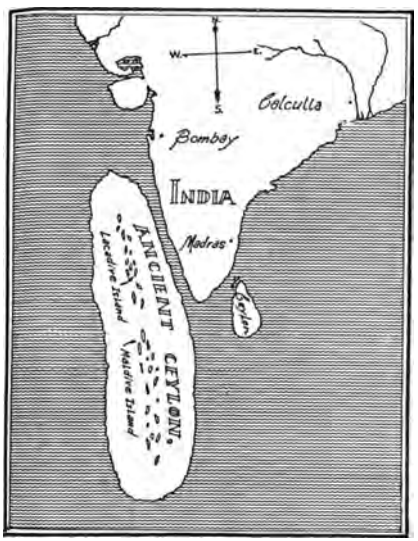
Long eared statue found in a mound on an island in the Maldives. The statue was later destroyed by fanatical Muslims, but it served to spark Thor Heyerdahl's revolutionary expedition to the islands. Note its similarity to Buddhist sculpture.

A long-ear of Easter Island with beard and feather crown, drawn on the spot during Captain Cook's visit.

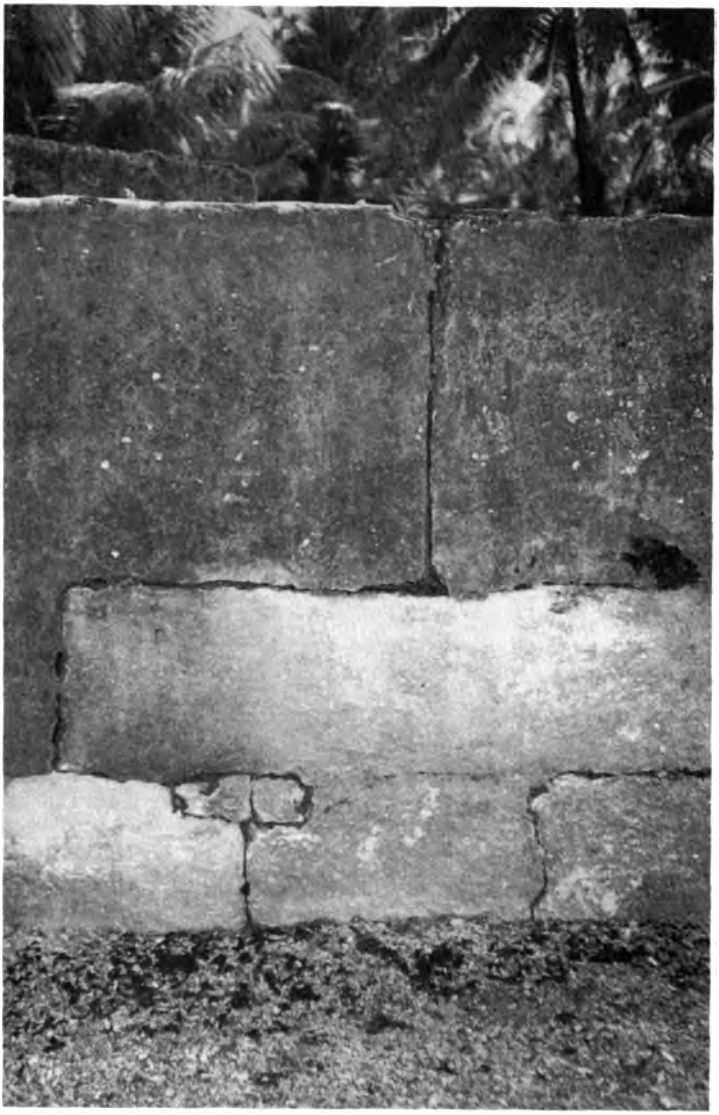
From *Riddle of the Pacific* by John Macmillan Brown (1925)

Part of the mystery of Easter Island is that of "Royal Race" with long ears. Incas were often depicted as being a "Royal Race" with long ears. Buddha is usually depicted as having long ears, and it is a common motif in India.

A long eared Inca, as depicted in *South America's Story,* by Elsie Spicer Eells, 1931.



Churchward's 1931 map of ancient Ceylon.



Note the finely cut and dressed limestone blocks, used to build ancient temples in the Maldives. Heyerdahl calls this “fingerprint masonry”. Photo by Thor Heyerdahl.

A *Continent of Ice.* (Reproduced from *Reader's Digest Great World Atlas*© 1963, The Reader's Digest Association, Inc. Used by permission.) In this drawing, the Southern Hemisphere, seen from a point over the South Pole, is dominated by a continent of ice larger than Europe. This ice sits atop and extends beyond the land it rests on, and is now over two miles high. The largest part of the enormous weight of the ice mass is considerably to one side of the polar center. According to Hugh Auchincloss Brown, all this ice on one side will have the same wobbling effect as that observed when heavy clothes get lumped together on one side of a rapidly spinning washing machine — the wobble increases, rips the bolts out of the floor, and the machine falls over.

Chapter Five

EASTERN & NORTH AUSTRALIA: LOST CITIES AND ANCIENT MEGALITHS

The exact contrary of what is generally
believed is often the truth.
—*Jean de La Bruyere* (*1645-1696*)

In the lifetime of Yao,
the sun did not set for ten full days
and the entire land was flooded.. .
[by an immense wave] that reached the sky.
—*Canons of the Chinese emperor Yao*, *c. 2400 BC*[53]

Gazing intently down the long, bright row of lights, I wondered if they would let me into the country. After all, I only had 100 dollars in my pocket! It probably wouldn't go down too well with Australian immigration authorities should they discover my serious lack of finances.

I had flown out of the Maldives to Singapore, and immediately bought a ticket to Australia. Yet I discovered at the airport that I was alarmingly low on funds. Plus I was forced to buy an airline ticket that would eventually take me beyond Australia, through the Pacific and back to the U.S. So, while I met the official requirement for tourists—having an airline ticket out of Australia—I did not meet their other requirement of having "enough" money to spend while on holiday there. Well, honestly, I wasn't worried, and I didn't see why the Australian authorities should be either.

However, as I now approached the authorities in question, I suddenly became very anxious about being refused into the country. The official was a tall and lean man with a cigarette dangling from his mouth and a bulgy-eyed stare. I thought about moving to another line, but it was too late.

"Well, mate, let's have your passport!" he commanded, in a friendly tone.

Already in my hand, I quickly tossed the small, blue book onto the counter. "Sure", I said casually.

He held my passport in his hands, and carefully looked me up and down. I was, after all, just a kid in his eyes, and a hitchhiker at that. My pack lay on the floor next to me. "'Ave you got a ticket out?" he queried.

"Sure", I said coolly. "I'm traveling through the South Pacific. I'm a maverick archaeologist researching the mysteries of Oceana".

"Maverick archaeologist?" he laughed. "I've never heard that one before! I

suppose you're writing about a lost continent or something!" He looked carefully at my ticket and chuckled to himself, "Maverick archaeologist! Sure, mate".

"No, really, I'm here on business", I insisted. "I've just been informed that there are some Egyptian Pyramids here in this country, and I've come to check them out. No kidding". The funny thing about this story to the Australian Immigration officer, was that it all was true!

"O.K. Mr. Archaeologist and your Egyptian Pyramids, you've got a visa to Australia in your passport, and a ticket out, but have you got any money?" he asked. The moment of truth was at hand.

"I've got plenty of money", I insisted. "Besides, my mission here is more important than money! I have to solve a mystery, and my research has brought me here. Please, let me in!"

I looked him straight in the eye with that last line. He cleared his throat and then suddenly stamped my passport. "Good luck, kid", he said, handing me my passport. "With crazy stories like that, you'll need it!"

"Thank you, sir", I said, already moving down the hall, my trusty pack on my back. Could my green pack smile, it would have been grinning just like me. Within moments I was back out on the sunny street. Another adventure awaited me. I didn't know where I was going, but I had told the truth, I was indeed looking for some Egyptian pyramids in Northern Australia and the quest was on!

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It is generally thought that there are no archaeological ruins of any importance in Australia, and also, incredibly, that no traveler or seafarer ever came to Australia before Captain Cook! Most academic anthropologists, archaeologists and historians maintain that even though Australia is only a few hundred miles from islands in Indonesia, a country which has always been in contact with the rest of Asia, that no exploration or colonization ever took place in Australia.

This is a theory that is at the same time both dogmatically accepted and virtually impossible when one considers the odds favoring people having reached the continent because of storms; seafarers and explorers who could have come from China, South East Asia, India, Indonesia; and even the possibility of visits by members of the Atlantean League, Phoenicians, Persians, and even, Egyptians!

Thor Heyerdahl is convinced that at least one group of ancient seafarers were literally circumnavigating the world in reed ships. And why not? Teenagers alone in small yachts have done as much. Heyerdahl himself made major voyages across oceans in rafts crudely made of reeds. In addition, the merchant and military ships of most countries starting from about 3000 BC were much larger even than ships used by Europeans in the Middle Ages.

Therefore, it was not really surprising to hear reports of an Egyptian Pyramid in Australia. Yet, were they authentic? This was big news, and such a find needed to be investigated objectively. Some of the evidence that I wanted to look into included the presence of a 40 meter tall, terraced pyramid said to exist at Gympie in Northern Queensland. Also at the same location, several scarabs and a statue of the Egyptian God Thoth, depicted as a baboon (Thoth, the Egyptian God of Science, is usually depicted as a baboon or an ibis) were allegedly found.

There was another statue, believed to be of Thoth, found at Leura in the Blue Mountains of New South Wales. The Eye of Horus can be found engraved in an Arnhem Land cave in the very north. An Amber Glass obelisk-shaped amulet was found by a farmer's daughter in Kyogle, New South Wales in a field. This amulet was declared by the Dept. of Mines Museum to be Egyptian in origin and dated at approximately 5000 years old.

Roman and Egyptian coins found in Australia are on display at the Katoomba Museum which is a private collection of the independent researcher Rex Gilroy.

Gilroy also claims to be investigating a cave which he says contains Mayan characters. This was particularly interesting to me because it is believed that there is a connection between Mayan writing (officially undeciphered) and the *I Ching,* the ancient Chinese form of divination. And it is further believed that the *I Ching* with its 64 hexagrams are so ancient that they originally came from "Mu" 24,000 or so years ago.

The *I Ching* is said to have been originated by the legendary Chinese sage-emperor Fu-Hsi approximately 5,000 years ago. Supposedly based on the markings found on the shells of tortoises, many scholars think that the original I Ching were symbols from an earlier language. Said Dr. Hu Shih (1891-1962) in his book, *The Development of the Logical Method in Ancient China* (New York, 1963): It is highly probable, as some scholars have maintained, that these figures were originally the word-signs of a now extinct language which was used in Ancient China before the invention of the ideographic language".

Colonel A. Braghine, a student of Atlantean lore, wrote in his 1940 book, *The Shadow of Atlantis*, that "Some prehistoric Mexican hieroglyphs are strikingly similar to the old Egyptian ones and to the so-called 'trigrams' of the legendary Chinese emperor Fo-Hi (Fu-Hsi), which we see on the oldest Chinese monuments. How can we explain such a similarity? Is their existence a proof that the writings of Chinese, Egyptians, and prehistoric Americans derived from a common source?" Colonel Braghine also calls attention to the fact that the famous German naturalist, Alexander von Humbolt, "first drew our attention to the resemblance between the old Chinese trigrams and certain Mayan hierglyphs".

University of Colorado professor Jose Arguelles makes a fascinating comparison between the *I Ching* and the great Gate of the Sun at Tiahuanaco, high in the Altiplano of Bolivia in his book *Earth Ascending* (1984, Bear & Co., Sante Fe, NM). The Gate of the Sun is carved with a large number of strange and undecipherable characters related to no known language. Arguelles' comparison of the characters to the *I Ching* brings us closer to the fascinating theory that the *I Ching* may have been originally used by a now vanished culture that once existed in the Pacific (much of the above information relating to the *I Ching* was supplied to me by Reverend Olympia Freeman of Black Mountain, North Carolina).

Mayan inscriptions in Australian caves (not authenticated at present) are only the tip of the old Aussie iceberg when it comes to theorized ancient visitors. Nothing seems to get the "eire" up of many Australian historians as does talk of ancient seafarers from around the world having stopped at Australia. I, however, was surprised that there was not more evidence of this sort of thing. Harvard professor, Dr. Barry Fell expounds his belief that the Egyptian gold mines of Punt were located in Sumatra, the westernmost island of Indonesia in his book America BC.[76]

According to Egyptian records, it was a three year voyage from Egypt to the land of Punt and the fabulous gold mines. One year to journey there, one year to mine the gold and grow a crop of wheat for the journey back, and one year to return to Egypt.

Most Egyptologists, in their infinite wisdom, have ascribed the location of Punt to Somalia and the horn of Africa; a two week sail from any port in Egypt. Yet, where could an Egyptian galley have gone given a year, or even six months sailing time? Easily to Sumatra... through the Maldives of course, and possibly even on to Australia without much difficulty. Could it even be possible that the land of Punt is Australia!

Dare I risk burning at the stake if I declare that I have seen paintings of kangaroos on tombs at Tel-El-Amama, new age city of the Pharaoh Akhenaton? Our

expedition several years earlier. It is a well-known archaeology fact that Egyptians liked to hunt using boomerangs!

According to the alternative Australian publication *Maggie's Farm*, No. 28, page 2; in January, 1984, the Cairo Times reported that archaeologists working at Fayum near the Siwa Oasis uncovered fossils of kangaroos and other marsupials. Were these ancient kangaroos from a time when kangaroos ruled the earth, or had they somehow been transplanted to north Africa? If kangaroos once lived in ancient Egypt, where else in the world might they have lived? How did they get there? Kangaroos are not known to be great swimmers. Is it also possible that kangaroos had been brought to Egypt as novelties? The article does not say.

North America's famous marsupial, the opossum, lives halfway around the world from Australia and is the last vestige of marsupials outside of the Australian continent. According to *The Lemurian Fellowship*, a land bridge once connected California and Australia: the Pacific Continent. We may call this continent Mu, Lemuria or Pacifica. Does this theory help us solve the riddle of Egyptian kangaroos? Not necessarily!

§§§

Egyptian kangaroos were actually not foremost on my mind as I stepped out of the airport in Sydney. What I really was thinking about, was where I was going to stay that night. With a hundred dollars in my pocket, I really couldn't afford a hotel, not even for a few nights!

I did have a contact in Sydney, a traveler I had met on the road years before. His name was Lucky, and he lived with his Greek parents in Maroubra, a southern suburb of Sydney. Looking up Lucky's number in my address book, I gave him a call, and "lucky for me", Lucky was home. I took a bus out to Maroubra and found Lucky's house.

"G'day, mate!" shouted Lucky as I walked up the front steps. In no time we were drinking tea and talking about our many adventures since seeing each other last. Lucky was a big guy, with black hair and a bushy black beard. Born in Egypt to Greek parents, he had been raised in this suburb of Sydney. Later when I met his parents, I learned that they hardly spoke English, though they had lived in Australia for more than twenty years. Melbourne, located in southern Australia, has the second largest Greek population of any city in the world, Athens being the largest. Many of the street signs in Melbourne are written in Greek as well as in English. It is the only city outside of Greece to do so.

Lucky told me about his career as an architect, and confessed that he had really wanted to be an opera singer. "So what brings you to Aussie, anyway", he asked as I finished my second cup of tea.

"Well, I'm here to look for Egyptian pyramids", I confessed straight-faced.

"What!" he sputtered into his tea, and then laughed heartily. "You're joking!"

"I never joke about lost cities and ancient mysteries", I smiled. Actually, I don't really take these things all that seriously, and do indeed joke about them frequently.

"But you really don't believe that the Egyptians ever came to Australia? That's impossible!"

"Hardly impossible", I persisted. "Egyptians and other ancient seafarers could easily have come to Australia. They had huge ships, larger than the canoes used by south sea islanders in their navigating of the vast Pacific".

"Well, that's not the Australian history that they taught us in school", said Lucky, and we left it at that.

The next week in Sydney, I visited the beaches and the Opera House. I managed to sell a couple of magazine articles in town and that helped to put me on better

financial footing. I also began to look up some other contacts I had. I called a young lady who was the close friend of an old buddy of mine from China. Her name was Fenella and she was a doctor. I had wanted to start heading north, and she offered to take me out of Sydney up to the Blue Mountains one Saturday.

Fenella laughed and joked with me as we drove out of the city. Freckled face, with long blonde hair, she was fun to be with, and didn't give me such a hard time about my notions of Egyptian pyramids in Australia.

"I guess anything's possible", she said as we roared along through the expressways of Sydney. As Australians drive on the left side of the road like they do in Britain, I was occasionally startled by what appeared to be cars about to crash into us.

We stopped at Katoomba which lay high in the Blue Mountains to the west of Sydney. Here I hoped I would have the chance to talk with Rex Gilroy, curator of the museum and something of a maverick archaeologist himself. Rex has championed the theory of Egyptians, Phoenicians and other seafarers having landed in Australia, and has battled the traditional view of ancient Australian history for years. Though the media and academics have often depicted him as an utter kook, I myself felt that if there was anyone who could give me some real insights on the pyramids of Australia, it would be Rex.

Rex didn't really look much like the Indiana Jones type. He was a family man, had a couple of kids, and once you got him started talking about ancient mysteries in Australia, it was hard to get him to stop. Aptly christened "the Australian Charles Fort", Rex possessed a wealth of information, though one had to sift through it carefully in order to categorize each piece of the history jigsaw puzzle.

In addition to his history museum, Gilroy also operates the "Blue Mountain's UFO Investigation Center" and the "Australian Yowie Research Center" (Yowies are the Australian version of Bigfoot, Sasquatch, Yeti, or whatever). Because of his operation of the museum and his frequent writing of magazine articles, Rex gets letters from people all over Australia telling him about statues, inscriptions or odd stories and sightings.

Rex was friendly and he immediately offered Fenella and I a cup of tea. He launched into a discussion of evidence for ancient Egyptians, Phoenicians, Mayans and others having come to Australia. "One day in 1976 Mr. Mark Farrel of North Richmond, NSW, unearthed these two strange heads in a field", Rex said, escorting me over to a glass case which contained two large carved stone heads.

"They had been carved from local sandstone and were found in ancient strata well beneath the surface". Rex went on. "The heads display great age and suggest pre-European origins. They are identical to Phoenician figures of the period 800 BC. Together with numerous other ancient middle-east relics found in the Hawkesbury River area near Richmond they are further proof of pre-European contacts with Australia".

I looked carefully at the statues. They undoubtedly had been carved and were seemingly of great age. One of the figures stood two and a half feet tall and had a beard and pointed cap. I had seen Hittite statues in Turkey that were very nearly identical to these. The other head was two feet tall. The figure had curly hair parted in the middle. "Well, these are certainly statues, Rex, " I said. "I couldn't be so certain of the origin, myself, however".

"That's nothing!" he went on. "In 1962, a Phoenician plate was discovered in Western Australia bearing the Star of David and Egyptian and Phoenician writing. Today it is in the Perth Museum and has been dated at circa 50 BC which is during the Ptolemy Period. Look at these Roman and Egyptian coins, and this amber glass amulet shaped like an obelisk. What kind of writing do you think that is on it?"

"Why, those are Egyptian Hieroglyphics. What do you suppose Egyptians would

want to come to Australia for, Rex?" I asked.

"For gold and other metals, of course! Ancient open-cut copper, gold and silver mines have been found in New Guinea, the Kimberleys of Western Australia and at the Gympie, Queensland site. Also at these sites fragments of ancient middle-east pottery and other relics have turned up over a period of many years. Often, Aboriginal cave art of northern and north-western Australia will include depictions of the Aton symbol, a sun with little hands reaching down to touch the earth.

"Aboriginals in this region possess many middle-eastern racial features and actually have some Egyptian words in their language. They worship the 'Earth-Mother' goddess and practice several ancient middle-eastern religious rites, including circumcision. The also practice unusual initiation rituals which seem to parallel those of ancient Egyptian freemasonry.

"The Torres Strait islanders in the far north once mummified their dead with methods identical to those used by the Egyptians of the 21st dynasty 2,900 years ago. The islanders used funeral canoes similar to the Egyptian 'Boat of the Dead' and even included in their ritual the 'all seeing eye' which they carved or painted into the prow of the boat and which looks like the Eye of Horus.

"Near Cairns, in Queensland, I have seen a cave painting of a strange ship, with a high mast and sail and oars protruding from the sides. Could it have been an Egyptian ship, Phoenician galley or even a Viking ship?"

"Any of the three, I suppose". All this talk of Egyptians and Phoenicians was interesting, but I didn't need much convincing to win me over to the idea that ancient seafarers once came to Australia. "What about evidence of civilizations before Egypt", I asked Rex. "You know, like Atlantis or something?"

Rex cast me an odd glance, I suppose just to make sure I wasn't some sort of nut. After all, he had just met me. "Well", he hedged, "there is some evidence of ancient megalithic cultures in Australia. First of all, it appears that Australia was once inhabited by a race of giants. Preserved in fossil in mudstone layers near Bathurst as well as on the Blue Mountains of NSW, in central Queensland are enormous tracks of man-like beings. It was near Bathurst in western NSW in the mid-60s that I excavated a large number of enormous stone implements. They consisted of hand-axes, clubs, knives, adzes, pounders and other tools, and ranged in weight from 5.5 kilos to over 16.5 kilos. The huge implements could only have been made and used by people of immense stature and strength; beings over twice the height of modern man! I believe these giant tools to be over 100,000 years old.

"According to Aboriginal tradition there once lived a race of giants throughout Australia. These people stood from about twelve to fifteen feet tall. The Aboriginals also speak of another, white-skinned, fair-haired race, who inhabited the land before them, a race of 'culture-heroes' who worshipped the stars and set up lengthy alignments of standing stones. They used to line them up with stars and planets to plot the seasons for agricultural and religious purposes.

"Sites of this kind exist throughout Australia and I have had reports of similar examples from islands close to Australia and from New Guinea. I myself first encountered traces of this 'lost civilization' twenty years ago at a site near the Darling River. Hereabouts, these 'culture-heroes' had erected a 50 foot tall stepped pyramidal mound on top of which stood a large white altar stone laid on a flat base. Upon here, virgins were sacrificed to the sun-god.

"These sites are often of great age, no less than 20,000 years old. In addition to the rows of standing stones, the sites have dolmens, stone circles, open-air temples and carved stone heads. These heads, which are both male and female in appearance are, I believe, crude representations of the Earth-Mother Goddess and Sky-Father, which were the principal deities of the old fertility religion of the megalithic peoples at the dawn of history.

"Even today", went on Rex, "there is said to be a race of seven foot tall Aborigines living in the remote Simpson Desert at the center of the continent. There is also a lost pygmy tribe said to live in remote areas of Queensland. These tribes are not fictional. The pygmies were photographed in 1939 by Norman Tindale in the jungles behind Cairns. Where they are today is a mystery!"

"These megalithic stone alignments, pyramids and such which you talk about, Rex, where are they? I've never heard about them before?"

"Nor have I", said Fenella.

"I believe there are at least three pyramids in Western Australia", said Rex. "I know of another one on the northern coast of New South Wales, near Port Macquarie. It is about a 20 to 30 mile hike to get to the pyramid. It is four sided and about a thousand feet high. It is flat at the summit and is topped with giant stones. Four of the stones have dimensions of twenty feet by twenty feet and probably weigh anywhere from twenty to forty tons. The structure is thousands of years old and is overgrown by trees.

"Giant stone chairs can be found in the central desert and all over the country. There are stone circles and stone henges along the northern New South Wales coast on the plateau behind Coffs Harbor. In the Simpson Desert are hundreds of standing stones and megaliths some of which stand thirty feet high. They appear to have come from miles away! Australia is full of this stuff. I have hardly scratched the surface!"

Rex showed me photos of several of the stone alignments. I tried to persuade him to take me to the pyramid near Port Macquarie. Of all the sites he had talked about, this one seemed to me to be the best prospect for finding evidence of ancient civilization in Australia.

"Sorry, I haven't fully studied that one myself yet. I can't have some Yank Maverick Archaeologist scooping me on one of the greatest archaeological finds in Australia. I've already had enough problems with the professors and media here". His expression turned a bit sour as he told me several tales of being mistreated and ripped-off by the Australian media and academics. "They ridicule you and then sell your material without giving you any credit! I've been burned once too often!"

Fenella and I thanked Rex for his fascinating lecture on Australian history. "Anytime", he said. "You seem like a decent bloke", he told me as we were getting into the car, "but I can't let you go to any of my special sites until I've gotten them published. You understand".

"Sure, Rex", I told him, shaking his hand. "I hope to see you again!"

"And you will!" he said waving as we drove off. "You will!"

§§§

There were giants on the earth in those days;
and also after that when the sons of God came
in unto the daughters of men, *and they bore*
children to them, *the same became mighty men*
which were of old, *men of renown*.
—Genesis 6:4

Only moments later I found myself standing at the crossroads of the King's Highway hitchhiking north. Fenella had dropped me off and was on her way back to Sydney. I was heading north up to Queensland.

I thought about what Rex had said. I felt that some of his ideas were the product of over-eager interpretation, yet, much of what he said had a ring of truth to it. As for Aboriginal legends of giants once having roamed the land, I was reminded that nearly every ancient legend spoke of the existence of giants in the far distant past. I

tend to believe that giants had indeed once inhabited the earth.

Aboriginals also believe in Yowies, the tall, hairy ape-men that supposedly inhabit remote mountain areas of Australia. Were these the same beings as the giants that had been spoken of? Probably not, since Yowies were Yowies, and giants were something else. Giants were supposedly extinct. Yowies still existed.

Another interesting legend that intrigued me was one which stated that Yowies traveled underground using a system of ancient tunnels! Yow! Now that was a strange story, one that reminded me of stories of tunnels beneath the Andes and Tibet. Did Australia have a system of tunnels too? The thought seemed incredible!

However, the idea that giants once lived in Australia didn't seem quite so fantastic. It certainly fit in with *The Lemurian Fellowship* teachings that most people in ancient Lemuria (Mu, Mukullia, Rutas, Pacifica or whatever) were giant in stature, many having stood over ten feet tall. Once again we run up against ambiguity in theories: one states that people have been getting taller; and the other, that people have been getting shorter, largely due to wars (put the big guys up front, just like in a football team).

If Lemuria sank 24,000 years ago, as the Lemurian Fellowship said, could these giants of ancient Aboriginal legend have been some of the last Lemurians? *The Lemurian Fellowship* maintains that all of the races of mankind were developed on the great continent of the Pacific, including Aboriginals, and is one of the few esoteric orders which actually includes Australia as part of the extensive Pacific continent.

Were the ancient stone circles, henges and pyramids vestiges of ancient Lemuria? I kind of doubted it. Yet, it is probably true that they are thousands of years old. Perhaps even dating back to a time when the influence of the so-called advanced civilizations of Atlantis and Rama reached across the globe. During the days of the Rama Empire, it seemed almost certain that the ports and mines in the largely desolate and probably hostile land of Australia would have been used. If this was so, surely evidence could be found. I intended to find that evidence.

My objective for the moment was to reach Gympie, a small gold mining town just north of Brisbane in north-east Australia.

I guess one gets a better idea of how large Australia is if one hitchhikes around it. Australia is the same size as the continental United States, yet it has less than fifteen million people and lots of empty space! Vast, empty space, that can take many days of constant driving to cross. New South Wales is certainly the most populated area of the country, and even it has its desolate areas.

As a large, white American-looking car approached me, I waved and gestured with exaggerated motions making sure they could see my pack. They sped past me, then suddenly braked. I grabbed my pack and ran for the car. I had been waiting at the crossroads for an hour or so, and was eager to be moving down the highway.

"Where are you going, mate?" asked the driver, a large, burly man wearing a Police uniform.

"Well, I'm heading for Byron Bay right now, officer", I told him.

"Jump in, I'll take you up the road a spell", he replied. And with that, I was off north to the most popular surf spot in northern New South Wales; also said to be an alternative community of sorts. The police officer was off duty at the moment and travelling on his way to work. He let me off and I camped out that night under the stars at Myall Lakes. I was off the next morning and, after a few short rides, got a lift with a young man named Mike who was coming back from Newcastle and headed to his mom's place.

Mike had traveled around Europe and liked picking up other travelers. As it was getting late, he invited me to spend the night at the house with himself and his mom. "You can easily hitch to Byron Bay tomorrow", he said, "it's not too far, but you

won't make it there tonight!"

Well, I know when to accept an invitation for the night. Several hours later I'd had a hot shower, a good meal, and was lying in the guest room at his mom's house. It had only been two days since I had been at Lucky's house, yet I was truly grateful for the simple comforts of a pillow and hot water.

The next day Mike dropped me off on the far side of the small town where they lived, and I was on the road again. Several short rides later I was waiting for a ride, standing in the midst of a beautiful eucalyptus forest. A couple of cars passed me and then I saw a Volkswagen van heading toward me. I waved my arms and motioned down the road. As soon as the driver saw me, he began to slow down and came to a stop just beside me.

"Jump in!" he cried, opening the side door to let me throw my pack inside. He was a young man, with a thin beard and long black hair tied in a pony tail. "Hey, man, where are you are going?"

"I'm on my way to Byron Bay", I told him as I tossed my pack into the back of the van.

"Cool. I'm on my way there myself. Tony's the name".

"Thanks for the ride Tony. My name's David". And with that, Tony and I were off through the woods to Byron Bay. Tony asked me what I was doing in Australia, and I told him I was on my way to Gympie to investigate what some people believed was an Egyptian pyramid.

"Wow, cool!" This was Tony's standard expression for just about everything. He was a nice guy and I guess he lived around this area and had a homestead. The Nimbin area nearby had many communes and alternative farms. Several years before, the Australian version of Woodstock had occurred in this area.

By mid-afternoon we pulled into Byron Bay and Tony dropped me off. "All the best!" he called as he pulled away in his van.

"Thanks Tony", I waved, shouldering my pack and heading down the street. I stumbled into a privately run hostel just in time for the weekly lamb roast and wine party. I got a bed in a room with a couple of surfers, and in no time was drinking wine and enjoying the feast with twenty other travelers of one sort or another.

The next few days in Byron Bay were all pretty much like that; if you weren't sleeping or surfing, life was just one long party. I made some friends, and had a good time, but I realized I still had a ways to go yet if I was going to get to Gympie. Byron Bay was only a rest stop. So one fine morning, I was back on the road, headed north.

The highway which runs up the east coast of Australia is a two lane paved road, similar to any state highway in the United States. Being a country of only thirteen million, Australia does not need a vast interstate system like the United States. And I certainly preferred the smaller two lane roads without all the entrance and exit ramps and the laws which keep hitchhikers off the freeway. It was a bright, sunny day, and as I looked up and down the road, I felt good. The joy of being on the road once again had seized me.

A truck came towards me and I indicated that I was heading down the road. He stopped, and I piled in. A young man transporting a load of gravel, he was headed up to Brisbane. "Great day for traveling, eh?" he said.

Indeed, it was. He let me off at the outskirts of Brisbane which is the largest city in Queensland. It was hardly noon, and I was wondering whether to spend the day in the city or to keep heading north. I decided that there wasn't much in Brisbane for me, and that I wanted to get as close to Gympie as I could that day. Yet in order to continue, I had to somehow get to the other side of Brisbane, a quagmire of streets and traffic. Fortunately, Brisbane has a commuter train system, and I was able to get a train into the city center, and then one to the furthest northern station.

After I had changed trains, I was sitting in my seat and a woman sitting next to me struck up a conversation. She looked at my pack and then said, “Are you from Australia?”

She was in her late twenties, I guess; tall, with short blonde hair and a curious smile. “No, I’m from the United States”, I told her.

“Where are you going?” she asked.

“Well, I’m hitchhiking up to Gympie”, I said.

“Gympie! Why do you want to go to Gympie?” I told her about the story about the pyramid and my interest in it. “Well, I never heard of a pyramid up in Gympie. Sounds like a wild goose chase to me”, she smiled.

“Yeah, that’s what a lot people tell me, yet, I have to check it out for myself. I don’t suppose you are going up to Gympie, by any chance?”

“No”, she laughed, “but I am driving up that way a bit. I live in a farmhouse about twenty miles from the end of this train. I’ll give you a ride”.

“That would be great”, I said. Her name was Susan and she worked as a school-teacher in one of the grade schools in Brisbane. Her car was an ancient Morris Mini built in the early fifties. The back was just large enough to fit my pack, and I marveled at the wooden dash board and antique instruments. “This is an amazing car!” I told her.

“Isn’t it great?” she laughed. “I love this car, bought it for only three hundred dollars”.

Even that seemed like a lot for this car, but then automobiles are pretty expensive in Australia. We talked a bit about her work and my travels around the world. Suddenly she pulled over to the side of the road and announced, “Well, this is where I turn off to my farm house. The road to Gympie is straight ahead. It’s probably a hundred miles or so”.

I got out and grabbed my pack. “Thanks for the ride”, I said. “You’ve been a big help!”

She looked at me and then turned away. To the north there were dark clouds and it probably meant rain. “It looks like it might rain”, she said.

“Yeah, those clouds look a bit ominous”, I admitted.

“Where will you sleep tonight?” she asked suddenly.

“Oh, I don’t know, maybe in some churchyard. If I make it to Gympie, perhaps I can stay at the pyramid”.

“Well”, she started to say and then hesitated. “I mean, maybe you could...I have a guest room at my farm house. It will be dry..”.

I looked at her. I really should be getting on down the road, I thought. Then I looked at the dark clouds up ahead. “Well, that’s very nice of you”, I replied. “It’s the best offer I’ve had all day!”

Shortly thereafter we were at her farm house and she was making a spaghetti dinner. I was amazed at the friendliness of people that I had met while on the road traveling north up to my legendary Egyptian pyramid. People were genuinely helpful and kind.

Her farm house was small and cozy. She lived by herself, but had a couple of cats to keep her company. After dinner we sat on the floor against her couch and were finishing off a bottle of red wine.

“Are you from around here?” I asked.

“Yep, raised right here north of Brisbane. Never lived anywhere else in my life”.

“Have you traveled overseas much?”

She glanced at me and my pack which was still by the door. “No, I’ve been to Sydney once. I’ve always wanted to travel. I admire people who travel all over the world. I just don’t know how to make the first step”.

"It's easy", I said. "It doesn't take a lot of money. It's just a matter of going. I arrived in Australia with only a hundred dollars".

"But I don't know anyone overseas", she protested.

"That's not necessary. You'll meet other travelers as you go. It's exciting, you never know what will happen next, or who you will meet! Look how I met you on the train".

"Yeah, that was an interesting coincidence", she said suddenly, moving closer to me. I looked outside at the moon rising above the trees, and then at her. She was an attractive woman, though quite shy and reserved. It seemed to me that she must live a rather lonely life out here in her farm house.

Moonlight reflected in her eyes, and a drop of red wine rested on her lips as I leaned forward to kiss her. We kissed passionately for several long moments. "Take me with you to these magical lands and pyramids", she sighed.

For me, sometimes the allure of the road, the quest for lost cities and answers to the mysteries of planet earth become all consuming. Often I do not take care of some of my more basic needs, such as the presence of the warm heart and gentle arms of an attractive woman. As the evening wore on, our passions rose and I found myself in her large bed. "The cats can sleep outside tonight", she whispered. Thoughts of Egyptian pyramids faded from my mind as Susan warmed me with her soft kisses. Life on the road wasn't so bad, I thought as a soft breeze blew through the room. My quest for Egyptian pyramids was yielding some interesting discoveries...

§§§

It was noon the next day when a truck driver dropped me off in Gympie, a gold mining town in southern Queensland. I had made it, but where did I start? I decided that the first thing to do was check in with the Gympie Museum and ask the curator about the pyramid and the statue.

I questioned the curator, an elderly woman, about Egyptian remains in the area. She was pleasant but immediately showed her evident disdain for such beliefs. "All this Egyptian pyramid stuff. It's ridiculous! You can visit the site though, it's right down Tin Can Bay Road".

"Well, is there anything to see there? I understand that on the hill there are walls and terracing, and also a statue".

"You can see the statue in the Gympie Civic Center", she said. "And yes, there is terracing on that hill by Tin Can Bay Road, but it's not from Egyptians. That hill was terraced by Italian grape growers at the turn of the century. They were making wine to sell to the gold prospectors. And the statue was made by a Chinese worker who later left Gympie".

"Really?" I said. "Are there records here at the museum that show that Italian farmers had terraced the hill?"

"Well, no", she admitted. "But it is a fact that grapes were grown in Gympie around the turn of the century. The soil is too poor though. And it never worked out".

I thanked the curator, and headed into town to the Civic Center to see the statue. The center was locked, but walking around the back, I was able to find a janitor. I told him that I was an American archaeologist and was interested in the statue, and would like to see it.

"Sure", he said. He unlocked the main hall and took me to a large glass case prominently displayed. "Here you go, the 'Gympie Ape'! Something, isn't it?"

Sure enough, there was a large statue, three feet or more in height. It did appear to be a statue of a baboon. The ears, arms, general facial features and carvings on the stomach were clearly visible. The statue seemed to be quite old and worn. The

carvings on the stomach were clearly visible. The statue seemed to be quite old and worn. The carving on its stomach was said to be a representation of a papyrus flower. Looking at it carefully, it did indeed appear to be a flower, and quite possibly a papyrus flower.

Taking a photo of the statue through the glass, I couldn't help but think that the statue did indeed seem to look quite a lot like the Egyptian God of Science, Thoth, who is usually depicted as a baboon or an ibis. The statue was lost and was dug up 65 years later by a farmer plowing his field.

The skeptics have said that it was carved by a Chinese workman who had idle time on his hands. This of course was only a theory, and not a very good one at that. Baboons do not live in China, but only in Africa and Arabia. Furthermore, this was a large statue, not the sort of thing you made on your lunch breaks. That it got lost and buried in a field was a possibility that stretched my imagination. Perhaps he had buried it on purpose (after stealing grapes from the Italian farmers...). Besides, it seemed so worn, that I reckoned it would have to be hundreds, and perhaps even several thousand years old.

My next step, following the advice of the janitor, was to go to the mayor's office. It was just around the corner from the Civic Center, and when I informed a secretary who I was and why I wanted to see the mayor, she was very helpful. "He'll be glad to see you in just a minute", she said to me.

After a few minutes, I was shown into the mayor's office, a spacious and clean room on the second floor. The mayor was a large and jovial man of Greek ancestry. Shaking my hand warmly, we introduced ourselves. Sitting at the front of his desk, we discussed the so-called pyramid and I told him what I had seen so far and what the curator of the museum had said.

He seemed very eager to help, and he called up a civil engineer who lived near the "pyramid", and invited him into the office. The three of us chatted for some time about the site, and they both expressed their doubts about the theory that Italian grape farmers had terraced the hill or that the statue had been carved by a Chinese prospector.

"Why would Italians have gone through the trouble of terracing a hill, when it is unnecessary" asked the mayor? I didn't know. "You know", he went on, "Gympie is known as the town that saved Queensland. The Queensland treasury was nearly bankrupt. Then gold was discovered here. Suddenly, the gold rush to Gympie was on, and it became known as *the town that saved Queensland*".

I was then told an absolutely bizarre story about a local resident, a Mrs. Berry. She had lived opposite "pyramid hill" since her childhood, and recalled that there were three entrances into the "pyramid". These entrances extended deep into the hill and eventually led into a system of tunnels. Cattle would even occasionally wander into the hill! The entrances were blocked off in the 1930s by local farmers to prevent their cattle from wandering inside. Also, according to Mrs. Berry, the pyramid area had once been used as a slaughter ground, during which time waste blood and offal was thrown into a huge, very deep shaft at the top of the mound.

The civil engineer then drove me out to Tin Can Bay Road which lay to the east of Gympie. After a while we came to a hill that had trees growing on it. We walked around the hill and spiraled upward toward the summit. One thing was evident almost immediately, the hill was definitely terraced. Sandstone blocks had been arranged around the hill and had created terracing. Some of these rocks were fairly large, but hardly megalithic by any standards.

There were larger blocks of stone at the summit, some split, and curiously, there were also several rows of stones, obviously part of the terracing, that actually disappeared into the hill and indicated great age. Walking around it, several thoughts crossed my mind. First of all, this was not a pyramid. It was more like a large hill,

with large rocks on top of it. They looked like the remains of a platform. There was a lot of prickly pear cactus which had come, somehow, from South America. Secondly, someone had gone to a great deal of trouble to terrace this hill. Why? To grow grapes? It seemed like a lot of trouble, considering that several simple trestles could have sufficed quite nicely. And thirdly, the whole structure seemed to be of great antiquity.

As I looked around, the story of the tunnels beneath the hill boggled my mind. The entrances certainly were not evident now. I had even heard (not from the mayor or civil engineer) that the Australian army had at one time entered these tunnels, had come out very frightened, and had bulldozed the entrances closed (presumably in the 30s as Mrs. Berry had recalled). Also I had been told that animals will not go over the top of the hill, nor can a horse be ridden to the summit, it will refuse to go. The same person also told me that while visiting the "pyramid" he had seen, psychically, an *etheric* pyramid inside of which was the Gympie Hill.

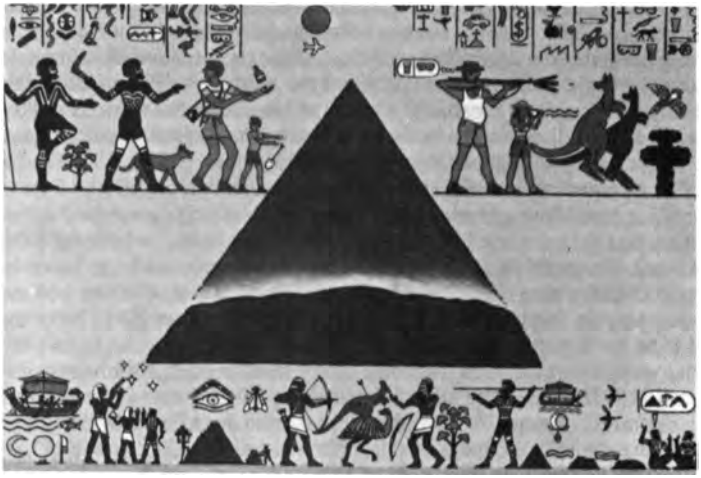
The civil engineer brought me to his house, which stood just across the road. He then told me that the train line from Brisbane was scheduled to be built right through his back yard. The only thing that would save his view would be to have the hill somehow declared a state historical site, thereby protecting it. After he told me this, I could see why he (and possibly the mayor) had been so eager to have the hill declared to be an "Egyptian Pyramid".

On the way back to the mayor's office, my mind reeled. Here was a genuine enigma, shrouded in deceit, academic humbug and debunkery; authentic artifacts, and bizarre stories of tunnels. Even the idea of cows wandering into that hill and getting lost was fantastic! On top of this, here was a gold mining town in northern Australia which had become the center of considerable archaeological controversy, and not without reason. If Egyptians had, indeed, come here in search of gold, would they have found it? Yes! Even more fantastic, consider the legend that King Solomon had inherited his fabulous gold mines from the Egyptians. Could the site of King Solomon's mines have been Gympie? The idea was staggering!

At the mayor's office, I was surprised to find that the local Gympie Press had come to interview me. I had my photo taken with the mayor, and a reporter asked me what I thought of it all. I wasn't sure what to say.

I told them that the Gympie hill was not a pyramid, but that it was quite interesting. I also said that the "Gympie Ape" statue dug up in the adjoining field was of particular interest, and that it was identical to statues of the Egyptian God, Thoth. One thing was certain, the idea that Egyptians and other seafarers had come to Australia was not a crazy idea, but instead a very likely possibility.

Had they come to Gympie? If they had come in search of gold (as the Egyptians apparently did) they certainly would have found it here! After all, it was the town that saved Queensland!



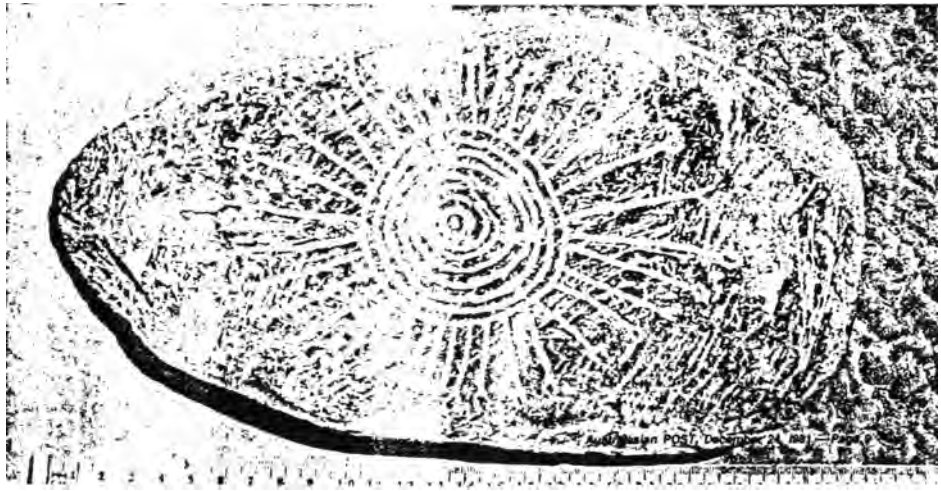
AYER S PYRAMID by Con Aslanis.
It is a popularly held belief that the first foreigners to set foot in Australia were the ancient Egyptians

From *The Kevin Pappas Tear-out Postcard Book* Penguin Hooks, Melbourne 1977 Copyright 1977 All Australian Graffiti Pty Ltd

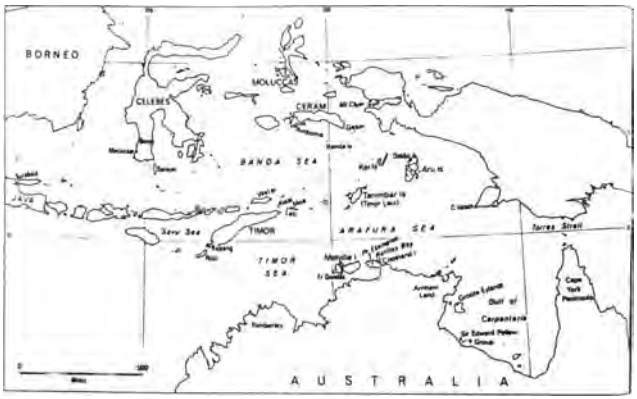
A postcard from Con Aslanis. The controversial topic of Egyptian contacts with Australia is quite popular down-under. Above, Ayer's Rock depicted as an etheric pyramid.

Amber-glass obelisk-shaped pin found in a field at Kyogle Australia in 1983. It is said to be 5,000 years old.

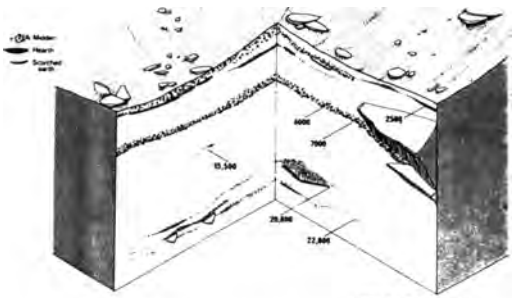
Two statues dug up near the Hawkesbury River, NSW. The man on the left is bearded. Both seem to be of ancient Middle Eastern manufacture, and are said to be of Phoenician origin.



A “tjuringa stone” from central Australia. It has markings on it that are identical to ancient Egyptian Aton-Sun symbols used about 1000 BC. In Atonist art, the Sun was always depicted as having little “hands” that reached out to touch mankind. Photo courtesy of the Australian Post, Dec. 24, 1981 (page 9).

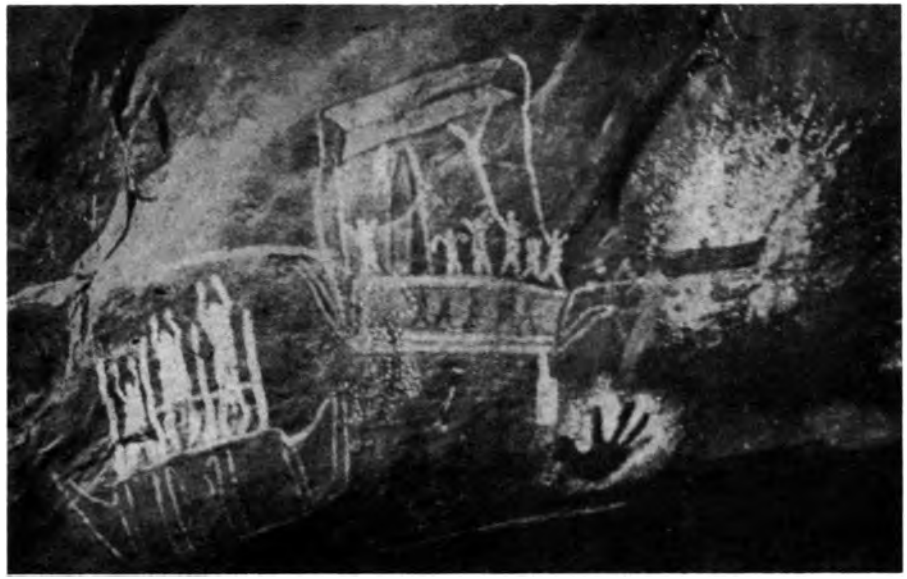


Australia is so close to eastern Indonesia that it would have been impossible for local sailors not to have visited the northern shores. What about traders from ancient India and China, not to mention other sophisticated seafaring nations?

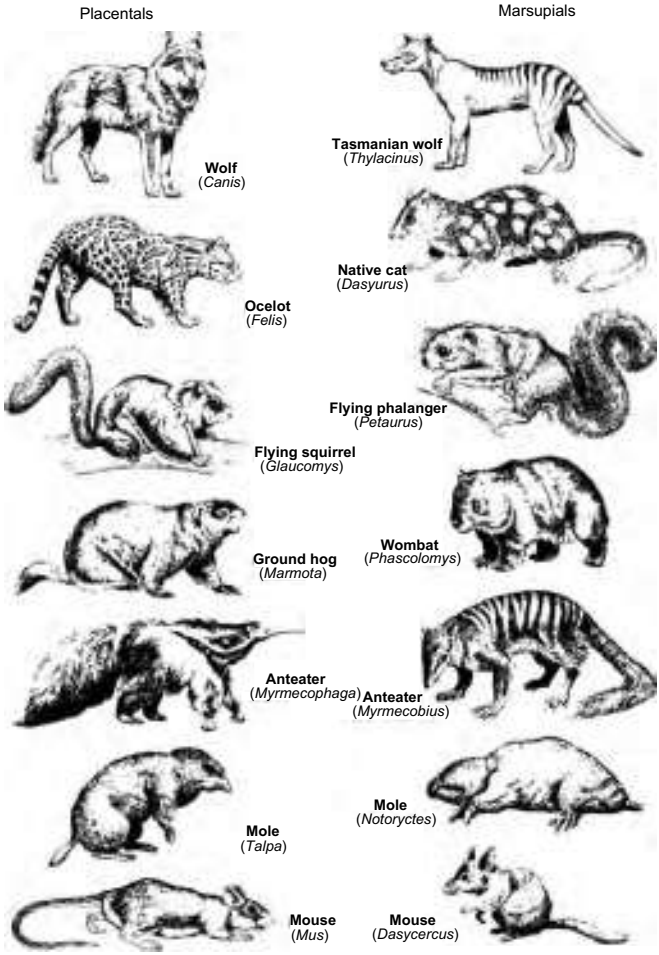


The diagram represents the sides of an excavated trench, with radio-carbon dates.

This trench dug by archaeologists in Australia indicated by radio-carbon dating that human occupation of the continent goes back at least 22,000 years. Most anthropologists place human occupation in Australia at 30,000 to 40,000 BC.



Aboriginal paintings of praus in a rock shelter on Groote Eylandt.



Australia's isolated marsupials evolved to fill environmental niches occupied by placentals on other continents.
From *Evolution*, by T. Dobzhansky, F. J. Ayala, G. L. Stebbins, and J. W. Valentine. W. H. Freeman and Company, Copyright 1977. After a chart in G. G. Simpson and S. Beck, *Life*, 2nd ed., 1965, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.

Marsupials are believed to be an evolutionary link between bird/reptiles and mammals. Australia is their main habitat, yet marsupials are also found in North America. Perhaps a submerged Pacific continent would help explain their unusual dispersion across the Pacific.

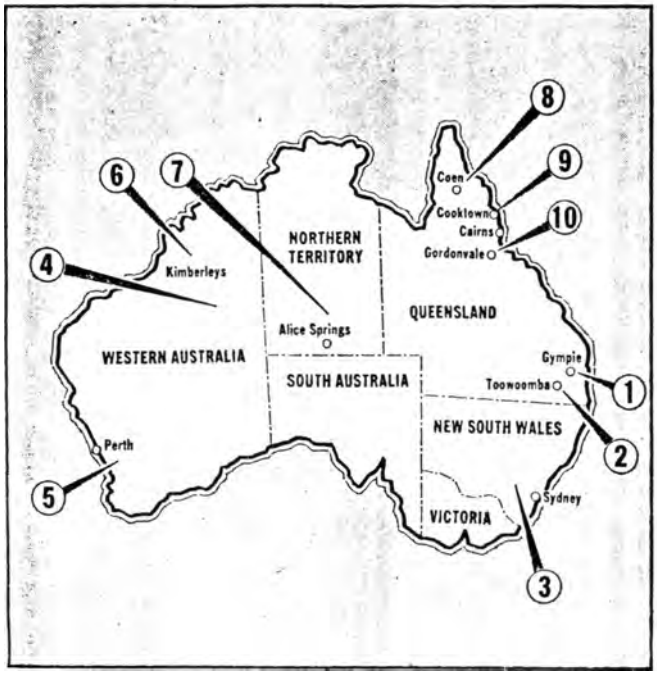


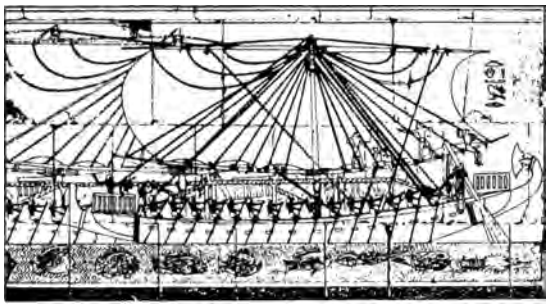
Illustration from The Daily, a Sydney Newspaper.

LEGEND

MUCH archeological evidence has turned up in Australia to suggest the existence of extra-Aboriginal cultures.

This evidence, collected by Ms Pye (particularly the Egyptian and South American links), supports her theory that ancient, sophisticated cultures lived here.

1. Gympie, the "pyramid site" where 12 hectares of terracing, an ape-like statue and a stone wall, all pre-Incan in design, was found.
2. Toowoomba, where the rock with the ancient sun symbol was discovered, is thought to be the second "Golden Pyramid" site.
3. Inland NSW, where an axe blade, identified as Middle Eastern and of the type used 2500 years ago, was found in 1960.
4. The Kimberley Ranges, where Aboriginal cave paintings show four European women and bearded men wearing Babylonian-type hats.
5. The Perth hinterland, where 1975 seismic readings indicated a 167m-high pyramid 5km underground.
6. North of the Kimberleys, where a tribe of Aborigines who had never seen white men used ancient Masonic hand signs and words of Egyptian origin, worshipped the sun, had a mother Earth and rainbow serpent cult and practised mummification.
7. The Olgas and Palm Creek, where hieroglyphics are on rock formations.
8. Coen, where an obelisk, a stone with a pyramidical apex, was found in scrub six years ago.
9. North of Cooktown, the proposed site of the first Golden Pyramid.
10. Goydonvale, 48km south of Cairns, where a stepped Mayan-style pyramid was reported last century and a small stone scarab (considered sacred by the Egyptians) with hieroglyphics was located six years ago.



An Egyptian trading vessel of the first half of the Eighteenth Dynasty. From *History of Egypt*, 1906.

"Hunting with a boomerang and fishing with a double-edged harpoon" says the caption from *History of Egypt*, *Vol*. 2, by G. Maspero, 1906, The Grolier Society, London.

Marilyn Pye with her basalt "Sun Disc"— a relic from Lemuria? If authentic, more likely from Egypt or the Middle East. Photo by Timothy Green Beckley. Below: close-up photo of stone carving.

Chapter Six

Central & Southern Australia: The Red Center & The World Grid

We all agree that your theory is mad.
The problem that divides us is this:
is it sufficiently crazy to be right?
—Niels Bohr

With memories of the Gympie Pyramid still in my head, I hitched out of town, heading north for Townsville. The civil engineer had dropped me off out on the north side of town so that I could continue my trip north. On the way, we stopped by the Surface Hill Uniting Church in Gympie to look at the retaining wall around the base. An amateur archaeologist and "psychic" (?) from Sydney named Marilyn Pye had said that this wall had originally been at the top of the Gympie pyramid. She claimed that the stones had been carried from the pyramid and then reassembled exactly in order to form the church wall.

Furthermore, the presence of "weird hew marks", the absence of mortar, and the wall's similarity to those at Machu Picchu, high in the Andes of Peru, led Pye to believe that it had originally been built by the Incas. Pye also felt that the presence of prickly pear, which is not native to Australia, also pointed to South American origins for the wall, as well as possibly for the Gympie "pyramid".

However, the minister of the church, the Rev. Stan Geddes, has said he actually saw the wall built as part of a local council job creation project during the depression of the 1930s, and he claims it was made from material cut nearby at the Rock's Road Quarry. Furthermore, the prickly pear cactus is said to have arrived in 1787, brought by Governor Phillip, the first Governor of the Botany Bay penal colony. It is said that the governor, who was on his way to Australia with the First Fleet, collected seeds of prickly pear—which has edible fruit—along with coffee, indigo and cotton plants in Brazil on his way to Australia.

Looking over the wall, I did notice some similarity between the wall and some South American construction, namely the haphazard way of fitting stones together. However, the construction at Machu Picchu and other places is far superior. The rocks there are so perfectly fitted together that they are even earthquake-proof, and they cannot be readily disassembled, nor reassembled. Another difference between Machu Picchu and this wall is that there aren't any "weird hew marks" on the Machu Picchu walls—they are perfectly smooth.

It seemed likely that the wall was merely made by local workers during the '30s, just as the Reverend stated. I asked the civil engineer what he thought, and he was sure that was the case. As for the prickly pear cactus, that they were brought from South America in 1787 was a good enough explanation for me.

I caught several short rides along Highway 1 heading north, and foolishly left my small day pack, with my camera in it, at a lonely crossroads when I was getting

in a car later that afternoon. Without my camera, or the photos I had taken at Gympie (fortunately, they were nothing too astounding) I was a bit bummed out, but I recovered quickly.

I was let out in Rockhampton just at dusk, and slept that night in the yard of a local church. I was off early the next morning; heading out of town, still going north. I stopped in at an Army-Navy surplus store and bought a wide-brimmed sheep rancher's hat to keep the sun off my face, and then was out on the street again. I was outside town when a car stopped for me. Inside was a twenty-year-old student from Brisbane with a German gal. "For ten dollars I'll take you to Mackay", he told me. Actually, that was a good price, but I bargained him down to five. "Okay, mate, jump in! Where are you going anyway?" he asked.

"Well, up to Cairns or Townsville", I said. I really wasn't sure yet where I was going. One choice was to go up to Cairns where another pyramid was said to be located. Indeed, the strange remains at Gympie were nothing compared to lost pyramids and megaliths described in other tales. On March 25, 1982, Marilyn Pye, who had made some unusual claims about Gympie, was told while attending a psychic channeling session that a "golden pyramid" existed ninety miles north of Cairns. Within five weeks, Marilyn had sold her home, walked out of a newly opened business and had retained the help of a well-known New York psychic, Bryce Bond, to help her unlock the secret of this alleged pyramid.

Marilyn was led to the town of Toowoomba, Queensland, where a strange basalt crystal rock was unearthed beneath 24 feet of soil. Marilyn observed strange carvings of the sun on the rock, and said that these were not the work of aboriginal natives. She also learned that legends of local tribes tell of not one, but two "golden pyramids" in the vicinity of where the rock was found. She bought the rock for an undisclosed price from a local farmer.

Packing her 92-pound artifact in a crate, Marilyn flew off to Hawaii where she had a "Kahuna" (Hawaiian Medicine Man) "read" the rock. Marilyn and the Kahuna concluded that the engraving had been done 30,000 years ago with three different-sized laser beams. The Kahuna also said that the artifact was a "computer" which could be used to bring wisdom and peace to the world.

At this stage in her quest, Marilyn became aware of Hopi Indian prophecies concerning the return of the true white brother, which tells of a white person bringing the symbol of the sun to the Hopi. The Kahuna said there were three other rocks, while a Hopi representative told Marilyn that several engraved rocks exist on different continents and that they must come forth before the "day of purification".

Marilyn sensed that she had to meet the Hopi. She flew to New York City and met John Hill, an Iroquois Indian who was in Manhattan to speak at the United Nations regarding the "last days" that many Indians feel are approaching. When Marilyn showed Mr. Hill the rock, he became very excited and arranged for many important people to view the artifact while Marilyn remained in New York. People claimed that the rock seemed to be putting out "incredibly beautiful energy". It was also said that the rock would cause people to become light and very energized. Through a chain of events, the Hopi found out about the rock and were anxious to determine if, indeed, it was the missing rock described in their prophecies.

Marilyn then traveled crosscountry with a Peruvian Indian friend in an effort to meet with the Hopi elders. A series of misadventures occurred, and Marilyn became convinced that some "supernatural power" was trying to prevent them from getting the rock to the Hopi. She did make it, however, and presented the stone to Grandfather David, who is over one hundred years old and blind. According to Marilyn, he felt the engraving and became very excited. "This is what we have been waiting for. There are three others yet to come", is all he would say. Marilyn was asked to leave the rock behind so that the Hopi elders could take a closer look at it.

The rock was returned to her six days later, after the Hopi had taken a rubbing of the artifacts surface to determine its origins and meaning. To date, the Hopi have remained tight-lipped about their findings, which has convinced Marilyn that there is indeed something important about her rock. She believes that it is a relic of Lemuria.

If this all seems rather fantastic, there is more. In an article that appeared in the Saturday Magazine of the *Daily Telegraph* in Brisbane on March 10, 1984, Ms. Pye's theories on her stone and the Gympie Pyramid were discussed, as well as the belief that there are no less than seven pyramids, many of them from Atlantis or Lemuria. According to the article, in 1975 a team of American archaeologists visited Perth, conducted seismic readings near the city and concluded that a 167 meter-high, five-tiered pyramid was buried five kilometers (two miles!) beneath a suburb of the city. As the article pointed out, it is "too deep to dig up". This underground pyramid was dubbed the "Lost City of Asteroth".

Imaginative claims like these are made constantly, and, to say the least, they do little to persuade the skeptics. I'm not sure what to think of Marilyn Pye, though I will say that I have great respect for Hopi elders and their knowledge. Yet, fantasy aside, there is no reason why Australia couldn't have a number of pyramids in it. Legendary pyramids of Australia that might be easier to get to than the one two miles below the suburb of Perth include one said to be somewhere north of Cooktown, just north of Cairns. This is said to be one of the first of the "Golden Pyramids" of Australia.

Another pyramid with a bit more history behind it is apparently located somewhere near Gordonvale, just south of Cairns. It is a stepped Mayan-style pyramid which was first reported in the last century by a local explorer. In a brief article about this pyramid that appeared in the *Telegraph* on July 31, 1987, Rex Gilroy said, "I am not a ratbag. This is something I have been researching for years and I also am interested in seeing historical relics others have found in the area". He said the pyramid was first "discovered" in dense jungle by a settler 100 years ago, but its location became "lost" after the passing of the early settlers. Gilroy said in the article that he believed that the pyramid was located in the wilds of Cape York, which is in the far north of Queensland, north of Cairns, instead of south near Gordonvale.

The academics "experts" of Australia pretty much laugh off this kind of thing (hence Gilroy's immediate defense, "I am not a ratbag".) Yet, perhaps the real experts on ancient Australian history are the ancient Australians themselves, the Aborigines. In an article published in Issue 32 of Maggie's Farm (summer, 1986) Loraine Mafi Williams, an Aboriginal shaman/story teller, says, "There are places all over Australia to avoid. These we call 'Sacred Sites', and they are sacred in the hope that white people will leave them alone and not find out about these places. But they do, and they're becoming known and I just don't know if people will use that for good or bad. On the north coast is one of the circle of pyramids. I don't know where, I haven't been told yet. You know, there's three lost pyramids (in Australia) and the old people say there is one here that completes the circle with the biggest crystal in the world in it. This is the central energising crystal that sends out energy to all the other points.

"As soon as the people came to Earth, and they knew they could draw upon cosmic energies to protect the Earth from another natural disaster in the heavens, they started building the pyramids. Underneath the ground are tunnels and certain forces. Usually the energy comes down from the moon, hits the uranium and vibrates out through the circle. Pine Gap (an American underground base in central Australia with secret functions) is at the dead center of one of the ancient paths that young men used to follow to go to the ceremonial grounds—it's all connected with that cosmic circle. They just disintegrate, the rays are so powerful when they come,

they just melt everything!"

Loraine Mafi Williams is apparently speaking of authentic Aboriginal traditions and knowledge. She is demonstrating an uncanny knowledge of what is generally known as "the world grid", an energy pattern that encircles the earth creating ley lines, power points, energy-gravity vortexes and the like. It is well known that Australian Aboriginals travel these invisible energy lines from "sacred spot to sacred spot".

§§§

So, where was I going? That's all the young kid from Brisbane wanted to know. "Well, I suppose I could go up to Cairns and search for those pyramids", I said.

"Pyramids in Cairns?" he shouted. "Is that what you said?"

"Ya, I'm going to Cairns, too", said the German gal. It turned out that she had been hitchhiking too, and had gotten a ride with the student.

"But, then again, maybe I'll head into the red center and go to Ayer's Rock", I said. I leaned on my pack in the back seat of the old Holden, a large, General Motors car made in Australia. Holden was the original Australian motor company, but it was bought by the American company, General Motors some years back. Australians are fiercely proud of Holdens, the original "Aussie" auto.

"There ain't no pyramids in Cairns, mate. I can tell you that", said the driver.

"I'm just going to the beach", said the German gal. She had short brown hair, was of small stature, and had a small rucksack. She traveled light. I soon learned that her name was Uté, pronounced "Oo-tee".

"Well, anyway", said the driver, "I'm on my way to Mackay. Hey, did you know that George Harrison owns an island right around here?" That was news to me. We cruised all day up through the hot, humid scrub of the Queensland coast. The student from Brisbane talked most of the time about the relationship he had with his overbearing father, a Greek-Australian. Uté fell asleep against the window, and I listened to and occasionally sympathized with my driver. "I just had to get away from my father. He controls my whole life. Nothing I do is good enough for him!" he lamented.

"Well, traveling is a good way to sort out your problems", I said. "And everyone needs to get away from their parents. Maybe you should hop a freighter across an ocean", I suggested.

"Are you kidding! I still owe for this car. I've got to get a job. Earn a living and be responsible. That's what my father says".

"Well, sometimes what your parents want you to do is entirely different than what you should be doing or what might be best for you", I said quietly. "Don't be in such a hurry to get into debt and be responsible. You are young and have the whole world in front of you. Look at Uté here. She doesn't have a car or a job—all she has is this little pack. She seems happy".

The young man from Brisbane looked over at Uté and then at her small rucksack. He looked out at the road and sat silently for a bit. Then he said, "Yeah, maybe you're right. I'm still young. Why shouldn't I be carefree?"

"Well, carefree is a state of mind. But you still have to pay your debts and be responsible for your actions. Yet, don't forget, you can do anything you want".

We were let off in Mackay, a fairly large town for Queensland, in the middle of the afternoon. Stopping on the far outskirts of town, I paid the driver the five dollars I promised to give him. Uté asked me what I was going to do. I told her that since there was still some sunlight left, I planned to hitch on up to Prosperpine, which was another hour or so away.

"Can I hitch with you?" she asked. That was fine with me—having a woman

with me would probably help me get rides. After a traditional Aussie pie and beer in a pub, Uté and I stepped out on the highway, making sure that she was standing in front of me. We flagged down a couple of farmers in a big Ford, who were probably stopping for Uté, once they realized that she was a girl.

They gave me a funny look as I walked up to the window. "Are you going to Prosperpine?" I asked.

"Yup", was the reply.

"Could you give us a ride?" Uté looked at them hopefully.

"Oh, I suppose so", was the curt reply. With that, we were off through the bush, rumbling further north along the coast. This part of Australia is where the Great Barrier Reef really starts, and, while not particularly populated, it is famous for its beaches, scuba diving and resorts. Otherwise, as one goes inland, there is very little except endless scrub or jungle. This jungle is the home of two of the most deadly snakes in the world, the Australian Tiger Snake, which is four to five feet long and the Tai-Pan, which can be twelve feet long and whose venom can kill a horse in five minutes. Each snake contains enough venom to kill 300 sheep.

As one goes further north, it is not hard to see how pyramids could be lost in the thick bush of Northern Queensland. Australia is, after all, a huge country, the same size as the continental United States, yet with only thirteen or fourteen million people. As I had mentioned earlier, there is allegedly still a tribe of pygmies living up around here somewhere, uncontacted for forty years. What secrets might they know?

It was a pretty silent ride in the Ford to Prosperpine, a small town somewhat inland from the coast. It was just getting dark as we arrived, and we stashed our packs behind a church and headed for the local pub. There was live music, so we ordered dinner and drank a few beers. I absently picked up a local paper and read a story about Booby Island, a tiny island off the very northern tip of Cape York in the Torres Strait. The article claimed that Australian archaeologists believed this island had once been a crossroads of civilization, and that caves littered with paintings indicated that not only the Torres Strait Islanders—an aboriginal tribe—lived there, but so had Macassan Sailors from Sulawesi in Indonesia, Melanesians from Papua New Guinea, and even early European sailors.

Here, at least, was a statement from traditional archaeologists acknowledging that Indonesians knew of Australia. The article also mentioned the discovery of a drawing dubbed the "mystery man". With a mysterious arrow near the head, it was thought at first be a Caucasian, though other theories tend to link the drawings with ceremonial figures in Papua New Guinea. I recalled that Rex Gilroy told me that ruins made of one-ton stones have been found on some of the coral islands off Queensland in the Great Barrier Reef.

Later, Uté went out and pitched her astonishingly compact tent, which was necessary considering her small pack. Even though I also had a tent with me, I stretched out my sleeping bag alongside the church in a shadow, and spent the night there.

The next day we were heading for Townsville, the last major town in northern Australia before Cairns, which was essentially the last town north along the coast. It was a sunny day, and Uté and I got up early to start hitchhiking out of town. It wasn't long before a pickup truck (called a "ute" in Aussie slang, short for "utility") stopped to give us a ride. Inside were two young guys who worked for the Queensland Railroad, on their way to work somewhere up the road. We jumped in the back, and sat next to our packs up by the cab. Uté and I lay back in the ute, let the sun hit our faces, and watched the clouds as we rocketed down the highway on our way into another adventure.

I looked out toward the coast from the back of the truck, the bright sunshine on

my face. Uté had her eyes closed and was soaking up some rays. I wondered if any the strange macrozamia trees were out there along the coast. Contrary to popular notion, the giant sequoias of California are not the oldest living trees. A group of macrozamia trees in Queensland are estimated to be anywhere from 12,000 to 15,000 years old—more than three times as old as the oldest giant sequoias!

The macrozamia is a palm-like tree which commonly grows to a height of 60 feet, with gigantic cones that can be two feet long and weigh up to 80 pounds. The age of some of these trees is quite controversial—counting the concentric rings is a very difficult task—but it is generally agreed that certain macrozamias are the oldest living things on earth!

I found it interesting that the two oldest living species on earth should be at either side of the Pacific basin. Was Pacifica a continent of macrozamias, eucalyptus, sequoias and redwoods? Australia, certainly, was an ancient continent, with a history going back many thousands of years. What ancient travelers had gazed at these very same trees?

Two rides later, I decided to get off at a crossroads just before Townsville, and head west into the desolate interior of Australia. Our driver by then was a Chinese Australian. He'd told us some of the trials and tribulations of being Oriental in northern Queensland, traditionally a land of bigots, racism and discrimination. Uté looked at me as I got out of the pristine Toyota sedan and grabbed my pack out of the trunk.

"So, you're not going on to Cairns?" she asked.

I smiled. "No, I'm heading west. Have a nice time on the beach".

"But what about your pyramids?"

"Oh, they'll still be there a few more years, wherever they are. I'll see them another time. Good hitching!"

"Good luck to you!" she called as they drove away. And, once again I was standing by myself at a lonely crossroads, looking down the long, lonesome highway of burning tar and hot cement. I sat down on my pack and thought for a moment. It was odd how sometimes, just when a friendship with a woman was about to turn into something romantic, I'd find a way out, and often that was a train to another city or a different road that I just had to take. But did I really need to take it? What did I have to fear from an attractive woman? Was I running away from something?

I didn't have much time to think about this, because just then I could see a truck coming up the road. I waved my arms above my head and motioned down the road. The large semi-trailer came to a stop, and I jumped in. As luck would have it, the driver, a friendly, middle-aged and married man from Brisbane, was on his way to Mount Isa, about 700 kilometers away. This was my longest ride so far, and one that would take me through some desolate country and get me well on my way into the red center of the continent.

His name was Art, and he was a friendly fellow who liked company on his long drives out to the mines of Mount Isa, the only town of any size in the interior of Queensland. He'd drive most of the night, he said, sleeping when he got tired, and we'd get to Mount Isa sometime the next day. We stopped for dinner at an outback pub about ten o'clock. After a big meal, Art asked me if I wanted to play some pool.

I'm not much of a pool player, but I said yes. He racked them up and we began a couple of games of pool. He bought a round of beers, and then I bought a round, and then he bought a round. During our second game I collected our empty glasses and went to the bar to get refills.

It was a typical Australian outback pub, full of dusty, grizzled prospectors and ranchers whose great pleasure in life was drinking beer. Their other great pleasure in life was fighting, as I was soon to find out. I found a space at the bar and ordered

two more pints of Four X beer. While I was waiting for the grog, the fellow on my right, a weasel-faced bloke in his forties, suddenly turned to me. He had on a fur felt hat that was well-worn, an odd grimace for an expression, and the appearance of someone looking for a fight.

"I don't like your face!" he announced.

There was nothing really wrong with my face. Perhaps it was a bit fresh and youthful for these hardbitten outbackers. I wasn't sure what to say, so I just stood there waiting for my beer.

"You're a dick-head!" stated the man, obviously drunk.

"Well, uh, sorry about that..". was all I could think of to say. Just then, the bartender came with my pints of beer, and I pulled out a couple of dollars to pay.

"I hate dick-heads!" said the man. Standing back, he set down his beer and took a swing at me. Well, I was never one for fighting in bars, or anywhere else for that matter. Certainly I had no intention of getting into a brawl with this guy. However, he was throwing a punch at me, and it was coming directly for my formerly smiling face.

I ducked. I also spilled some of the beer, but that was nothing compared to the spilling that the man behind me did when the punch thrown at me hit him right in the face. I was long gone and back at the pool table when the two men at the bar began slugging it out to the yells and cheers of those around them. It was just another one of those Friday nights at an outback bar in Queensland, I thought as we downed our pints of Four X.

As a chair was thrown in our direction, Art casually mentioned that it was time that we hit the road again—after all it was still a long way to Mount Isa. I couldn't have agreed with him more.

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We arrived in Mount Isa around noon the next day, and Art let me off in the middle of town. A basic mining town, Mount Isa did not seem the sort of place for tourists to hang out for awhile. After buying some supplies, I walked to the edge of town and stood at the edge of the desert.

The tropical bush of the Queensland coast had been left behind, and I was now in the great Australian desert, only two hundred kilometers from the Northern Territory of Australia. Directly north was the gulf of Carpentaria which was mostly crocodile infested swamp along the coast. Salt-water, or estuarine, crocodiles which live in these areas are officially the largest reptiles in the world. According to *The Guinness Book of World Records*, the holder of the "official" record in length for such a croc is a 20-foot, 4-inch male which drowned after getting entangled in a fisherman's net at Obo on the Fly River in Papua New Guinea in 1979. Yet it is widely believed, especially among those who spend a great deal of time in areas with estuarine crocodiles, that they can reach twice that size. *The Guinness Book of World Records* reports that, "in July, 1957, an unconfirmed, but probably reliable, length of 28 feet, 4 inches was reported for an estuarine crocodile shot by Mrs. Kris Pawlowski on MacArthur Bank of the Norman River, northwestern Queensland".

The Norman River was just north of where I was now standing. I'd occasionally read, in the newspapers of Australia, about people being drowned and eaten by crocodiles. Crocodiles only eat rotten meat, so they will grab a swimmer in their jaws, pull him underwater in a spiral motion thus drowning him, and then drag the victim to their underground nest to decompose.

Meeting a twenty-eight foot croc on the banks of a river wasn't an adventure I was seeking at the time, and I decided to continue on into the desert. However, as the police were about to inform me, other dangers were ahead of me. As I stood a

mile or so out of town, in front of the gun club, two policemen came by and asked to see my passport.

"Where are you from?" they asked.

"From the United States of America, officers. I'm on my way to Alice Springs".

"That's a long way. You'd better be careful, it's dangerous around here. A hitchhiker died here a week ago of sunstroke".

"Really?" I exclaimed. The policemen seemed stern but relatively friendly.

"That's right, mate!" one said, and grinned rather mischievously. "Take care that nothing happens to you". And with that, they drove away.

I stood there for three or four hours, just waiting for car to come by. Finally a camper stopped and gave me a ride. It was a family from Sydney.

"Wow, thanks for the ride", I said, once I was inside the modern, cozy camper. The cab was open to the back, and a youthful couple up front watched the road while two energetic boys of five and six bounced on the beds in back.

"Settle down, you two!" called mom from the co-pilot's seat. They turned out to be on their way to Camooweal on the border of Queensland and the Northern Territory. "Were you waiting there long for a ride?" she asked.

"Most of the day. Two policemen stopped me and told me that a hitchhiker had died there of heat stroke last week!"

"Died of heat stroke!" exclaimed the dad. "He was murdered!"

"Murdered?" I muttered and then asked myself why the police hadn't told me the truth. Was it that they didn't want to alarm me? Could it be that they themselves were the killers? Perhaps I had been in more danger than I thought!

"This stretch of road from Mount Isa to the Three Ways road station and Tennant Creek is notorious. People are occasionally found murdered here. Last week it was a hitchhiker. Other times it has been drivers. Some people believe the murders are done by hitchhikers and won't give them lifts. You're lucky you got a ride with us".

I felt that way too.

I slept that night in my sleeping bag at a trailer park in Camooweal, a town about two blocks long. The next morning I stood by the gas station on the edge of town waiting for cars to come by. Usually, I prefer to just walk down the road and then hitch a car if it is coming, but in central Australia the next town is usually hundreds of miles away. Even with a canteen of water, one just does not venture out walking down the highway. About mid-morning two men in a ute stopped at the gas station.

"Could I have a ride to the Three Ways Truck Stop? I'll ride in the back", I said.

The driver, a middle-aged man with a deep red sunburn, stopped and looked me over in silence for a moment. Then he nodded and said, "Okay, get in back".

"Thanks, mister", I said, tossing my pack in the box. An older gentleman sat in the passenger seat, and we were off through the desert and into the Northern Territory. It was more than five hundred kilometers to the next town, although we did pass a road house about mid-way. At Three Ways, probably the most famous truck stop in all of Australia because it is the junction of roads from Mount Isa, Darwin and Alice Springs, they stopped, and after the obligatory beer in the pub, I hitched the few remaining miles up to Tennant Creek.

It was still early in afternoon when I got to Tennant Creek, a fairly large town of a few thousand in this desolate area of Australia. I decided to try and hitch out of town and after filling my canteen, buying some food and freshing up, walked to the southern edge. I was now heading south, into the mysterious red center of Australia, a largely unknown land of Aboriginals, unexplored mountain ranges, and lost gold mines.

I stood next to the sign which said, "Alice Springs—530 Km". Up the road about a hundred yards was another fellow standing by the road, his pack at his feet, waiting for a ride. After a short time, with no cars going by, he came up to me to

chat. He was a young Aussie, and was coming from Darwin on his way to Alice Springs. He told me had been waiting there two days for a lift.

"Two days!" I exclaimed.

"No shit, mate. This is a tough spot to hitch, very few cars coming this way. I've spent two nights in the bush over there".

"But this is the main road to Alice Springs", I protested.

"That doesn't make no difference; there ain't no cars. There is a youth hostel in town though. I can't afford it myself".

"I have some food here if you're hungry", I told him, and with that I brought out some meat pies and gave him one. He hungrily ate it down. He had some money, he said, just enough to get him to Alice Springs, where he knew he could get a job.

He walked back up the road to where he had been standing and I was left sitting on my pack by the sign. I then noticed that the sign was covered, especially on the back, by graffiti left by other hitchhikers. It was not very encouraging. Some people wrote on the sign that they had been waiting there for five days. Others cursed Tennant Creek and its drivers. There was even an epic poem. I doodled on it myself a bit. I've seen a lot of road signs with hitchhiker graffiti on them, but this one was the world's greatest.

I waited until an hour or so after it got dark and then shouldered my pack and walked back into town. The other hitcher was still standing there. I stopped in at a bar, had a few beers, and then headed for the youth hostel. I was pretty tired and had gotten a lot of sun that day. Up early the next morning, I showered and headed out of town. As I passed one house, I noticed that there was a small helicopter in the garage. A man was machining a part next to it.

I dropped in and said hello. He stopped to talk and show me his helicopter. It was a nifty open-air little device and quite simple. He was into ultra-lights, small helicopters and the like. We got to talking about what it was like flying around in the vast desert of central Australia. "Do you see many aircraft and ultra-lights?" I asked.

"Not too much. Mostly flying saucers", he said with a serious expression.

"What? You're joking!"

"No, really, here's last week's Tennant Creek paper. See this cover story about a flying saucer hovering over a powerplant on the edge of town? People see them here all the time", he said in all seriousness.

"Really? Why do you suppose that is?" I asked.

He looked at me, and then shuffled some sawdust on the floor. "Well, believe it or not, they make them at Alice Springs. At least, that's what some people say".

"What?" I exclaimed. "Who makes them at Alice Springs?"

"Well, the Yanks do. Have you ever heard of the American base of Pine Gap just outside of Alice Springs? It's supposed to be a satellite tracking station, but all you can see above ground is a small shack and a dome. No Australian has ever been inside Pine Gap, but rumour has it that the facility goes twelve stories underground, has two giant ELF (Extremely Low Frequency) towers inside it, and a huge factory for manufacturing flying saucers. Everyday, two Hercules C-147 Starlifters fly into the base. Each plane can carry about one hundred thousand pounds of freight. What could they be carrying for a satellite tracking station? Rumour says that it is material for the manufacture of the flying saucers, using some sort of anti-gravity drive".

"Wow, that's pretty far-out", I said, astonished at his talk. Actually, a book on the same subject was written by an American, now living in Australia, named Stan Deyo. In his book, *The Cosmic Conspiracy*,[65] Deyo maintains that he worked at Pine Gap and that the United States conducts secret anti-gravity experiments there as well as assembling "flying saucers". This book was the best-selling book in all of Australia in the late seventies and created something of a stir, to say the least. As I had said earlier, Loraine Mafi Williams had stated that Pine Gap is in a powerful

"grid spot" that is connected with the "cosmic circle".

I thanked the man for the interesting talk and headed back to the graffiti-covered sign. To my surprise, the Aussie hitcher was gone, which was encouraging.

Just when I thought I might be spending several days there myself, a trucker stopped and gave me a lift, though only up to the next road station, a hundred miles or so up the road. "I saw you in the pub last night", said the driver, a young man in his thirties, "that's why I stopped to give you a ride".

"Thanks, I appreciate it, believe me!" I said, sincerely grateful to have a ride. Not only had the sun been getting to me (thank God for that hat I had bought in Rockhampton!), but the flies were beginning to drive me crazy. I could see how people could genuinely go insane out here.

After an hour, we rolled past a very unusual geological formation called the Devil's Marbles. These round stones, 100 km from Tennant Creek along the Stuart Highway, measure up to 25 feet (8 meters) in diameter and some are balanced on a base less than a yard (meter) across. Aboriginal legend has it that they are the eggs laid by a gigantic serpent. As we drove by, I saw that one had split open—had it hatched?!

It was a few hours to a desert pub, where I hauled my pack inside and ordered a cold pint of Fosters. There were a half-dozen guys standing at the bar and a few trucks outside. After a cool drink, I announced to everyone in the bar, "Anybody care to give a Yank hitchhiker a lift into Alice Springs?"

There was silence and then a young truck driver in blue overalls said, "Sure, I'll give you a lift. I'll be leaving in about five minutes!"

"Thanks, mister", I said and realized that I had gotten to this dusty desert bar just in time. Shortly, I was sitting in the cab with him and we were clicking off the three hundred miles of desert to Alice Springs. The driver was a pretty nice guy, named Harold, who lived in Alice Springs. We chatted about life in Australia, especially in the outback. He told me how there were cattle ranches so big out here that they were larger than many states in America. There was no way they could keep track of the cattle, so they brought the cows in by turning off the water to the water holes.

"Does it get lonely for folks out here in the outback?" I asked.

"You bet! The women get lonely too. The other day in the paper there was a story about a guy who was kept as a love slave by two women near Birdsville in Queensland for five years! He had gotten drunk one night and driven out to their sheep ranch where he was going to sneak into one of the girls' bedrooms for some fun. They chained him to a bed for five years, letting him out to bathe every once in awhile while covering him with a shot gun. They made him perform several times a day for five years and then finally set him free".

"That's quite a story", I admitted. "I hear that folks drink a lot out here too".

"Ah, not that much", he said. "But we enjoy a brew. When I get home tonight, I'll stop and buy a case of 24 Fosters, drink twelve while I watch a little tele, have a bath and drink the other twelve".

"Well, that sounds like quite a bit to me", I said.

"Not for an Aussie, mate, not for an Aussie".

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It was almost dusk as we got into Alice Springs, and I thanked the trucker as I jumped out of his truck. I went by the Youth Hostel, but ended up pitching my tent on the lawn of a motel for a small price. I partied in Alice for the next few days, visited the casino, swam in the pool and walked around looking at shops and camels that stood awkwardly on side streets. Alice Springs is a dusty, hot town and a tourist center. While having the clean air of some modern Arizona tourist town, it

also has that Aussie outback feeling of gold prospectors with their pack-camels, Aboriginal Trading Post and ranch hand party town. It is also the most Americanized town in Australia, as far as I could see. I'm not sure why this is, possibly because of the "flying saucer manufacturing" base of Pine Gap.

As I passed Pine Gap on my way out to Ayer's Rock, I looked at it carefully, but there wasn't much to see: a few small buildings and a geodesic dome. It looked pretty harmless, not like some sort of James Bondian super-secret, high-tech fortress. Yet, it was hard to see why two Hercules aircraft would fly there every day, and why no Australians, even Prime Ministers, are allowed inside.

Pine Gap and Alice Springs disappeared out the window of the bus as I headed toward Yulara, the small tourist village at Ayer's Rock. It had been fun in Alice Springs: it is a pretty wild town with its share of night life and tourist things to do. Yet, the main reason people come out to Alice Springs is to see Ayer's Rock, a huge granite hummock considered by Australians to be one of the wonders of the mineral world, and by Aboriginals to be the most sacred spot in Australia. Aboriginals will often follow telluric currents in the earth known as "Dreaming Tracks". These "Dreaming Tracks", like ley lines, are said to converge at Ayer's Rock. This would make Ayer's Rock some sort of "power point" on the "world grid", I suppose.

Ayer's Rock, or Uluru, the original name given it by Aboriginals, is sacred. In fact, every crack, crevice, lump, indentation, cave and hole has some meaning to the local Aborigines. They believe that a famous Dreamtime battle was fought at the rock, and that it has remained unchanged since that moment in the dim past.

The battle fought at Uluru during the Dreamtime was horrific and violent, and reminiscent of the epic battles in the Ramayana and Mahabharata, with poisonous gases, snake people and a manifested "devil dingo". A brief account of the ancient battle can be found in *The Atlas of Mysterious Places* (1987, Marshall Editions, London): "From the Dreamtime south came a ferocious tribe of venomous-snake people, intent on slaughtering the carpet-snake people. But Bulari, earth-mother heroine of the carpet-snakes, met the onslaught of the attackers breathing a lethal cloud of disease and death, so vanquishing the invaders. Some bodies of the venomous-snake people are locked into the shape of Uluru. The remnants of their tribe went further south to attack other non-venomous snake tribes, only to meet a similar fate.

"The hare-wallaby people on the north side also had to deal with an aggressive enemy, a terrifying devil dingo. This beast had been sung into existence by a hostile tribe who had filled the creature with savage malice before letting it loose. The hare-wallabies escaped by using their fantastic leaping ability — the footprints of their frantic retreat are visible in a series of caves around the base of Uluru. They were eventually saved when the totem, which had been the source of its power, was snatched from the mouth of the great beast".

This impressive Dreamtime story appears to have elements within it that are not entirely mythological. Could it be an ancient story of some very real and terrifying battle fought in ancient Australia many thousands of years ago?

There is a curious place in the Northern Territories known as Moon City. It is said to be located north of the Roper River in Arnhem Land and populated by Aboriginals. It is a bizarre conglomerate of walls, "weird erosion", vitrification, streets and caves. While geologists say it is a natural formation, though admit that it is strange. Legend has it that the sun god came here in his ship from heaven and that the earth god waged a mighty war against him, but was finally overcome by intense heat.

Few outsiders have ever been to Moon City, a sacred area, but one visitor, a Colin McCarthy was shown a cave that had been fired by intense heat. This heat had been generated by the Aboriginals, however, to destroy some cave paintings, as

ordered by "God". Could Moon City have something to do with the strange "war" that is also told about Ayer's Rock?

In his book, *Ancient Mysteries*,[62] author Peter Haining suggests that Ayer's Rock and other formations on the red center may hold the key to Australia's ancient history. He finds some clue in their alignment: "Perhaps if any answers to the puzzle of a lost world in Australia are going to be found they will emerge in the heart of the Australian desert at Lyndavale, where this vast, sandy plain is suddenly broken by three extraordinary masses aligned in an east-west direction over a distance of about eighty miles. Robert Charroux describes these monoliths in *The Mysterious Unknown* (1969): 'The first, Mount Conner, is of quartzite, and looks like the keep of a mediaeval castle. The second is a rounded granite hummock, known as Ayer's Rock...the third, of sandstone and granite, forms a circlet of minarets, domes and pillars, which the Aborigines name the Many-Headed Mountain (Olgas). These monoliths lie in an absolutely straight line, so that an observer standing in line with the first or last cannot see the other two'.

"Geologists who have examined these strange creations believe they are of natural origin, just freaks of erosion. The Aborigines, however, say they originated from the 'Dream Time' and were actually carved by the Arientas and Luritchas, half-man and half-animal creatures. Today, say these enigmatic oldest residents of the great continent, the monoliths stand as a memorial to mankind's predecessors...".[62]

Looking out from the road at Mount Conner, an odd mesa rising from the desert, and seeing Ayer's Rock in the distance, I could easily see how these sites might be along Aboriginal "Dream Tracks". Haining goes on to mention theories that Australia might have been some sort of "Penal Colony" long before the British made it theirs. He also finds theories of visitors to Australia fascinating: "The idea of 'superior beings' has cropped up in connection with the strange paintings found in 1838 in a cave near Glenelg River in the Kimberley Ranges in Western Australia. One of the paintings shows a group of four figures, all with haloes of dark blue and wearing sandals on their feet. The idea of people wearing shoes when all Aborigines went barefoot set the first puzzle; the second was the fact that the figures had variously three or seven fingers and toes. According to archaeologists, the paintings were the work of Aborigines and represented their rain god Wandjina. The Aborigines, for their part, denied this totally, as the investigator Andrew Tomas wrote in a report in 1972: 'The Aborigines say they were made by another race. The technique of artwork and the employment of a blue pigment not used by the Aborigines attributes the authorship of these drawings to a people of non-Australian origin. These "Wandjina" pictures are supposed to represent the first men'.

"It has recently been suggested that these figures are actually spacemen who visited Australia in primitive times. The same explanation has also been offered for another, still more striking, painting found in the same caves. This lone figure, ten feet tall, is wearing a long, sack-like pink garment, and surrounding his head, like a helmet, are two circles of pink and gold. On the pink band are six strange symbols which have so far proved impossible to interpret. Again the major arguments center on whether this is the work of Aboriginal or immigrant hands.

"Apart from men from other worlds visiting ancient Australia, there is some controversial evidence that both the Egyptians and the Chinese may have landed in the dim past. At Darwin a hard stone figure of the Chinese deity Shou Loa was found during excavations, but whether it is just an isolated relic or the first clue to an actual Chinese settlement only further work will show. In 1963 a pile of Egyptian coins that had been buried about 4,000 years ago was found in some rocky terrain in an undisclosed location. Indeed, the find was barely publicized at all, and photographs of the coins only appeared in a few obscure publications. The very

enormity of the idea of any kind of contact between Ancient Egypt and Australia seems to have discouraged speculation".[62]

In an *Australasian Post* article dated December 5, 1985, about an exchange program of artists with the People's Republic of China, a Professor Cai from the the Quangzhou Academy was quoted as saying that Aboriginal rock paintings were similar to Chinese bone carvings that were popular about 2000 BC.

Suddenly the bus pulled into Yulara, a new, modern settlement created for the increasing tourism into the area. A spacious and pre-planned resort, complete with restaurants, gift shops, an information center, a youth hostel and a pub, it was sort of like a ski resort in the desert. I checked into the youth hostel just in time to catch the last rays of the sun on Ayer's Rock. The deep red color of the rock changed to different hues, and seemed larger than life in the dying sunrays. I took a shower and headed over to the cafeteria for dinner.

The next day I took a bus to the rock and did what every tourist who comes to Ayer's Rock must do: I climbed it. The first bit is quite steep, and there is a fixed cable to hold. Just at the base are some memorials to people who have had the bad fortune to fall off the rock and be killed. Incredibly, there are some twenty people who have not survived the climb, though it is not particularly dangerous, and hundreds of tourists do it every day.

It is about a forty-five minute trip to the top, scrambling up the hump and then traversing the rock to the actual summit on the east side. I was particularly interested in Ayer's Rock not only for the view, but for the geology of it as well. As a huge granite mass, it has been twisted so that the sedimentary layers of sandstone within the rock are vertical, rather than horizontal. In some past age, this gigantic rock was thrust up and turned in what must have been an event of catastrophic proportions.

Looking out over the vast desert, I wondered if Australia genuinely had been part of the Pacific continent as *The Lemurian Fellowship* said. Their map included Australia, which would mean that Australia was one of the last vestiges of Mu. A geologist had told me that it is believed that the Great Barrier Reef was above water 20 to 40 thousand years ago. That would fit in with *The Lemurian Fellowship's* date of the sinking of the Pacific Continent in 24,000 BC during a pole shift. If that were the case, there should be some legends of floods in Australia.

In the book *Myths and Legends of Australia* by A.W. Reed,[63] the legend of the creation of the first man is told. After creating the animals (the platypus could not decide what attributes it wanted, so it got bits and pieces of all animals) the Great Spirit Baiame decided to create an animal that "walked erect on two legs. It had hands that could fashion tools and weapons and the wit to use them; above all, it had a brain that could obey the impulses of the spirit; and so Man, who was greater than all other animals, was fashioned as a vessel for the mind-power of the Great Spirit.

"This was done in secret. No other eye saw the making of Man, and the minutes of eternity went by in the last great act of creation. The world became dark and sorrowful at the absence of the Great Spirit. Floods ravaged the land. The animals took refuge in a cave high up in the mountains. From time to time one of them went to the entrance to see if the floods had subsided; but there was nothing to be seen except the emptiness of the land and the endless swirling of the waters under a sunless sky.

"...the unchanging night lasted for a period which could not be measured in sunrises and sunsets...as he went Yhi (the sun) flooded the world with light. The remaining animals came out of the cave and gathered together on the hilltop. There on the pinnacle of the roof of the world they saw the Great Spirit revealed to them at last. Baiame stood before them in the form of Man, of Man who rules over all creation because he has the soul and intelligence of Baiame in a human body".[63]

Was this ancient Aboriginal myth about the cataclysm that supposedly took place

26,000 years ago when the Great Barrier Reef was still above water? Certainly it is interesting that people as cut-off from the world as Australian Aborigines would have myths so similar to our own flood stories.

Looking west to the Olgas, I wondered if aspects of Aboriginal culture might also be left over from Mu. Could even the use of boomerangs have originated in a lost Pacific Continent? Issue 132 of *Science News* (page 215, 1987) has this to say about ancient boomerangs: "Scientists who found a curved piece of mammoth tusk in a cave in southern Poland have dubbed it the world's oldest boomerang, dating to about 23,000 years ago.

"The claim is based on the artifacts shape, curvature and flattening at both ends, report Pawel Valde-Nowak and his colleagues of the Polish Academy of Sciences in Krakow. It spans about 27 inches and is up to 2.3 inches wide and 0.6 inches thick. One side preserves the external, rounded surface of the tusk, while the other has been polished almost flat".

Polish boomerangs 23,000 years old? This is just the sort of ammo that guys like Rex Gilroy need in their "scum bag" war! Just as astonishing is the "historical fact" that Egyptians often hunted with boomerangs. An excellent reproduction of an Egyptian mural of Egyptians hunting with boomerangs can be found in Volume 2 of G. Maspero's three volume set, *History of Egypt*, (London, 1906—the mural is reproduced in this book).

Similarly, Marilyn Pye says that when Tutankhamen's tomb was opened, there was an entire chamber full of boomerangs. I have not been able to authenticate this, and frankly doubt it. Not because Tutankhamen may not have had any boomerangs, he probably had several, but his tomb did not consist of many rooms, but only an inner and outer chamber, I believe. It is generally believed that boomerangs are an Australian invention, although it is a fact that ancient boomerangs have been excavated in Florida, Denmark, and all over the world.

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Once everyone was down from the rock, we drove around the rock, just in time for a rain storm. Water poured off the rock in hundreds of waterfalls. Our bus took off for the Olgas, where we had time to hike. A British traveler named Stephanie and I hiked up a trail back into the strange formations of sandstone and granite. The trail ended at a rock fall, but we climbed over it and continued high up into dome-shaped rocks. Finally, I came to a spot where two large boulders had fallen and gotten lodged in the gulley above me. As I came around a large rock, I suddenly screamed and jumped back!

There at my feet was a large goanna, a three-foot-long lizard, only a foot from me. I pressed against the rock, and then realized that it was dead, its hip torn out. I surmised that it had been picked up by a bird and dropped there. It must have been a large bird! I showed it to Stephanie who was coming behind me, and then we returned to the bus.

That night at the pub in Yulara, I was sitting with Stephanie having a beer. She was in her early twenties and was taking a vacation from her job in London. She had relatives in Sydney, and had flown out to Alice Springs to see Ayer's Rock. Blonde and vivacious, she was fun to be around and attracted considerable attention from men.

We were suddenly joined by grizzled Aussie Outbackers who had apparently come out of the desert. Seating themselves at our table, probably because of Stephanie, they gave us the traditional Aussie, "G'day".

We got to talking about Ayer's Rock and the vast outback. Suddenly one of the men said, "If I could get to Lassiter's Reef, I'd never have to work another day in

my life!"

"Lassiter's Reef? What is that?" asked Stephanie.

Asking about Lasseter's Reef in an outback pub, we found, is an invitation to lively conversation. The outbacker launched into the tale of the fabulous lost gold mine of Lewis Lasseter.

"Ya see, Miss", began the unshaven, dusty man. He was in his late thirties, I guessed, and his red, wrinkled skin betrayed a hard life out in the burning sun of the center of Australia, "way back in 1897, an American bloke named Lewis 'Harry' Lasseter discovered this great vein of gold west of Alice Springs, apparently in the Petermann Range just west of the Olgas. But it was thirty years later during the great depression that he decided to go back looking for it. Lasseter was able to persuade the Australian Workers' Union and some businessmen to part with some big money so that Lasseter could lead an expedition into the outback in search of his gold reef, seven miles long, that would save the Australian economy.

"Lasseter and his team set out, but trouble dogged them all the way. Lasseter acted kind of funny, and some people began to think he was just pulling legs. He absolutely refused to divulge the location of the reef. After some close brushes with death, the expedition effectively disintegrated on September 15, when Lasseter and a dingo scalper named Paul Johns parted company with the rest of the group and headed for the Petermann Range. 'If I don't find the reef, I'm never coming back', were Lasseter's parting words. Two months later, Lasseter and Johns parted company and Lasseter lived in the Tjuunti Caves on Boomerang Creek, waiting for help to arrive. He presumably died of starvation sixteen weeks later.

"Several expeditions went out looking for Lasseter", continued the outbacker, downing the rest of a glass of beer. Stephanie was wide-eyed as the man continued the story of millions, perhaps billions, in gold. "But most of those expeditions ended in disaster. Finally, a man named Bob Buck, who owned a station in the Hermannsburg Mission area, was led by Aborigines to a shallow grave that supposedly held Lasseter's remains.

"Buck retrieved a pistol, dentures and diary that came from the cave. They were all Lasseter's. Still, Buck refused to sign a statutory declaration that the body was Lasseter's. Many also believe that Buck backtracked, and removed the three treacle tins believed to contain gold, and a letter. Still, the reef is unfound today, though it is believed to be on Aboriginal land, and is covered by a sand dune that shifts every fifty years".

"Wow, that's an incredible story", sighed Stephanie. "Do you know where the gold is?"

The outbacker looked at Stephanie and gave her a wink. "Sure, I know where it is. It's in the Petermann Range at either Mount Christopher or Mount Swan. The reason no one else has been able to find it is because Lasseter spoke in Nautical Miles, not statute miles. The Abos know where it is, too, sometimes they'll come into Alice and buy a new Landrover with a lump of gold! They'll kill you if you try and mine the reef though".

"Of course, some people say that Lasseter didn't die out there", said the other man, coming back with a pitcher of beer. "Some say Lasseter went on through the center of Aus to Western Australia. In 1956, a West Australian woman, Nellie Edwards, saw a photo of Lasseter. She claimed that she had met the very man in 1931, several months after he had been reported dead. He said his name was Duncan and had been with the party that found Lasseter's body. Later, friends of his say they saw Lasseter in Los Angeles in the 1950s. There is even a book written about it, *Lasseter Did Not Die*".

"Well, that's quite a story", I said.

"Fair dinkum, mate", said the outbacker. Fair dinkum is an Australian

expression that means something like, “honest-to-God-true”. Indeed, it was a tale of adventure, mystery and lost treasure. The tale of Lasseter’s Gold isn’t over yet, recently the famous Israeli psychic Uri Geller announced that he would search for the gold, though perhaps we will never know the truth.

“But it’s out there, mate, it’s out there!” said the outbacker as he finished his last beer.

§§§

It was noon the next day. I was standing at the crossroads outside the Erldunda Pub on Highway 87, trying to hitch south through the Simpson Desert to Coober Pedy and Adelaide. I looked up and down the road, a scorched ribbon of tar, searching for some sign of a vehicle. There had been none for several hours. Suddenly, I heard the whine of a motor. I looked around, but could see no truck. Was I hallucinating in the desert heat?

Then I looked up and saw an ultra-light circling above me. The small, red craft flew low over the lonely road-house pub and then banked and came straight at me. Its engines buzzing, it landed right there on the highway, taxiing over by a sign. I walked up to the man just as he stepped out and took off his helmet.

“G’day, mate”, he called as I walked up to him.

“Howdy”, I said. “I don’t suppose that you’re flying south, I could use a ride”. This would have been quite a unique lift for me.

“Sorry, mate”, he said, “but I’m heading back to Alice. Just wanted to stop and get a cold beer at the pub. Would you mind looking after the craft while I visit the pub? Make sure the wind doesn’t flip it over?”

“Sure”, I said and watched his plane while he was in the pub. Still no rides came by. This was a pretty lonely spot, and the next town of any size was hundreds of miles away. Suddenly, I saw a bus pull into the pub, so I walked back to talk to the driver. I was able to get a student discount ticket to Adelaide for $75 Australian by showing the conductor my scuba certificate. Shortly, the hot, dusty highway was left below me and I was reclining in air-conditioned comfort and looking out the tinted window of the bus. Somewhere out there were Aborigines living in caves, as well as Lasseter’s seven mile reef of gold. This was a far cry from riding in the back of pickups through the burning hot sun and standing all day waiting for a lift with a cloud of flies around me.

Once again I thought of the fantastic mineral resources of Australia, and the attraction that they would have to any ancient civilization. Western Australia is a vast area, nearly half of Australia, which must hold some secrets. One “lost city”, thought to be an ancient Phoenician encampment, was discovered there some years ago in the Buccaneer Archipelago north of Derby in north-western Western Australia. In a mangrove swamp along the coast, treasure hunter and explorer Alan Robinson discovered what was apparently a Phoenician ship.

An old beachcomber had given him a bronze plate which American “experts” said had Phoenician writing on it. He then tracked down an ancient Phoenician galley in the swamp, near to where the bronze plate had been found. Nearby, he discovered an open cut tin mine and apparently some treasure. Robinson did some research and linked the Phoenician ship and tin mine with a Persian Admiral in the time of Darius, who, according to Persian records (and Robinson), sailed south to an unknown land and returned with twelve ships of tin! Robinson tells of his discovery and other adventures in his privately published book called *Treasure Is Not For the Finder in Australia*. His title comes from his frustrations with the Australian Government since they would not let him keep the many thousands of dollars of treasure which he had discovered.

That night we reached Coober Pedy, probably the most famous opal mining town in the world. Coober Pedy has a reputation as a pretty wild place, and I certainly got that impression after being there for a few hours. Cars drag-raced up and down the main street, and there was no sign of police anywhere. The bus driver warned us before we got out that it was a sort of out-of-control place, and to watch our step, stay out of fights, and not walk in the middle of the road, lest we get run over.

Houses are underground, mostly, in Coober Pedy, usually in old opal mines. We had a quick tour of an opal mine turned youth hostel and then I walked down to a pub to grab some dinner. Later, I looked out the window at the stars, as the bus continued on its way to Adelaide in South Australia.

Being the gregarious fellow that I am, I struck up a conversation with a young Australian man in the seat across from me. His name was Duncan and he had dark hair, a thin build and a naturally friendly demeanor. We talked about the mysteries of Australia, and he told me about some of his Aboriginal friends. "Aboriginals can walk along the bottom of pools and billabongs (wide areas in rivers) and catch birds that are floating on the water by grabbing their legs. Did you ever try to walk along the bottom of a pool?" he said, "It's impossible!"

I laughed. "Yeah, walking along the bottom of a pool is pretty hard", I agreed.

"The Aboriginals always talked about these large animals that lived in rivers and lakes. They called them Bunyips. Bunyips became the general term for mythical creatures, boogey-men, and the like. Yet, Aboriginals insisted that they existed".

"Do they exist?" I asked.

"Well..". said Duncan, building up suspense. "The largest marsupial ever to exist, as far as we know was a giant relative of the wombat, twice the size of a rhinoceros, with a similar appearance, and it was called Diprotodon-Australis. Diprotodons were first discovered in 1838 by Sir Richard Owen who found their remains at the Wellington Caves in New South Wales.

"A whole graveyard of bones was dug up in 1892 in the dried up lake bed of Lake Callabonna in South Australia, only a few feet from the surface. Scientists contend that Diprotodons became extinct 10,000 years ago, yet I just read in the newspaper last week that some Diprotodon bones were dug up in Victoria, and when they dated them, they were only 300 years old!"

"That is amazing! So, these giant, marsupial wombat-rhinos were still around only a few hundred years ago! Maybe they are the bunyips that the Aboriginals believe in", I exclaimed.

"Right!" said Duncan. "The Aboriginals know what they're talking about. Diprotodons are probably still living today in some outback rivers and lakes. That's what the Aboriginals believe".

"I've heard that other supposedly extinct animals are still around, like the marsupial wolf and the marsupial tiger", I said.

"For sure! When Aboriginal elders tell me something, no matter how fantastic, I believe them. The elders carry these things called *Churingas* in an airline bag. *Churingas* are these sacred objects that are with them always. No one else must see them, and if someone else does, the elder must kill that person! Apparently they are some sort of black rocks with carvings on them, but of course, no one who has seen them has lived to tell about them".

"Wow, that's pretty interesting", I said, "Do you mind if I take some notes?"

"No, go right ahead. The Aboriginals are incredibly psychic, too! And there's plenty of mystery out there in the desert. For instance, there are the Min Min Lights, little lights like fairy lights, that move through the desert. And there's the Pankalangka, a yowie hairy-man who moves through tunnels in the desert and lives underground, or so say the Aborigines".

"Really?" I exclaimed. "I've always been interested in these legends of underground tunnels and cities".

"They're out there", said Duncan, his voice suddenly getting low. He leaned toward me so I could hear him better as he spoke. I suppose he didn't want others to hear what he was saying. "The Nullabor Plain area of south-central Australia is riddled with caves. Endless caves that go deep down into the earth. I have an uncle who works for a mining company who was sent down into one of these caves to check out the minerals. He told me of hearing the sound of machinery deep down inside these caves. Huge machinery deep in the earth! How about that!"

Well, I didn't know what to think of that. It sounded so incredible I was naturally skeptical. Later, though, I read an article by American UFO investigator Don Worley entitled *Mystery of the Underground Alien Infestations* (UFO Review, No. 24, 1986). To quote Mr. Worley, "Another phenomena in other areas has been the perplexing underground motor sounds. The sound of underground motors can often affect many witnesses, but the case that occurred at Michael Richardson's Hillside Tin Mine (located 61 miles south of Marble Bar in Australia), was by its isolated nature heard by few. Three Aborigines stopped by 'Max's' camp and called his attention to the motor sounds he had already begun to hear emanating from the hills above his camp. A search was made of the rugged area where no vehicle could travel, but no cause for the sound was apparent and it continued even as he searched for its origin".

The article then goes on to talk about a strange man who arrived in a Landrover with "unusually small wheels" and with a "transparent hand, like new skin" that visited Richardson at his mine. The strange man was obsessed with beryllium (beryllium is the element used to turn iron into steel, among other uses) and his name, address and registration proved to be false, when they were checked. He also refused any liquid refreshment for the several hours there, even though it was very hot. Some days later Richardson saw UFOs and strange lights, including an "enormous zeppelin-sized orange glowing craft with a revolving white light".

It was all pretty far-out, these tales of tunnels and machinery in the Australian out-back. I turned to Duncan in the seat next to me. "What do you suppose is the solution to these mysterious sounds?" I asked him.

"Well", he said, "I suppose it could be some sort of alien machinery, or it could be that the underground city of Pine Gap at Alice Springs has tunnels that stretch for hundreds of miles. Could the American military and their machinery be causing the strange noises?" I shrugged my shoulders. This was one story I wouldn't be seeing on the nightly news, I knew that!

Out in the night, we passed the Woomera Prohibited Area where the British tested their atomic bomb in 1955. This was the only atomic test ever done by the British, and naturally they chose the Australian desert to do it in (after all, it wasn't *their* country...). There is however a very odd and controversial thing about that atomic test, something that has not been explained to this day.

The British government hired an explorer named Len Beadell to survey a certain area on the Nullabor Plain just north of Fisher on the Transcontinental Railway Line between Port Augusta and Kalgoorlie. At a site located at latitude 28° 58.4266974' and longitude 132° 00', he discovered what he called an Australian Stonehenge. It was about twenty miles away from the spot the British wanted to detonate their bomb, code named "Emu".

Beadell returned to the site two years later to photograph and study the structures, just prior to the British detonation of their one and only atom bomb. Photos of the site reveal that it was made of large stone blocks which were possibly basalt crystal logs, weighing up to a ton each. The blocks were stacked together and placed on end for some unknown purpose. It is interesting to note that Marilyn

Pye's stone with the sun symbol was also made of basalt. Basalt is a volcanic rock that cools and naturally forms crystals. It is also magnetic.

Also near the "henge" was a stone platform of cut slabs. The entire area was extremely ancient, and undoubtedly formed by man. But for what reason? Aborigines are not known to have ever constructed any kind of stone structure like this. Beadell was fascinated and mystified by the structure, and could not figure out its purpose. He later wrote an obscure book on the native "stonehenge". Shortly after his visit, the bomb was detonated by the British, less than twenty miles away. The entire area is now radioactive, and the whole Woomera Area is "Prohibited", theoretically because of the danger of radioactivity.

What was the purpose of this site and platform? It is interesting to note that proponents of the "world grid" place this site at an important power point on the grid. Some theorists maintain that all major nuclear testing sites and military facilities are purposely placed at key points on the "world grid". Should this be the case, is it coincidental that where the British wanted to explode a nuclear device was a stone platform and megalithic structure? Proponents of the "world grid" also maintain that major ancient megalithic sites such as pyramids, stonehenges, and other ancient structures are located at key points on the grid.

I was personally told by someone who shall remain anonymous, that this platform was a "Vimana Landing Pad" for those ancient airships of the Rama Empire that are discussed in the Ramayana, Mahabharata and other ancient Indian texts. Vimanas allegedly used a sort of "electro-gravitic" motor and utilized the earth's natural energies and the "grid". If this theory is true, than we might assume that this site then goes back to the time of Rama and Atlantis, theoretically circa 8,000 BC.

Staring out at the night sky and the stars that shone above the *Woomera Prohibited Area*, I realized that the solution to the mysterious megaliths of Southern Australia would probably never be known. I thought of what Rex Gilroy had said about lines of megaliths in the deserts of Central and Western Australia. Were they astronomically aligned, or "grid aligned"?

It was bright and early the next morning when we arrived at the central bus terminal in Adelaide. Once again, I was standing on the street with my pack at my feet, wondering what to do next. My money was running low, so I'd have to get back to Sydney soon.

I spent the night at a hostel in Adelaide, and hitchhiked the next day to Melbourne to see some friends. After four or five days in Melbourne, I hitched up to Canberra, capital of Australia, to see another friend, and then back to Sydney.

At dinner with Fenella and Lucky in Sydney one night, they asked me if I had found my Egyptian pyramids in Australia. I looked down at my glass of wine and then smiled. "Well, I have, and I haven't".

They suddenly showed me the photo from the Gympie newspaper of the mayor of Gympie shaking my hand. I thought back over the many miles of desert, the fight in the bar, Ayer's Rock turning different colors in the sunset and the long waits at hot, dusty crossroads in the desert. It had been a strange trip, my Australian odyssey. I didn't know what I had found. Perhaps I never would.

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LASSETER IS DEAD

OFFICIAL REPORT

Starvation ends his search for fabled gold reef

BODY IN SHALLOW GRAVE

ADELAIDE, Tuesday: Lewis Harold Bell Lasseter, the Sydney adventurer, explorer and prospector, is dead.

Lasseter died searching for the fabulously rich gold reef he claimed he once found. With his passing the mystery of the location of the reef

Mr Lewis Lasseter . . . the mystery of a fabulous gold reef died with him.

Mr Robert Buck . . . his search for Lasseter ended at a shallow grave.

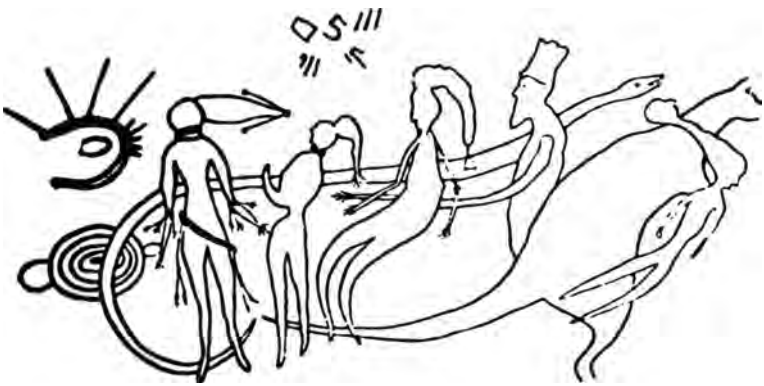
Near tragedy

Empty revolver

HAIR PROBLEMS DON'T WORRY AMAMI GIRLS

Still only 9d

A rock carving near Alice Springs,
Australia, depicting a non-aborigine figure
in a horizontal position. An archaeological puzzle.



Ancient cave painting in the Prince Regent River Valley
in the Kimberleys in Australia. The figure on
the left seems to be wearing a space helmet with an antenna.
The presence in Australia of a bearded man in
a Babylonian-like miter and of the three European
women is a mystery.

Top: An aboriginal shaman. Bottom: Two of the bizarre cave paintings from the Kimberley Range of Western Australia suggesting strange visitors to the land. The figure on the left has a type of script above his head, similar to ancient Hebrew.

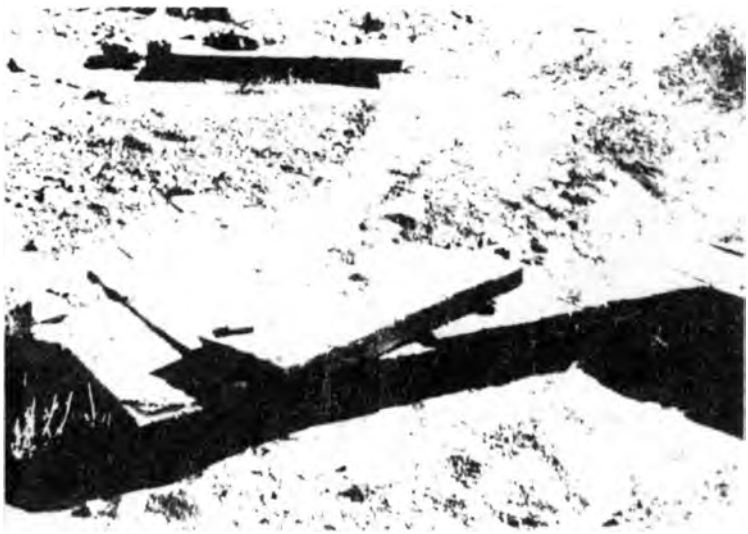
Above: The extraordinary formation of the Olgas, called by the Aboriginals “The Many-Headed Mountain”. Below: Aerial photo of Uluru, or Ayer’s Rock, which changes colour during the day. A famous dream-time battle took place at this mysterious rock.

• ADVENTURER: Len Beaded discovered a “native Stonehenge” in South Australia in 1953

• SITE: Mr Beaded produced this drawing of the position of the “Stonehenge” site

Len Beadell’s map to the the mysterious platform and stacked stones in South Australia, the site marked “Emu” is the British Atomic test site.

Two photos of the platform by Len Beadell. Above: close-up of one of the cut slabs an the edge of the platform. Below: A portion of the strange platform. What was its purpose?



Len Beadell's photo of the stacked stones he found in South Australia. In the background is part of the platform with cut blocks of stone.

Chapter Seven

New Zealand:
Moas and the Origins of the Maoris

Let us not look back in anger
or forward in fear,
but around us in awareness.
—James Thurber

For some reason, I had always been quite keen on New Zealand. Perhaps it was because in my youth in Colorado and Montana I had grown up with a great love of tall mountains, alpine streams, country roads and back country farms. Also, being something of a "Himalayophile", Sir Edmund Hillary, the first person to climb Mount Everest with Tenzing Norgay, was one of my heroes.

The idea of walking down a country road, pack on my back, and no real destination in mind, appealed to me greatly. As I stepped off the plane at Auckland International Airport, I realized that one of my great travel fantasies was coming true, a fantasy I had had since childhood.

What does New Zealand have to do with Lemuria? Are there strange megaliths and lost cities here in this small country? What mysteries lie here in a country of three million people and a 100 million sheep—30 for each man, woman and child? Well, I didn't really know. But, I intended to find out!

My flight from Sydney had landed late in the evening, and it was raining. I still wasn't sure where I would staying, but I did know that the airport was quite a way from town. I decided that the most sensible thing to do was to spend the first night at the airport, and then go into Auckland the next morning.

According to my guide book, there were several good hostels in Auckland, a clean, pleasant, though sprawling, city. Aucklanders will tell you that Auckland is the largest city in the world—at least as far as area is concerned. I checked into the Georgia Hostel, conveniently located near the downtown, and headed for the town center.

It was a bright, sunny day, and felt good. I stopped in at one of the many milk bars that are found all over New Zealand for a fresh pint of milk, and made my way downtown. People were hustling and bustling everywhere. I was amazed at the racial melting pot of the city. People of British, Maori, Samoan, Fijian, Yugoslavian and Chinese ancestry could be seen. New Zealand is said to be one of the best integrated nations in the world, largely because of the early settlement of the country.

New Zealand was the last major land area to be discovered by sailors during the great age of exploration in the 14th and 15th centuries. New Zealand was first sighted by Dutch explorer Abel Tasman on December 31, 1642 who had left Batavia (modern day Jakarta in Indonesia) and sailed around Australia. Because of an unfortunate incident with the natives when he first landed, he named his first land

fall "Murder's Bay" (now called Golden Bay). As you might guess, the unfortunate incident had to do with four of his crew members being captured and cooked by some local Maoris, most of whom were cannibals. Needless to say, the Dutch were not too crazy about the place after this, and decided to leave it for some other other nation to claim. Tasman believed that New Zealand was somehow part of a "fabled southern continent" as yet undiscovered.

It was more than a hundred years later that Captain Cook sailed by in 1769 and discovered that his Tahitian interpreter could communicate with the Maoris. He made friends with them, being careful that when he was invited to dinner that he was not the main course. Cook claimed New Zealand for Britain, sailed around both islands and headed for Australia.

Sealers, whalers and odd immigrants began filtering into New Zealand, introducing disease, prostitution, a demand for the "preserved warrior heads", the Maori version of shrunken heads, and modern European weapons. Previously, the Maori had lived in the stone age, and had fought their battles with wooden clubs and spears. Suddenly they had muskets, swords, and the like, and they began a wholesale slaughter of themselves. The native population fell dramatically and continued to decline until the early 1900s.

The birthday of modern New Zealand is generally considered to be February 6, 1840, when a treaty was signed between forty-five Maori chiefs and the British representative, Captain William Hobson. This treaty lasted only a short time, as land was grabbed unfairly from the Maoris, just as in every other colonial occupation (although, in all fairness, the history of our planet is migration and invasion over and over again). War with the Maoris broke out when the British governor put a £100 reward on the head of the Maori chief Heke. Heke responded by offering a £100 reward for the head of the British governor.

Full-fledged war raged from 1860 to 1865 with neither side winning, but the Maoris were largely worn down by the sheer weight of numbers and the superior equipment of the British. The Maoris, however, could rightfully claim to have been "undefeated" and both came to terms. New Zealand then settled down to become a productive agricultural country. Sheep farming came into its own when refrigerated tankers could carry New Zealand meat to Europe. New Zealand also led in social reform, and was one of the first countries in the world where women could vote.

Back at the Georgia Hostel one night, after touring the Auckland Museum and walking about Auckland, I was talking with some other travelers about New Zealand's history. History from the discovery of the country by Abel Tasman was pretty well recorded, but what of the history of New Zealand before the coming of the first Europeans? Where had the Maoris come from?

This, it turns out, is a highly controversial subject. According to Maori tradition, the first Maori to come to New Zealand was the warrior Kupe. Kupe was fishing near his island home Hawaiki, when a great storm arose and blew him far down to the south, where he sighted Aotearoa, "the land of the long white cloud". The legend says that Kupe eventually made the return voyage to his homeland, and told them of his discovery. Many researchers believe that this happened as late as AD 950, but other theories place it much longer ago than that.

At one point, the ancient homeland of Hawaiki got overpopulated, and a huge wave of migration set out for Aotearoa in ten great canoes, supposedly in the 14th century. The names of the canoes are still remembered in the stories, and their landing points, crews, and histories are also recalled. Even today, many Maoris still trace their history back to one of these ten canoes.[66,73]

It is generally accepted that Maoris are Polynesians, but the location of Hawaiki is open to considerable interpretation. Most anthropologists who write about the

Maori do not believe that Hawaiki is the same as modern day Hawaii. Rather, accepted belief usually places Hawaiki at either Tahiti or in the Marquesas Islands east of Tahiti.

Carbon dating in New Zealand places settlements there at least about the ninth century AD. In addition, according to tradition, New Zealand was already inhabited by another race of people before the Maoris, a group of people called the Moriori. The Moriori were driven out of New Zealand and lived only on the remote Chatham Islands, which are more than 500 miles to the east of New Zealand. Early observers to New Zealand considered the Maoris and Morioris to be different ethnic groups, though today prevailing theory is that they were just from different waves of Polynesian migration, the Morioris being part of the earliest migratory waves. The different waves thus developed separate cultures.

The theory that the Morioris and Maoris were the same people is further complicated by the fact that the last Moriori, Tommy Solomon Te Rangi Tapua, died in the Chatham Islands in 1933. Furthermore, in 1866, the British government sent the quashed Maori rebels from the Maori uprising in exile to the Chatham Islands, thus ending any ethnic purity that the Morioris might have had.[66,73] We will probably never know who the Moriori were.

But still, the problem of whence the Maoris came exists. More intriguing still, what of other visitors to New Zealand in prehistory? The search for the homeland of the Maori is part of the wider quest for the origin of all Polynesians—a fascinating search, as we shall see, taking us from ancient Egypt and India to a lost continent in the Pacific. How Polynesians came to be where they were perplexed early explorers in the Pacific. The Dutch Navigator Jacob Roggeveen said that the Polynesians were descended from Adam though "human understanding was powerless to comprehend by what means they could have been transported to the Pacific".[66] Such doubts also afflicted James Cook and his men.

Prior to the publication of Darwin's *The Origin of the Species*, it was generally believed (by Europeans anyway) that the races of man were descended from the sons of Noah, Shem, Japheth and Ham. Darker races were considered the sons of Ham, while lighter races, such as American Indians and Polynesians, were considered the sons of Shem.

Early on, a Malaysian origin for the Polynesians was speculated. The second edition of pioneer anthropologist J.F. Blumenback's book *Natural Varieties of Mankind* (1781) added a fifth race to his originally speculated four of Caucasian, Asiatic, American and Ethiopian. This fifth race was Malaysian, which included the Polynesians.[66]

With the arrival of missionaries in the Pacific came other theories, such as that the Maoris "had sprung from some dispersed Jews", thereby making them one of the lost tribes of Israel. We now have the notion that Maoris, and Polynesians in general, are Semites. The *Book of Mormon* also follows this theory, stating that the Polynesians were descended from American Indian Semites who first landed in Hawaii in 58 BC. Thor Heyerdahl has sought to prove this hypothesis in a number of his expeditions.

However, the prevailing theory of the late 1800s and early 1900s was that the Maoris were actually Aryans, and came from India. This is a very interesting theory, as we shall soon see. Linguistic evidence was usually cited, such as the detection of Sanscrit words in Polynesian vocabularies. In the days when racism was a common fact of life, one reason for such a theory was partly political: to prove that a fellowship existed between Maoris and Europeans. The main contributor to this theory was a book entitled *The Aryan Maori*, by Edward Tregear, published in

1885.[70]

Tregear postulated that the Maori were descended from the warlike, pastoral Aryans; that the Maori language preserved "in an almost inconceivable purity" the speech of his Aryan forefathers and had even "embalmed" the memory of animals and implements, the sight of which had been lost for centuries. His theories were controversial, and rather poorly presented, so they naturally drew a great deal of criticism. Yet, his was to become the dominant theory anyway.

A more important scholar who supported Aryan Maoris was John Macmillan Brown who had studied at Glasgow and Oxford before taking up the Chair of English, History, and Political Economy at Canterbury University College in 1874. Brown retired from his chair in 1895 and spent much of the remaining forty years of his life traveling the Pacific in pursuit of his intellectual hobbies, including the origin of the Maori. Brown settled in New Zealand and published his first book, *Maori and Polynesian* in 1907.[68]

An leading philologist of his day, Brown stressed that the "true classification of linguistic affinities is not by their grammar, but by the phonology".[68,66] Unlike earlier philologists, Brown admitted that the phonology of the Polynesian dialects differs by a whole world from that of all the languages to the west of it—that is, the language of Melanesia, Indonesia, and Malaysia. How then did the Aryan forbears of the Polynesians come into the Pacific?

Brown believed that they had come by several routes from the Asian mainland. Some had come through South East Asia, having been driven on by a Mongoloid influx. Others had come in a northern arc through Micronesia. And others of this northern migration had passed over the Bering Strait into the Americas before doubling back to colonize eastern Pacific islands like Easter Island. The Polynesian language that eventually emerged was an amalgam of several primitive Aryan tongues. In *Maori and Polynesian* Brown suggested that the amalgam was formed in Indonesia, but later he shifted his ground. In his 1920 thesis, *The Languages of the Pacific*, Brown argued that "the linguistic attitude" of the Polynesians faced "north towards Japanese and Ainu". What had induced Brown to change his mind was the discovery of Tocharish, a "primeval" Aryan language as Brown called it, in a manuscript found at Dunhuang in the Gobi Desert in 1911. This famous cache of ancient texts, some written in unknown languages that have never been deciphered, was to provide a goldmine for those scholars who took interest in them.[66,67,68]

Said Brown, "The main features of the Polynesian tongue... go back to the old stone age in Europe....We must conclude that the Aryan language started on its career from twenty to twenty-five thousand years ago, and that philological students of Latin and Greek and the modern European languages must study Polynesian in order to see the type from which these sprung".[66,67]

Brown went on become Chancellor of the University of New Zealand, and enthusiastically championed unorthodox theories on the origin of the Polynesians, even to the point of advocating a lost continent in the Pacific. He found Greek, Celtic, and especially Scandinavian models for Polynesian gods. He found in the demi-god voyagers in Polynesian traditions—in Whiro, Kupe, Turi, and Tangiia, for instance—a reminder of the "half mythical Scandinavian Vikings who sailed to Iceland and Greenland and Finland".

Brown had traveled widely throughout the Pacific, something most anthropologists and historians had not done, and was awed by the many megalithic remains he had seen. He believed that he could trace the footsteps of the Aryans into and through the Pacific from their megaliths. Brown claimed that the megalithic remains at Kerikeri and Atiamuri in New Zealand were evidence of Aryan

occupation.

Brown's magnum opus on the Pacific startled many people. His final book, *The Riddle of the Pacific*, published in 1924, claimed that there was once a continent in the Pacific. This continent, of which Easter Island was one of the last remnants, had been founded by Aryans from America.[69] Here was the Chancellor of the University of New Zealand advocating a sunken civilization in the Pacific(!) and not without reason. Brown may have first become convinced of a lost Pacific continent when he was introduced to the ancient texts at Dunhuang. One of the ancient papers allegedly contained a fragment of a map which showed a sunken continent (see my book, *Lost Cities of China*, *Central Asia & India*). Brown had also been to Easter Island where the local tradition has it that natives are from a sunken land called "Hiva". It is also interesting to note that the current belief among traditional anthropologists is that Easter Islanders originally came from New Zealand.

The Riddle of the Pacific is perhaps the rarest of all Mu or Lemuria books. It has been out of print for more than fifty years. Unlike other "Mu" books, Brown was not a mystic. His beliefs came from his knowledge and travels in the Pacific. It is deftly written by a scholarly man, who applies logic and science to his arguments for a sunken civilization. One famous passage in the book refers to the gigantic stone remains on remote Pohnpei Island in Micronesia: "The rafting over the reef at high tide and the hauling up of these immense blocks, many of them from five to twenty-five tons in weight, to such height as sixty feet must have meant tens of thousands of organized labor; and it had to be housed and clothed and fed. Yet within a radius of fifteen hundred miles from this as a center there are not more than fifty thousand people today. It is one of the miracles of the Pacific unless we assume a subsidence of twenty times as much land as now exists..".[69]

Brown's dating was interesting. He believed that this civilization was at least 100,000 years old, and his date of twenty to twenty-five thousand years ago for the beginning of Aryan language corresponds with *The Lemurian Fellowship's* assertions that Mu sank at approximately this time, and Atlantis, an "Aryan nation" became the dominant culture of the time. One can not help wondering if Brown, retired scholar and world traveler, had not been instructed by some mystical brotherhood, or initiated into certain secrets that escaped many of his colleagues. It is also possible that he had met Churchward at some point. Certainly Churchward could not have been unaware of Brown's book, published seven years before the publication of *The Lost Continent of Mu* in 1931.

The notion of a lost continent in the Pacific was not taken seriously by most historians, but the notion of an Indo-Aryan origin for Polynesians certainly was. One historian was Stephenson Percy Smith, founder of the Polynesian Society in 1891. Smith used notes he had gotten from a high Rarotongan priest named Te Ariki-tara-are to trace the Polynesians back to India, though he admitted that the Indian side of it was weak through lack of records in India. He created the following table for the Aryan migrations to the Pacific:

450 BC	India
65 BC	Java
450 AD	Fiji-Samoa
650 AD	Hawaii
675 AD	Marquesas
850 AD	Maku visits New Zealand
1150 AD	Toi visits New Zealand
1175 AD	Moriori move to Chatham Islands from mainland
1250-	

1325 AD	Voyages to New Zealand of Maori forerunners.
1350 AD	New Zealand settled by "The Fleet" of ten canoes.

In my own opinion, it is most likely that New Zealand was populated long before AD 850. Another theory cropped up at the turn of the century, this one classifying the Maoris and Polynesians as belonging to the Alpine section of the Caucasian race and located their primeval home in the Atlas Mountains of North Africa. This is interesting, as the Atlas Mountains have frequently been referred to as a synonym for Atlantis, or with strong connections thereto.

Most people still held to the Indian origin of the Maoris. Elsdon Best in his book *The Maori*, published in 1924, said that according to Maori traditions, they came from a western land called Uru and then migrated to Irihia which, he said later, was very like Vrihia, the Sanskrit name for India. Another famous anthropologist was New Zealander Peter Buck, half Maori, whose Maori name was Te Rangi Hiroa. He also accepted the Indian origin of his ancestors and wrote in his book *Vikings of the Sunrise* (later retitled *Vikings of the Pacific*)[77] in 1938: "...in remote ages the ancestors of the Polynesian people probably did live in some part of India". Then they worked eastwards through the river courses of South East Asia into Malaya and Indonesia where the pressure of Mongoloid people "turned their gaze to the eastern horizon and embarked upon one of the greatest of all adventures".

Buck is still considered today to be one of the great historians of the Polynesians. Late in life he became very upset when he was refused American citizenship because American law did not recognize Polynesians as Caucasians!

Still, supposedly, Maoris and all Polynesians came from Hawaiki. Yet, as the modern scholar Margaret Orbell echoed the views of other anthropologists, Hawaiki was considered a place from which Maui, the ancestor of man, came and to which the spirits of the deceased returned. Therefore, Hawaiki was regarded as the source of man, of all men, and of food, plants, customs and even knowledge. So when Maoris were asked where they came from, they replied that they came from Hawaiki. Moreover, Hawaiki could be located to suit the occasion: in the east, the direction of the rising sun, for the beginning of life; to the west, as the setting of the sun, for death and the departure of spirits. Orbell concluded that Hawaiki was not the name of an historical fatherland but a supernatural place of much importance in the religion of Polynesians.[66]

Here we see how Hawaiki could even be Mu or Hiva, a lost land from which civilization had originated. There is even an interesting Maori legend of the God Pourangahua flying from his legendary dwelling of Hawaiki to New Zealand seated on a magic bird! Did the Polynesians actually originate in India? Or maybe from a lost continent? Perhaps neither!

Harvard Professor and native New Zealander Barry Fell has another hypothesis about the Polynesians. He is well known for advocating Egyptian, Libyan, Celtic and Phoenician ancestry for American Indians, and applies his epigraphic (the study of ancient writing) research to Polynesians. Says Fell in his popular book *America BC*.[16] after linking Libyan language to the Zuni Indians, "These phonetic rules are of the same kind as another series I demonstrated in 1973, linking the Libyan language with that of Polynesia. The Polynesian people, like the Libyans themselves, are descended from the Anatolian Sea Peoples who invaded the Mediterranean around 1400 BC and, after attacking Egypt and suffering a series of defeats as the Egyptians record, eventually settled Libya. Later the Libyan seamen were employed by the Pharaohs in the Egyptian fleet, and still later the Libyan chiefs seized control of Egypt to establish the Libyan dynasties. Thereafter Libyan influence spread far and wide, especially in the Indo-Pacific region, where the

Egyptians mined gold, as in Sumatra. During the Ptolemaic period (after Alexander the Great conquered Egypt) Libyan seamen in the service of the Greek Pharaohs explored widely, some of them settling parts of the Pacific.

"The foregoing inferences, based largely on linguistic studies, have forced us to discard the theory that traced the Polynesian settlements to supposed immigrants of uncertain origin in East Asia, for the early Polynesian inscriptions are essentially Libyan both as to the alphabet and the language. Linguists such as professor Linus Brunner in Europe and Dr. Reuel Lochore in New Zealand have found this new interpretation to be consistent with their own researches into the sources of the languages of Malaysia and Polynesia (see Brunner and Schafer's, *Malayo-Polynesian Vocabulary*, Auckland, 1976). It also explains the occurrence of Greek words in the Polynesian tongues. As Professor Brunner has pointed out, the Greek colonies in Libya used a dialect of Greek in which certain consonants replace those of Attic Greek, and it is in the Libyan form that the Greek words of Polynesia occur. The Anatolian elements in Polynesian have been the special study of Lochore, and these too are now seen to be consistent with a Libyan origin of the Polynesians, for we know from the ancient Egyptian records that Libya was settled by the Anatolian Sea Peoples".[76]

Therefore, what Fell is saying is that he believes that the Polynesians were descended from Libyans in the service of Egypt, working as sailors to Egyptian gold mines in Sumatra, and even Australia and elsewhere. He also believes that many Melanesians are the descendents of Negro slaves used as workers in the gold mines. Fell even goes on to call the dialect used by the Zuni Indians of the American south-west as *Mauri* (*sic*) *script*!

A letter in the January 21, 1875 issue of the magazine *Nature* spoke of Phoenician script in Sumatra. Writes the author, J. Park Harrison: "In a short communication to the Anthropological Institute in December last (*Nature*, Vol. XI, p. 199), Phoenician characters were stated by me to be still in use in South Sumatra. As many of your readers may be glad to have more information of the subject, I write to say that the district above alluded to includes Rejang, Lemba, and Passamah, between the second and fifth parallels of south latitude. Several manuscripts, on bamboo, from this region are preserved in the library of the India Office; and a Rejang alphabet is given by Marsden in his *History of Sumatra*, third edition. Some of his characters, however, appear to have been incorrectly copied. About half the Refang letters are admitted by all the Oriental scholars to whom I have shown them to be Phoenician of the common type; others being similar to forms found in Spain and other Phoenician colonies. Most of the letters are *reversed*, a peculiarity which is explained by the fact that the Rejang writing, according to Marsden, is read from left to right, contrary to the practice of the Malays generally. The matter is of great interest, and, it is to be hoped, will be investigated by Phoenician scholars".[83]

Perhaps we have more evidence for Phoenician and Egyptian mining operations in Sumatra, and dare I say in Australia as well? I was suddenly reminded of my trip to the Gympie site and the researches of Rex Gilroy, as well as Barry Fell.

Well, Polynesians came from somewhere. I have little doubt that Egyptians were mining gold in Sumatra and Australia. It is also fairly certain that the ancient Indians, going all the way back to the Rama Empire of India, were traveling throughout the Pacific in antiquity. Rongo Rongo writing in Easter Island is identical to Indus Valley script found at Mohenjo Daro and Harappa. Easter Island is exactly on the opposite side of the earth from the Rama cities of modern day Pakistan! These ancient Indian sailors (maybe they flew!) could not have found a spot further away than that island.

In the 1840s in the North Island of New Zealand, Reverend William Colenso was given a metal bell by local Maoris who had been using it as a cooking pot. Maoris were not known to work metals, and they claimed to have found it at the base of a tree. An inscription in archaic Tamil-Dravidian, the ancient language of the Rama Empire, from which the Tamil language of southern India is derived (it precedes Sanskrit) is on the bell. It reads: "Bell of the ship Mohammed Buks". The bell is now kept at the Wellington Museum.[73] Is this proof that the ancient Indians commonly voyaged to New Zealand and Pacific?

§§§

Hitching out of Auckland wasn't so easy. I was advised to take a bus to the end of the line and begin hitching from there. I was heading for Rotorua, the famous Maori town and hot springs. Rotorua is famous for its beautiful lakes, spectacular thermal activity and traditional Maori settlements. I got several good rides, and arrived in the town by late that afternoon. I got a bed at the *Ivanhoe Lodge*, a private hostel, left my pack in the luggage room, and headed downtown to the Public Hot Springs for a bath and swim.

Soaking in the hot springs, I lay back to think about the profusion of ancient voyagers around the world. I also thought about Thor Heyerdahl and his discoveries of the sun temples in the Maldives. It is interesting to note that the Hopi Indians, according to their own traditions, sailed on reed boats across the Pacific, probably through the Aleutian Islands, to arrive in the American west.

The Pacific wasn't such a difficult area to get around in. Sure, it is vast, but the Polynesians, wherever they are from, certainly got around it quite well. Why not other cultures with larger, more sophisticated ships? The Atlantean League probably knew the Pacific like the back of their hand. With our evidence of incredibly accurate maps prior to discovery, we know that someone had to have mapped the Antarctic in antiquity. These guys sure got around.

While in Rotorua, I thought of another interesting tale which relates to New Zealand, and the ancient seafarers. It is the story of Wakea and is told in L. Taylor Hansen's fascinating book, *He Walked the Americas*.[74] L. Taylor Hansen was the daughter of the coauthor of theory of continental drift, the Taylor-Wegner theory, and she collected tales of a bearded white man variously called Viracocha or Quetzalcoatl who walked all over North and South America preaching and healing people.

Hansen wrote a letter to Dr. Peter Buck, then the director of the Bishop Museum in Hawaii, and asked him: "Do you know of a prophet or teacher who came among the Polynesian Islands, teaching theology and agriculture? He dressed in a long white toga-like garment. His eyes were grey-green, his long light brown hair had reddish highlights, and he was bearded. If you recognize this figure, please tell me his name, his century, and the manner of his coming. From which direction did he arrive, and whence take his departure? That is, if your legends can answer these questions".

Dr. Buck's reply was, "I recognise this figure from our legends. His name is Wakea. The other questions I cannot answer, much as they intrigue me. However, I am to go to an outlying island of the Tahitians where two old women can still chant the ancestor-legends. From them, and another in a different island, I hope to leant the answers. Therefore, in two or three months you will hear from me again".

In three months, as promised, came the second letter.

"Wakea, the Healer, lived in the first century of the Christian Era, or generally speaking, in the time of Jesus. It seems that he came in the early dawning of our

history to these tribes who were fighting in this outlying island. The white god of Polynesia was evidently a human being coming in three Roman-type ships from the direction of the Red Sea and could definitely be assigned to the Century of Christ, plus or minus some fifty years. I am enclosing a copy of the story as it was told to me".

Hansen goes on to tell the story sent to her by Peter Buck, half-Polynesian himself. "To an island where men were fighting for the possession of the good land came three ships with giant sails like enormous birds with wings uplifted, glowing goldenly in the dawn-light. Suddenly frozen to immobility were the warriors as the ships moved around a jutting headland.

"Forgotten was the heat of the battle. Friend and foe stood facing seaward, weapons clutched in paralyzed fingers, staring in wide-eyed wonder.

"The ships' oarsmen, whose paddles looked like a hundred centipede legs touching the water, rested now from their task of moving the giant monsters forward.

"Then the islanders saw something white moving toward them. Apparently it had come from the Great Birds, and it glided easily over the water with rhythmical ease of a man walking.

"As the spot of white came closer, they saw in amazement that this was a Fair God, man-like in form, but unlike their people. Soon they could see Him clearly, the gold of the dawn-light shining behind and around Him, making a halo of His long-curling hair and beard. They saw the foam-like swish of His garments. As He came up on the wet sand, the warriors stared in fright at His garments; they were dry. Now they knew that a god stood among them, for none but gods can walk on water!

"From His garments, so foam-white, they looked to His pale face and then into His eyes. They were strange eyes, grey-green as the depths of the water, and like it, ever changing. Now those eyes flashed with anger as He stared about him and looked upon the injured.

"A god had come from the sea to walk among them and His first look was that of anger! The warriors fell down as one man and began an old chant anciently employed to a god for forgiveness. When they dared again to raise up their own eyes, they saw Him going among the injured and dying who arose from their pain to find themselves well of body as soon as His hand or His garments had touched them.

"Thus on this never to be forgotten day came the beloved Wakea to live for awhile among the people".[74]

Hansen goes on to relate Buck's story, that Wakea signalled the ships and other men came ashore who like Wakea, were bearded. The strangers returned to their ships after some days, but Wakea remained with the Polynesians. They then took him to each island, where he preached of the One God who ruled the Heavens. To Him, war was not of His making, for His law was *Love One Another*. For Wakea, the people gave up war and the sacrifice of children which kept down their populations so they would not overeat their islands.

Then one day, after Wakea had visited all of the islands, Wakea asked about the lands to the east. "The people were not entirely unacquainted with the continent lying eastward. Did they not have the yam to eat, and call it by its ancient South American name? Yet they were loathe to lose the healer, this strange god who answered to the name they had given him: Wakea, the Fair God Of The Ocean".[74] And so, according to L. Taylor Hansen and Peter S. Buck, the ancient teacher, Wakea, journeyed to South America in the Polynesian "Boats of the Migrations" where he became Viracocha.

Sound like a fairy tale? The next day I walked down to the *Te Hahi o te*

Whakaono, The Church of Faith, in Rotorua to look at the window etched in the church. There, sandblasted on plate glass is a figure of Wakea walking on Lake Rotorua. He is wearing a Maori Korowai cloak, the type worn by a chief, adorned with kiwi feathers. This was the first Christian church in Rotorua, capital of the Maoris. It seemed only fitting that Wakea be etched in the glass, creating the illusion of a man walking on the lake just outside the window. Perhaps he had done just that on the same lake nearly two thousand years before.

§§§

I also dropped by the Buried Village. Prior to the spectacular eruption of Mount Tarawera in 1886, this village had been the headquarters of the Tuhourangi, a Maori sub-tribe of the proud Arawa. Here tourists walk among lava flows and the stone remains of what is left of this Maori settlement.

I was shortly hitching south toward Wellington, anxious to get to the South Island. I walked out of town and got my first ride in a spiffy little MG sports car. I tossed my pack in back and with the wind in our hair, we zoomed along the narrow road that wound up into the hills around Rotorua. The driver was a young man from Auckland who owned a popular hairdressing salon. He seemed rather well off, this was the third MG he had owned in the last year. He was off to see his mother somewhere down the road.

It was a good ride, getting me into the open country where I feel at home. I walked down the road with the pack on my back and the sun in my face. How good it felt to be alive! Though I didn't know where I would spend the night, how I would get there, or what would happen along the way, these were thoughts furthest from my mind. I was living for the moment; for the flowers by the side of the side of the road; for the horses in the pastures; for the grass that bent in the wind. Not knowing what adventure was coming up next was part of the excitement.

Just then a car stopped for me on the road. I had been so absorbed with the surrounding beauty, I had only half-heartedly tried to flag it down, but the driver stopped anyway. "Hi, where are you going?" I asked, sticking my head in the passenger window.

The driver was a tall man in his late fifties, I guessed. He leaned forward to look at me. "Oh, down the road a spell. Past Lake Taupo. Where are you heading?"

"I'm on my way to Wellington and the South Island. Can I have a lift?"

"Certainly, jump in!" With that I wrestled my pack into the back seat of the Japanese sedan, and sat in the passenger seat. "You sound like an American", said the man.

"Yeah, I grew up in Colorado and Montana, country similar to New Zealand. Are you from here?"

"Well, I wasn't born here, but I have lived here for many years", he replied. He was of average build and height, and there was nothing really distinguishing about him, except that he seemed to be very cultured and courteous. There was something a bit odd about him: although he had a British accent, he looked to be part English and perhaps part Asian.

"Are you from India?" I asked.

He laughed. "Yes, I am, sort of. I was born in India, in Kashmir. My father was British and my mother from Northern India".

"I used to live in India", I told him. "It's a wonderful place. How old were you when you left?"

"Well, I was almost thirty when I went to England. I've lived here in New Zealand for nearly twenty years. I have a small business in Rotorua".

I told him about my visit to the church there and the legend of Wakea. I wondered if he had ever heard of it.

"Certainly, Jesus' visits all over the world are recorded in my religion".

"Really? Are you a Mormon or something?" I asked.

"No", he said, "I was raised a Nestorian Christian".

"Really?" I exclaimed. "I've heard of Nestorian Christians, but I think that you are one of the first that I have ever met. It is a very old faith, is it not?"

"There are not very many Nestorian Christians around anymore. The missionary activities of other religions have converted many people. Nestorian Christians do not send out missionaries, per sé. Yet, we are an ancient order of profound influence in the world today. And certainly Jesus has visited New Zealand and nearly every place in the world".

"No kidding? What is the basic belief of Nestorian Christians, then?" I asked. This fascinating man certainly had me intrigued.

"Well, first of all, Nestorian Christians believe in seven planes of existence and reincarnation. The first plane is the Physical, the second is the Etheric plane, the third the Astral plane, the fourth the Mental plane, the fifth the Angelic plane, the sixth the Archangelic plane and the seventh is the Celestial plane, where God, the Celestial Host abides. Plants occupy the first two planes, animals the first three, and human beings, having the power of mind, occupy the first four. Therefore, above us, figuratively speaking, are angels, archangels, and the Celestial Host.

"And secondly, we believe that there is a difference between Jesus and Christ. Jesus was an Essene Adept who studied in Israel, Egypt, India, Tibet and Persia. His physical vehicle was then used by the Archangel Melchizedek for the years of ministry. Therefore, Christ is an Archangel from the sixth plane of existence. Jesus is a Master, from the fourth plane of existence, just as you and I are".

"Oh, I'm not a Master, though", I said.

"I didn't mean that", he laughed. "But the potential is there. You see, according to our teachings, the goal of life is Mastership, to be a literal Saint, and be able to control your physical surroundings. Having a strong will and being in tune with the awesome power of Love are also part of the requirements of Mastership. It is a goal that takes the experiences of many accumulated lifetimes, and hard work. Masters, Angels, and Archangels are there every step of the way to help us. It is not an easy task".

"Wow, Nestorian Christianity seems a lot different from the preachers one sees on TV in the United States", I commented as we passed Lake Taupo, the largest lake in New Zealand. Located in the center of the North Island, the town of Turangi on the lake is the fishing capital of New Zealand. "How did Nestorian Christianity originate? I once read something about Saint Thomas, one of the apostles, going to India".

"Yes, Nestorian Christianity is usually traced back to Saint Thomas. After Christ's last visitation to the Apostles, according to tradition, they divided the known world up among each of them. Thomas came to India. He is buried near Madras in Southern India".

"Yeah, I have been to his tomb!" I said. "But why is it called Nestorian Christianity?"

"Well, you see, Saint Thomas is credited with starting the Eastern Christian Church, but in the early centuries of the Christian Church, there was no division. It was in the year 431 the Christian Church divided. Saint Nestorius was the Patriarch of Constantinople from AD 428 to 431. He maintained, as Nestorian Christians do, that Jesus was not born of a virgin, and that Christ was the Archangel Melchizedek using Jesus' body. Salvation, or Mastership, was not to be gained in one lifetime, but

in many. Conversely, Cyril of Alexandria opposed this view, and held that the Virgin Mary was the Mother of God. The cult of Isis was popular in the Middle East at the time, and it promised salvation in one lifetime. In the Council of Ephesus, Nestorius was defeated by the other elders, and Nestorius went east. What was left was basically the Roman Catholic Church and the Chaldean or East Syrian Church, now generally known as the Nestorian Church".

"So, you think that Jesus could have come to New Zealand after the crucifixion? I once visited a tomb in India that is said to have been his, he having returned to Kashmir after the crucifixion", I said.

"That tomb in Kashmir is not the tomb of Jesus", said the man. "Of course, the crucifixion was planned because of prophecies made thousands of years before the event. It was planned. Christ, an archangel on the cross, was in total control. He was in no pain; why, he could have dissolved the entire planet into nothingness at any time, if he should have so desired. He was always the master of all he surveyed. He came to earth to save the world, and that he did.

"With his crucifixion, important prophecies had been fulfilled. His mission was now over. But not the mission of Jesus. Jesus continued to walk the earth in the company of Essenes preaching his message of brotherly love and forgiveness. And so, in common vessels of the day, Jesus came to New Zealand and all through the Pacific on his way to South America. Sometime after the time Nestorius was removed from the Council of Constantinople in 431, he actually met Jesus, according to our records. Many Nestorian Christians believe that Jesus, like other Masters, is able to keep his body in perfect health, and is capable of living hundreds, even thousands of years".

"That's incredible!" I exclaimed. "Wow, Nestorian Christianity is quite a bit different from the dogma of the Roman Catholic Church or other churches that later spun off from it, isn't it?"

"Well, not so much. We still believe in the importance of Christ and his teachings. Were it not for Him, the world would be an unbearable place to live now. Yet, he promised us a new world, a Kingdom of God on Earth. Many Nestorian Christians believe that is shall soon be".

"Really?" I asked, "How will that take place?"

"Well, you may find this impossible to believe, but my teachers have told me that many civilizations have come and gone in the past in great catastrophes that have sunk whole continents and the advanced civilizations that inhabited them. While you have heard of Atlantis, another civilization, much older, once existed in Pacific. The Polynesians called it Hiva".

"Yea, I've heard of this lost continent of the Pacific", I said, rather startled that I should be getting a lecture on the subject by a complete stranger whose name I didn't even know. "It is sometimes called Mu or Lemuria, is it not?"

"Yes, I suppose so", he replied. "At the end of this century will be a pole shift. The crust of the earth will actually slide thousands of miles on the inner core of the earth. Arctic areas will be in temperate zones, oceans will spill over their basins and wash across continents as huge tidal waves, every volcano in the world will erupt. The Pacific Tectonic Plate will be thrown upward, and in a re-alignment of the world's land masses, the ancient continent of Pacifica will once again be above water. On this new continent will be created the Kingdom of God, as Christ called it. In our belief, the Archangel Melchizedek will come again as Christ on this new nation yet to be".

"Whoa! That's quite a prediction. I've heard tales about this sort of thing. I believe the Hopi Indians in Arizona have a similar prophecy", I said.

"I am personally not familiar with the Hopi Prophecies", said the man, "but

while there will be many safe areas, most people will not survive these cataclysmic events. Actually, many people will have already been killed in the disastrous wars, plagues and famines that will plague the world for the next ten years or so. It is a strange time to be incarnate. Why do you suppose you are living in these interesting times?" asked the man with a bit of sarcastic smile.

"Beats me!" I exclaimed. "I know that an ancient Chinese curse was that you should live in interesting times. We certainly are living in interesting times all right. Sometimes it seems like the best of times, other times it seems like the worst of times".

"Well, if you are off to Wellington, you'd best get off here", said my ride as he pulled over in a gas station. "I turn off down this road. Wellington is about another sixty miles".

"Thank you very much for the ride and it was very interesting talking with you", I said as I dragged my pack out of the backseat.

"Take care young man, and keep your spirits up, you'll need it in the years ahead!" And with that he turned the corner and drove away.

I was left standing there with my pack on my back. Our conversation had been so engrossing, I had not been aware that we had driven for several hours, and it was now sunset. The sky was turning an orange-red and was growing darker. I still had sixty miles to go to Wellington. How was I going to get a ride in the dark?

Just then an old station wagon was coming down the road. Holding up my pack with my left hand, I waved with my right. To my surprise the vehicle came to a stop beside me, and I had my ride to Wellington.

It was a New Zealand family on their way back home after visiting relatives. Dad was a blond-haired mechanic with long sideburns. Mom was a beautiful Maori woman with long black hair and dark eyes. The two kids, a boy and girl, were an attractive mixture of European and Polynesian. I sat in back with them and beamed at the good fortune of catching this last ride into Wellington at such a late hour. My only problem now was where I would be sleeping that night, but that was solved when the family invited me to spend the night with them.

We had a quick dinner at their house, watched a little "tele" and then I spent the night on the couch. The next day was Sunday, and Dad took me downtown where I could catch the ferry to the south island. Wellington is the capital of New Zealand, and the second largest metropolitan area. Wellington is surrounded by rugged green hills surrounded by a magnificent harbor. He drove me around downtown first, but as it was a Sunday, it was virtually deserted. I booked myself passage on the ferry, and then went out for lunch.

Leaning out on the rail, I looked at Wellington Harbor as we steamed into the Cook Strait. To go the South Island, the ferry actually goes north, and then south through the fjords into Picton. It was raining most of the way, and it was still raining later that day when I stepped off the ferry, so I took a local bus into Blenheim, the main town in the area, and intended to hitch south from there. Unfortunately, it was still raining, so I went to see a movie. That night I slept under a bridge in the middle of the small town, to keep out of the rain.

I was not so lucky hitching that next day. It rained all morning, and I stood at the edge of town trying to get a ride, but only getting wet. In the end, I walked back into town to the bus station, and caught a noon bus to Christchurch, "the Garden City of New Zealand", renowned for its many hundred acres of well-kept parks and gardens. Once I got into town, I called an old traveling buddy that I had met in Africa some years before. His father informed me that my friend was in Australia, but that I was welcome to spend the night with them anyway.

I met my friend's father and had dinner with him and his wife. We talked about

their son, and I told them of some of the adventures we had had together, like climbing Mount Kilimanjaro in Tanzania. I sensed that they were not too sure what to think of their son: he, like myself and many of my friends, had spent a great deal of his adult life traveling and working around the world. Generally, parents don't appreciate this in their children, usually wanting them to stick closer to home where they know what they are doing and can visit more regularly.

I spent a few days visiting Christchurch, happy to be resting and not standing in the rain waiting for a ride. Christmas was just coming up, and I decided to go to Queenstown on Lake Wakatipu, probably the most famous ski resort in New Zealand, though this was now summer in New Zealand. I got out on the road early that day, and no sooner had I gotten to the main highway heading south, when a young bloke on a medium-sized Japanese motorcycle stopped to give me a lift.

He parked the bike and got out an extra helmet. "G'day, I'm Paul McGilroy, where are you off to?" he asked.

"Well, I'm off to Queenstown for Christmas", I replied. "Where are you going?" I asked as I straddled the back of his cycle, my pack still on my back.

As it turned out, Paul McGilroy was on a mission, and I was headed into an adventure. Paul was a one-eyed orphan who worked in Christchurch, and was on a mission to find his great-grandfather's grave in a remote country cemetery, and wasn't sure where he was going after that. Like me, he had cast his fate to the wind, and was a young adventurer on the road.

With occasional flurries of rain to battle, Paul McGilroy, one-eyed-adventurer, and I bombed down lonely country roads in search of the ancient cemetery where his great-grandfather was allegedly buried. I held on to his waist as we leaned into turns and passed herds of sheep or tractors on the road. Suddenly he pulled into a small lane, and stopped in front of an old cemetery.

We walked about the cemetery for half an hour, searching for his grandfather's grave. "Here it is, Dave", Paul suddenly called from the far side of the cemetery. I walked up to him as he stood in front of an old grave; a gravestone said that a McGilroy had been laid to rest there in 1896. He stood in silence staring at his great-grandfather's grave, and a tear came to his eye. Here was perhaps one of the few ancestors he could trace. I put my hand on his shoulder and offered him my handkerchief. He blew his nose and said, "Well, what do we do now?"

"Why don't we head on into Queenstown for Christmas Eve?" I suggested.

"Sure", he said, "I don't have anyplace else to go". And with that we roared through the back roads, past Mount Cook, the highest mountain in New Zealand, and arrived in Queenstown late in the afternoon.

We shared a cabin at *Hume House*, as the Queenstown Youth Hostel was full, and then went out to dinner and to a Christmas party in one of the pubs in town. It was a wild night, with lots of music, beer, and dancing in what could be called the Aspen of New Zealand.

The next morning I woke up feeling a bit tired from the night before. I lounged around for the next few days, and Paul McGilroy decided to leave for further south down the coast. After a cruise on Lake Wakatipu, I decided to hitchhike on down to Te Anau and Milford Sound on the south-west corner of the South Island.

In my search for lost cities and ancient mysteries in New Zealand, it was inevitable that I would end up in this remote area of New Zealand. New Zealand boasts many unique animals including the most bizarre of all, the tuatara (*Sphenodon punctatus*), the sole survivor of the order of Rhynchocephalia, a lizard which paleontologists say predates the dinosaurs. The tuatara is a unique animal on the face of the earth, and exists in its own "order". The tuatara is a large olive-green lizard, some 2 feet, 3 inches long, which still has a vestige of a third eye on the top of its

skull. This is called the pineal eye and is found in the higher vertebrates in the shape of the epiphysis or pituitary gland.

That this relic, "older than the dinosaurs", still exists in New Zealand is perhaps evidence of an ancient continent in the Pacific. Indeed, to explain some of the animals in New Zealand, certain geological concepts of continental drift and vanished continents were formulated. I also had to reflect on the third eye of the tuatara, perhaps this is part of the reason that the Theosophical Society claimed that the first men of Lemuria were lizard men with a *third eye in the back of their head.* After learning about the tuatara, perhaps they found this to be the natural conclusion.

More interesting still is the moa, one of the largest birds that ever existed. One interesting theory about the dinosaurs that has gained increasing popularity over the years is that dinosaurs, like birds, were warm blooded. In this theory, birds are then the natural ancestors of the dinosaurs. In other words, dinosaurs did not become extinct, they evolved into birds. The first birds can be found in New Zealand, the kiwi for instance. It has hairy feathers and vestiges of wings. The kiwi is also the only bird with its nostrils at the end of its beak. The moa, however, had no vestige of wings at all. There is no sign of a collarbone by which a vertebrate's front legs are almost invariably connected to the thorax. It is the truest of bipeds, and its feathers are so primitive that they seem more like hairs.

Some moas were twelve feet tall and lumbered around the forests of New Zealand like small dinosaurs. Others were only the size of a small turkey. Moas dwelt in the forests by the hundreds, and the first Polynesians to arrive called them simply "moa", their word for common fowl. Yet by the time the first European explorers arrived, the moa was practically, if not entirely, extinct. Only the nocturnal kiwi still thrived.

The question of why they died out has led to a lot of argument, ever since the first discovery of moa bones in the 1830s by a trader, Joel Polack, soon after the British anatomist Richard Owen had surmised that such a bird once existed. Mummified moa remains were discovered along with rock carvings, and some Maori chiefs still remember the Moa hunting songs. But, what had created such a monster bird, and similarly, why was it that similar giant flightless birds, such as ostriches and rheas, also existed all over the world, and how did they get there? Did they evolve independently, or somehow together?

The generally accepted theory is also a controversial one. This theory is well summed up in the book, *No Moa* by Beverley McCulloch published by the Canterbury Museum in Christchurch.[75] Ms. McCulloch says, "The islands of New Zealand are often regarded as Pacific Islands and part of Polynesia. Geologically, however, they are quite distinct from most of the islands of the Pacific. New Zealand is in fact a piece of a continent, like Australia or Africa, only a small portion of which emerges from the ocean".

Is Ms. McCulloch speaking of a sunken continent? No! She is speaking of the breakup, theoretically 150 million years ago, of the super continent of Gondwana. She continues, "This piece of continent was once part of the great southern continental land-mass called Gondwana. Millions of years ago Gondwana broke up and pieces drifted apart to become Antarctica, Africa, South America, Australia and India, and the islands of Malagasy and New Zealand. Each piece took with it, like a huge Noah's Ark, some of the plants and animals which grew and lived in Gondwana.

"New Zealand's share of the vertebrate animal life seems largely to have been confined to birds, especially the ancestors of the moas and kiwis, and a primitive reptile, the tuatara, a relative of the dinosaurs.

"Most of New Zealand's flightless and poorly-flighted birds probably lost their flying ability after the land was isolated as an island. In a situation where there is plenty of food and it is on the ground, there is little point in wasting energy on flying, particularly when there are no enemies from which to escape.

"But the ancestors of moas and kiwis certainly walked here. We can be sure of this because moas and kiwis have so many relatives in other broken-up bits of Gondwana, as for example the ostriches of Africa, emus of Australia and rheas of South America. All are closely related and all are flightless; it is clear they descended from the same flightless Gondwana ancestor. Their differences developed once the pieces of Gondwana, each with its little community of marooned, walking birds, drifted off into different parts of the globe".[75]

Now, this is not a bad theory, but I would first like to point out that nowhere in her booklet does Ms. McCulloch state that this is only a theory, albeit the prevailing one. Gondwanaland is sort of like saying that the dinosaurs died out 65 million years ago, and that is scientific fact. In neither case is this scientific fact, in both cases it is merely scientific theory. It is also scientific theory that a continent once existed in the Pacific, John MacMillan Brown, former chancellor of the University of New Zealand could tell you that.

One problem with most Gondwanaland theories is that they were developed before the geological theory of tectonic plates became widely accepted. Therefore, Gondwanaland is a jigsaw puzzle that is missing a few pieces, namely the Pacific tectonic plate. According to tectonic plate theory, these giant plates rub against each other, rise and fall, and can go under another plate, creating a "subduction zone". Conversely, they can pull apart, much as in the theory of Gondwana, creating what is called "ocean floor spreading".

The pacific tectonic plate is neither a subduction zone or an ocean floor spreading zone. It is a genuine plate of crust, the largest in fact, and has subduction and spreading zones all around it. These zones generally make up what is known as the "Ring of Fire". Therefore, Gondwanaland continental drift diagrams should take into account the Pacific plate, certainly above water 150 million years ago. What is more, oceans have continental plates as well, so, generally speaking, it is impossible for continents to just drift all over the world, going where they will. They won't go too far without colliding into another plate, even if it is submerged. When this happens, either a mountain range or subduction zone is created.

All of the large flightless birds belong to a group known as ratites. Yet to say that these birds lost their ability to fly over thousands (millions?) of years does not ring true. For one thing, the moa has not even the vestige of wings! Even seals and whales still have vestiges of arms and feet. It appears that the moa never flew and was never meant to. Nor does its lack of wings explain why it became extinct, after all, Africa, Australia, New Guinea and South America are teeming with giant flightless birds, no better off in terms of wings than the moa. Why shouldn't they be extinct? After all, they were and are hunted by men as well.

The answer to that question would appear to be that moas, and the aepyornis or elephant bird of Madagascar, became extinct (if they are) because they were ultimately trapped on relatively small islands (compared to continents, anyway) where they had a limited space in which to run from pursuers.

Perhaps moas are the best example of dinosaurs turned into birds. Lumbering along on huge, powerful legs, they merely stepped on animals that gave them a hard time. After all, they weren't bothering anybody. Then along came man with his spears and arrows, and suddenly moas couldn't kick and stomp those that would do them in.

Then there is the tuatara, last ancestor of some bizarre, primitive reptile. Where

are his relatives? Lost beneath the Pacific Ocean or deep frozen under a mile of ice in Antarctica in the last poleshift?

While some sort of Gondwana may well have existed in the remote past, it seems that in more recent times (dare I say 24,000 years ago?) moas and other animals, including woolly mammoths, diprotodons, giant ground sloths and the like, were roaming the vast continent of the Pacific, including New Zealand. Also, perhaps the displacement of giant, flightless birds, as well as marsupials in North America and giant land tortoises in the Galapagos and Indian Ocean, could be explained by a now sunken landmass in the Pacific.

Yet, could it be that moas are not even extinct? Ivan T. Sanderson reports in his book, *More Things*, that in 1967, because of the discovery of several live Takahe in 1950, a colorful, flightless bird believed to have been extinct for for over half a century, a government naturalist visited the forested fjordlands of the South Island in an official capacity. His duties included actual exploration of these vast unmapped mountains and the surveying of an enormous wildlife reserve.

This area is uninhabited and not crossed or even penetrated by hunters or others. It was the last retreat of a certain small sub-tribal group of the *Early Maoris* who were driven from fertile lowlands to the north by a combination of the *Later Maoris* and the early white colonists. The government naturalist reported after visiting this area that he had seen definite, concrete, fresh evidence of the continued existence of a small species of moa during his trip. However, he did not want to be quoted or to have his name used in published accounts.[78]

This report of evidence of still living Moas is backed up by another report in 1960 of the sighting of a live moa in the same area by another trained zoologist. Both parties particularly desire that their official reports be not issued to the public, because they have no photographic proof or plaster casts of the spoor they say they found. Sanderson goes on to tell of other cases of moa bones discovered in 1949 showed that the bird had obviously been butchered and eaten; some of the bones had a series of very fine deep cuts that could probably only have been made only by a metal knife.[78]

Sanderson then theorizes that it is possible that small bands of Early Maoris still survive in the vast wilderness of the fjordland, along with some moas. Do the ancient Moa Hunters of old New Zealand still live on, continuing their ancient traditions? The idea is too much for most people, and even the idea of small forest-dwelling moas is generally scoffed at.

§§§

I looked out at Milford Sound from the deck of the cruise ship. Milford Sound is a small tourist village with a hotel and pub in the fjordland of the South Island. The hills were rugged and thick with forest. Except for this small settlement, there were virtually no other inhabitants of this wild area. I glanced down at the newspaper I had in my hand; there was my old buddy, Rex Gilroy again, making waves in the local papers.

The story, from the Auckland Star, Jan. 13, 1986 declared in the headline: “NZ settled by whites first, says expert”. The story went on to say: “An Australian archaeologist who believes Middle East explorers rather than Polynesians first discovered New Zealand will visit here next month to prove his theory.

“New South Wales researcher Rex Gilroy says the Pacific region was colonised by ancient Middle East explorers from the Indo-Aryan civilisation who built enormous wooden ships for trade and mineral-seeking voyages.

“He points to evidence of rock inscriptions and stone structures in New Zealand

which he believes proves his theory.

"Mr. Gilroy also believes Maori legends which speak of a white-skinned race who inhabited the North Island before the coming of the first Polynesian explorers.

"'Who were these mysterious white-skinned people? Were they survivors of an earlier Indo-Aryan culture which established itself in the Pacific Islands and Australia centuries before?' he asked.

"Definitely not, says Auckland District Maori Council chairman Rangi Walker, who has rubbished the theory.

"The 'white-skinned folk' are Patupaiarehe or fairies.

"'All tribal people have legends of fairy folk, but it has nothing to do with his theory', said Dr. Walker".

I put down the paper just as the cruise ship was re-docking at Milford Sound. This was an interesting bit of information. Gilroy forgets to mention that in Barry Fell's theories, the Maoris themselves are whites, descended from the very same Indo-Aryans of the Middle East and Central Asia. Perhaps Dr. Walker was incensed by the idea that the Maoris were preceded by others. Some might even call this "racist talk". The Maoris and other visitors came from somewhere, but perhaps it is easier to believe in fairies than ancient sailors!

Maori legends certainly are intriguing. For instance, there are legends of giants—one was Kiharoa of the Ngati Ruakawa and Ngati Whakatere tribes. He is said to have measured twice the height of the average man. Other giants seem to be more mythological, such as legendary figures that could step from islands on the coast to the mainland or cast their fishing nets across an entire gulf.[73]

Anthropologists say that the Polynesians are the largest race of people on our planet. The Lemurian Fellowship and other sources have said that many of the tribes of Mu were approximately twelve feet tall, or twice the size of a normal person today.

The Maoris also have legends of flying men. There was a man named Tamarau who flew from the hill known as Arorangi in the North Island and another man, Tama-ahua-rererangi, who lived near the Waitotara River. His name actually means in Maori "the man who flies across the sky". Flying men, and "Bird Men" as on Easter Island, play an important part in many cultures. Here we have two specific people, not just vague legends. And then there is the God Pourangahua who flew on a magical bird from Hawaiki to New Zealand. Did these men actually fly by some means? Once again I had to think of the ancient Indian legends of Rama and the flying machines. If such vimanas, or aerial craft, existed in the past, would they have come to New Zealand? Certain evidence cited before (and again in the chapter on Easter Island) indicates that ancient Indians of the Rama Empire colonized much of the Pacific, possibly by using their vimanas.

Anthropologists generally believe that Maoris came from Tahiti. Was ancient India their original homeland? I have to laugh at the "startling new theory" that perhaps New Zealand was originally colonized by Indians from the Rama Empire in air ships! Ha! I won't let the Auckland papers quote me on that one. I get enough ridicule as it is, and don't relish being "rubbished" like Rex Gilroy.

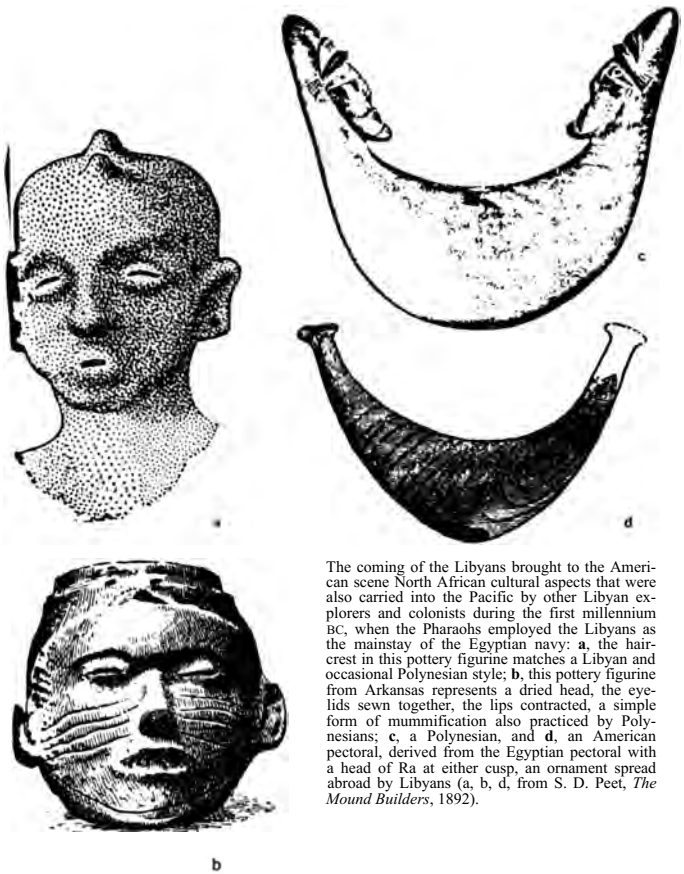
§§§

I decided my time was running out when I got back to Queenstown. I did some carpentry at the *Redwood Ski Lodge*, getting free accomodation and board for a few days, and then decided to hitch over the Haast Pass to the west coast. I caught several rides and got into Wanaka by noon, where I had lunch.

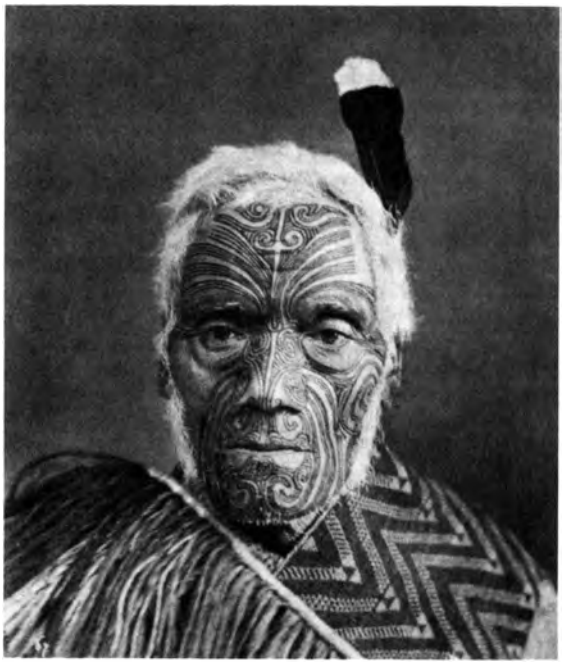
It took several days of hitching to get across the pass. I camped out under the

stars, and headed up the west coast past the tremendous views of the Fox Glacier and Franz Josef Glacier. Here I spent the night in a Youth Hostel, viewed the glow worms in the caves nearby, and spent a day hiking on the glacier.

Those last few days in New Zealand, I lived life to the hilt. For me, this meant walking down country roads, getting lifts with farmers, gazing awestruck at the mountains and coastline, and stopping in at lonely pubs for lunch and a beer. I took the ferry back to the North Island, and then headed for Auckland, catching rides with various students, farmers and families. Once I had a reservation, I was back at the familiar Auckland Airport getting ready to fly off to New Caledonia and Fiji. Life was good. New Zealand is perhaps a land of mystery, I concluded, though not one of lost cities and pyramids in the bush. No matter; sunshine, beautiful vistas and country roads were good enough for me. What more could I ask for?

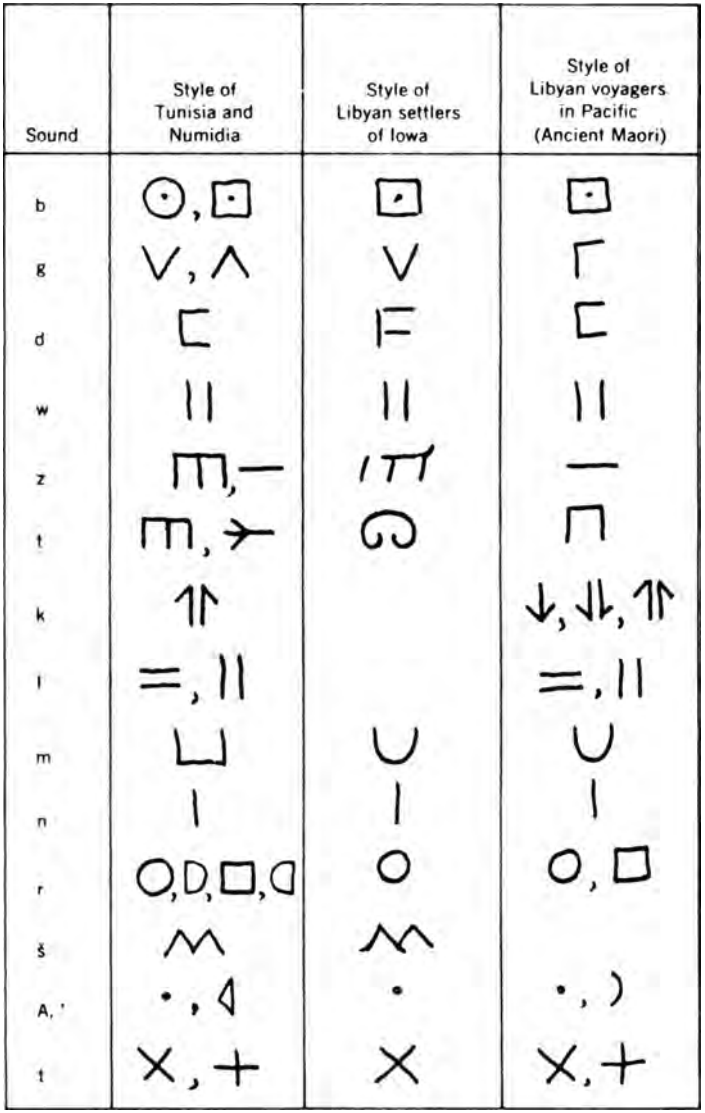


The coming of the Libyans brought to the American scene North African cultural aspects that were also carried into the Pacific by other Libyan explorers and colonists during the first millennium BC, when the Pharaohs employed the Libyans as the mainstay of the Egyptian navy: **a**, the hair-crest in this pottery figurine matches a Libyan and occasional Polynesian style; **b**, this pottery figurine from Arkansas represents a dried head, the eyelids sewn together, the lips contracted, a simple form of mummification also practiced by Polynesians; **c**, a Polynesian, and **d**, an American pectoral, derived from the Egyptian pectoral with a head of Ra at either cusp, an ornament spread abroad by Libyans (a, b, d, from S. D. Peet, *The Mound Builders*, 1892).



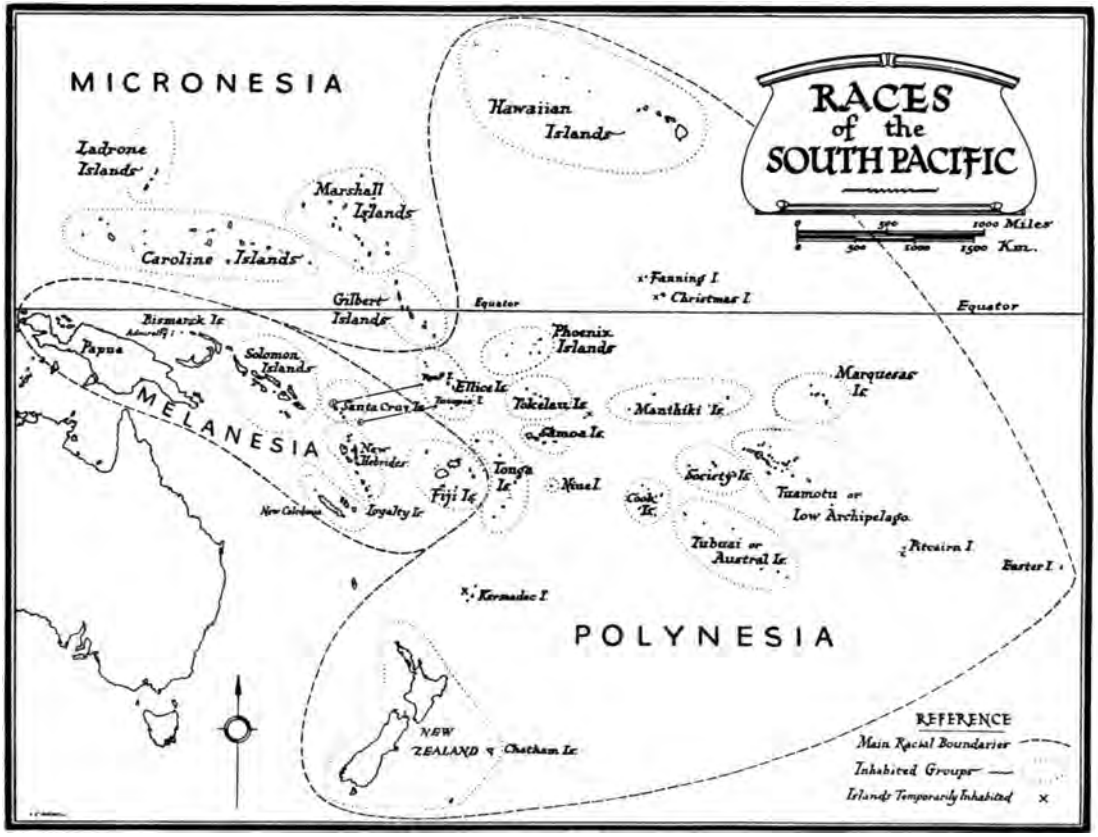
Tattooed Maori chief from the last century. Facial tattoos were popular in New Zealand, the Marquesas and Easter Island.

Left: According to Maori legend, the God Pourangahua flew from his legendary dwelling place of Havaiki to New Zealand, seated on a magic bird.



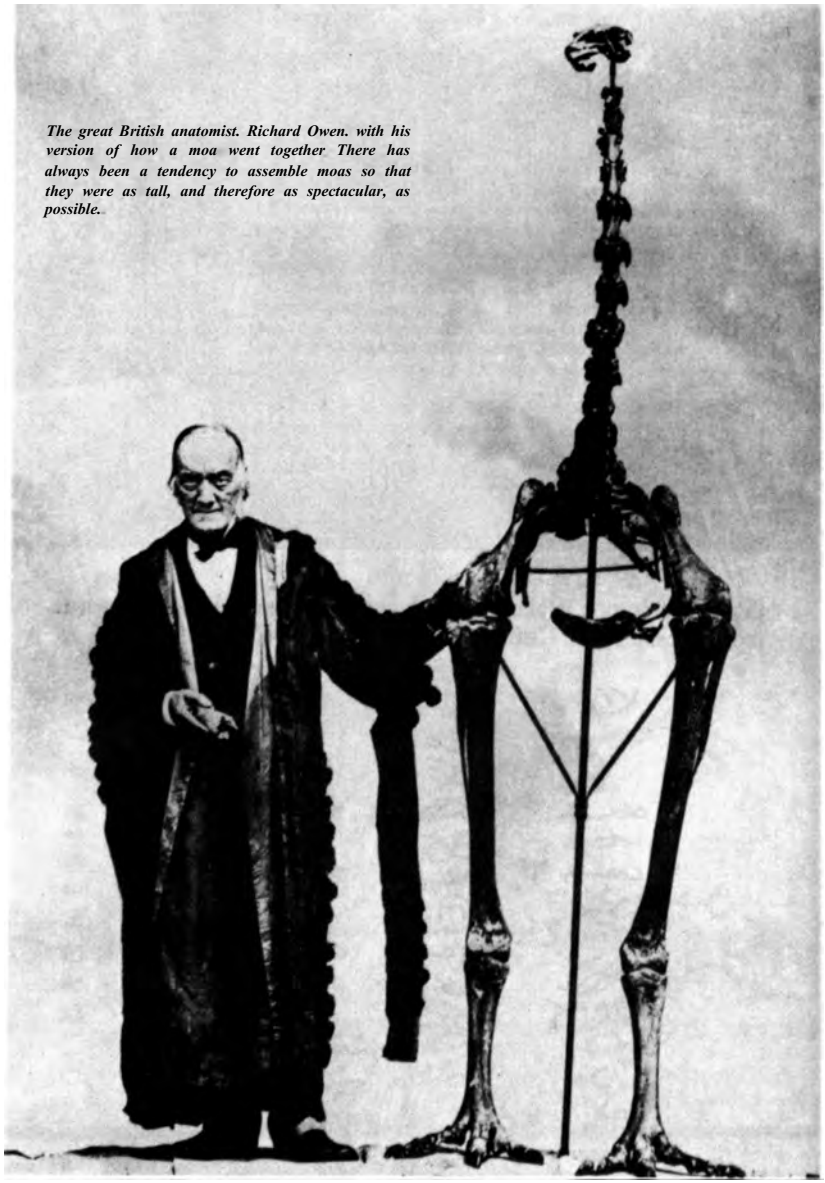
Libyan inscriptions employ the above alphabet, but the language is nearly the same as that of Ancient Egypt. The language was first deciphered from North African bilingual Latin-Libyan tombstones by Fell (1973). Thus the Iowan text, originally found in 1874 and later condemned as a forgery, is in fact genuine, for it could not possibly have been forged. Other Libyan inscriptions have been found in Quebec, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, and Oklahoma. They also occur on Pacific Islands and in Chile. On linguistic grounds Fell derives the Polynesian language from ancient Libyan (with some Anatolian and Asian elements). In North America the language of the Zuni Indians is also derived from ancient Libyan, and occasional Libyan alphabetic signs occur in Zuni art. Ancient Libyan was also written in the Mimbres valley in New Mexico 700 years ago.

From *America BC* by Barry Fell.

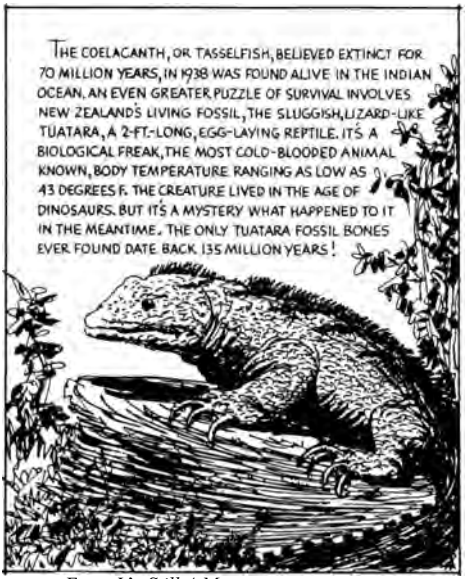

MICRONESIA
Hawaiian Islands
RACES of the SOUTH PACIFIC
0 500 1000 Miles
0 500 1000 1500 Kms.
Ladrone Islands
Marshall Islands
Caroline Islands
Fanning I.
Christmas I.
Gilbert Islands
Equator
Equator
Bismarck Is.
Papua
Solomon Islands
Phoenix Islands
Ellice Is.
Santa Cruz Is.
Tokelau Is.
Manihiki Is.
Marqueras Is.
MELANESIA
New Hebrides
Samoa Is.
Tonga Is.
Fiji Is.
Niue I.
Society Is.
Cook Is.
Tuamotu or Low Archipelago.
New Caledonia
Loyalty Is.
Tubuai or Austral Is.
Pitcairn I.
Easter I.
Kermadec I.
POLYNESIA
NEW ZEALAND
Chatham Is.
REFERENCE
Main Racial Boundaries
Inhabited Groups
Islands Temporarily Inhabited

Glass etching of Wakea walking on the waters of Lake Rotorua from the St. Faith Church of Rotorua, New Zealand.

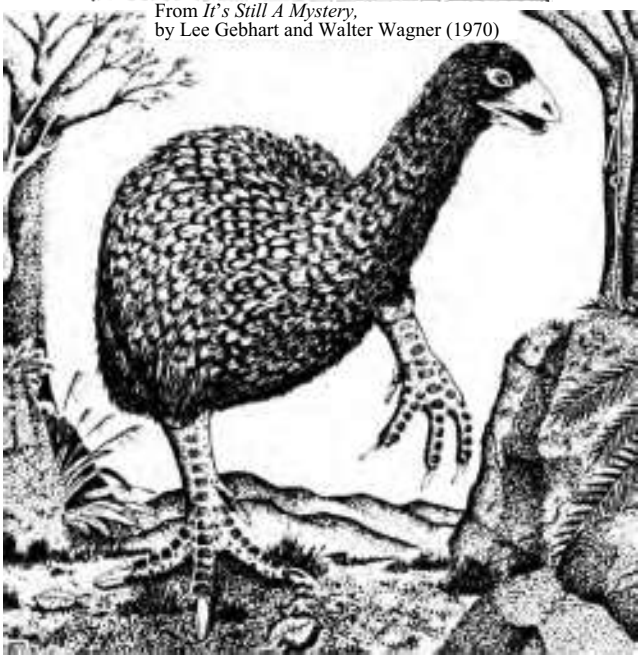
Undeciphered Maori writing from the rare Chilean book, *La Isla de Pascua Y sus Misterios* by Dr. Stephen Chauvet.



The great British anatomist. Richard Owen. with his version of how a moa went together. There has always been a tendency to assemble moas so that they were as tall, and therefore as spectacular, as possible.


THE COELACANTH, OR TASSELFISH, BELIEVED EXTINCT FOR 70 MILLION YEARS, IN 1938 WAS FOUND ALIVE IN THE INDIAN OCEAN. AN EVEN GREATER PUZZLE OF SURVIVAL INVOLVES NEW ZEALAND'S LIVING FOSSIL, THE SLUGGISH, LIZARD-LIKE TUATARA, A 2-FT.-LONG, EGG-LAYING REPTILE. IT'S A BIOLOGICAL FREAK, THE MOST COLD-BLOODED ANIMAL KNOWN, BODY TEMPERATURE RANGING AS LOW AS 43 DEGREES F. THE CREATURE LIVED IN THE AGE OF DINOSAURS. BUT IT'S A MYSTERY WHAT HAPPENED TO IT IN THE MEANTIME. THE ONLY TUATARA FOSSIL BONES EVER FOUND DATE BACK 135 MILLION YEARS!

From *It's Still A Mystery,*
by Lee Gebhart and Walter Wagner (1970)



Artist's view of how a moa probably looked; hunched over.
From *No Moa*, by Beverley McCulloch.

The Mount Eden Volcano-Fortress. Ancient terracing and fortifications turned this volcanic cone into a military fort many hundreds or thousands of years ago.

Chapter Eight

Fiji, New Caledonia & Tonga: Firewalkers of the Cannibal Islands

Archaeology is not a science,
it's a vendetta.
—Sir Mortimer Wheeler

My first stop after leaving Auckland was New Caledonia. My jet landed at the airport of Tontouta, just north of the capital, Noumea. Bright sunshine hit my face as I walked from the jet to the terminal. The air was hot and steamy; I was most certainly back in the tropics. Dark Melanesian faces smiled at me as I passed through. New Caledonia is the main French Colonial island of Melanesia: that area of the Pacific inhabited by Negroid peoples.

My main purpose for stopping in New Caledonia was to investigate the mysterious Isle of Pines which is world famous, not for its strange, ancient tumuli, but for its beautiful beaches and scenery. Here, on one of the wealthiest islands of the South Pacific, was perhaps the proof that I sought of the existence of a former Pan-Pacific civilization.

New Caledonia is a cigar shaped island, about 250 miles in length and bearing a rugged mountain range that runs down the center. When Captain James Cook discovered the island on his second voyage in 1774, it was inhabited by an estimated 50,000 Melanesians who were living under stone age conditions. They reportedly spoke up to twenty mutually unintelligible dialects and constantly warred with one another. During these times, the dark, rugged New Caledonians were headhunters and cannibals, much like their neighbors in New Guinea, the Solomon Islands and Fiji.

Cook was fortunate to meet with a friendly tribe. However, the French explorer D'Entrecasteaux who anchored off Balade Bay in 1793 was greeted by a more fearsome, and hungry group of islanders. No one worried about New Caledonia very much for the next 50 years. Then French Catholic missionaries established themselves on the island and also several traders who were interested in the local sandalwood.

In 1853 the island was claimed by France who hoped to establish a naval base in the southwest Pacific and also to found a new penal colony in a climate less hostile than that of the infamous Devil's Island in French Guiana. Up until 1898, when penal transportation was abolished, between seven and ten thousand able-bodied criminals occupied the colony during any given year. The prisoners were first put to work building the prisons on Isle Nou and Isle of the Pines, after that they were used to mine nickel and build public buildings in Noumea.

Many of the criminals were actually political prisoners. Thousands of

communards were sent to New Caledonia after the collapse of the Paris Commune. Other prisoners were Arabs who were exiled following the Kabyle revolt in Algeria. In 1885, the English traveller George Griffiths remarked that Noumea's nonchalant acceptance of the concerts given by the prison band in the Place des Cocotiers was "quite bizarre". He was also a bit disconcerted when he found out that the "chef d'orchestre" had cut the heart out of a man whom he had considered a rival for his wife's affections; got her to cook it, and dined off it with her before revealing its origin.

Well, New Caledonia was a bit different now, I thought to myself as I stood outside the airport wondering what to do next. New Caledonia is not only an expensive country, it is also unusual in that its population is nearly 50% European, mostly French. The other half is mostly Melanesian, and also Asian and Polynesian immigrants. New Caledonia has a certain French charm, especially in Noumea, earning it the title, "the Paris of the South Pacific".

I took one of the blue mini buses that ply the hot tarmac roads of the island into Noumea and checked into the Youth Hostel. Here I found a gaggle of other travelers hanging out for the 11 to 2 o'clock siesta hour during which Noumea, if not the whole island, virtually shuts down.

Later, I was out on the street with Cathy, an Australian woman vacationing from "Uni" (University) for a few weeks. "Noumea is expensive if you eat in the restaurants all the time", she said. "I usually go down to the supermarket and by some food to cook in the hostel. Want to share a meal with me tonight?"

"Sure, I'm up for that", I replied. "Do you know the way to the museum?" Cathy was a petite and well-tanned young woman, with a lot of spunk like many Aussie gals. I gathered she spent a great deal of time on the many nice beaches around the island. She pointed the way to the museum for me, and then headed for the supermarket. I agreed to share expenses on whatever she bought for dinner that night.

At the museum I had hoped to meet Monsieur Luc Chevalier who had excavated the site which I was curious about, but I was unable to locate him. It was enjoyable walking around the museum, it has a well displayed collection of Melanesian artifacts; woodcarvings, masks, canoes and lapita pottery from the Isle of Pines. My French certainly came in handy reading the labels that were on everything.

My walk around the town and docks was completed by sunset, and mid-evening found me having a spaghetti dinner with Cathy. We sat at a table in one corner of the cafeteria and talked about travel. Later I asked her if she had been to the Isle of Pines.

"No, what is there?" she asked.

"Well, first of all, I understand it is a beautiful island with especially nice beaches".

"Good beaches? I like that!" she exclaimed. "Why do they call it the Isle of Pines?"

Flipping through my guide book, I read a passage to her: "The Isle of Pines owes its name to an extraordinary *columnaris*. When Cook discovered the island in 1774, his crew was astonished to see tall, short-branched pine trees. These unique pines (Araucaria cooki) tower 30-45 m, with branches about 2 m long. They stand on low hills, along the rockier shorelines, and on offshore islands. The Melanesian name of the island is Kounie".[79]

"Is that why you want to go there?" she asked, "because of the pine trees?"

"Well, the pine trees are unusual", I admitted, "but my reason for wanting to go there is different. You see, there are these ten thousand cement cylinders there".

"What!" she exclaimed, a piece of Spaghetti hanging from her gaping mouth.

"You're joking!"

I wasn't. And with that, and a bottle of *vin ordinaire*, I told her the strange tale of the Isle of Pines and the cement cylinders.

On the small island about 40 miles off the southern tip of New Caledonia were discovered some 400 curious tumuli; ant hill shaped mounds of gravel and sand. They are typically 8 to 9 feet high, and some are 300 feet in diameter. There are 17 or so on New Caledonia itself, in the southern district of Paita. On the Isle of Pines the sand has a high iron oxide content. Near Paita it is rich in silica. In both cases the mounds are virtually bare of vegetation.[30'80'81]

The director of the New Caledonia Museum, Luc Chevalier, excavated four of the tumuli in the early 1960s. These mounds of sand and gravel were unusual all by themselves, but even stranger was what M. Chevalier found inside them. At the centers of three of the mounds he discovered an upright cement pillar, and within a fourth, two such pillars standing side by side. No bones, charcoal, or any other remains were found inside of the mounds. The pillars, or cylinders, were composed of a lime-mortar compound containing bits of shell. They ranged from 40 to 75 inches in diameter and 40 to 100 inches in height. These have been dated by the radiocarbon process as having been made between 5120 BC and 10,950 BC![82] That is almost thirteen thousand years old!

This of course is incredible by any standards, and virtually impossible within the generally accepted theories on settlement of the Pacific. The first use of lime mortars (our modern cement) is generally thought to have occurred at around 200 BC in the ancient Mediterranean. General anthropological theory on the populating of the Pacific is that the first migrations to Fiji and other Melanesian Islands took place about 3000 BC at the earliest. In 5,000 BC (and especially 10,000 BC) there was not even supposed to be anyone living on these islands, much less making giant cement cylinders for some unknown purpose.

M. Chevalier found that the outer surfaces of the cylinders were speckled with fragments of silica and iron gravel that seem to have set into the mortar when it hardened. Chevalier's guess is that they had been formed by pouring mortar into narrow pits dug into the top of the mounds and then allowed to harden in place. Bits of the sand and gravel composing the tumuli would naturally have worked into the mortar, thereby explaining their presence in the outer surfaces of the cylinders. In each case, the cylinder was positioned in the center of the mound and set vertically.

That the mounds and cement pillars might be the product of a natural formation is a possibility which has been entirely ruled out. Yet, who could have made such pillars, and why? Their purpose seems to be a mystery and their age astounding! Are they a relic of ancient Lemuria? Having existed at 10 or 11 thousand BC they could easily fit into the time scale of Atlantis. And some mystics and researchers have placed the sinking of the hypothetical Pacific continent at about this same time. Others place the sinking of "Mu" at a much earlier date, about 24,000 BC or so. Could the pillars be that old? It doesn't seem likely.

In an article for INFO Journal, author Andrew Rothovius searches vainly for some explanation of the cement cylinders. He suggests that ancient astronauts had descended from a mothership in small landing craft. Then, in order to return, they had built mini-launching pads from which to blast off back to their mother ship. I surmise that the real answer is simpler, and more easy to swallow.

A curious theory on the construction of the pyramids of Egypt might be appropriate to discuss here. An authority on ancient construction techniques, Dr. Joseph Davidovits, has been saying over the last few years that the Great Pyramid of Egypt, as well as other pyramids in Egypt, had not been constructed out of cut stone as has always been assumed. Davidovits believes that the large blocks were

actually poured into place, and that they are an advanced and ingenious form of synthetic stone that was cast on the spot like concrete.

Davidovits reported on his research at a meeting of the American Chemical Society. He is the founder and director of the *Institute for Applied Archaeological Sciences* located near Miami. He claims that a new deciphering of an ancient hieroglyphic text has provided some direct information about pyramid construction and that it supports his theory that synthetic stone was the construction material.

The text, called the "Famine Stele", was discovered 100 years ago on an island near Elephantine, Egypt. It consists of 2,600 hieroglyphs, about 650 of which have been interpreted as dealing with stone-fabrication techniques. The text claims that an Egyptian god gave the instructions for making synthetic stone to Pharaoh Zoser, who is said to have built the first pyramid in 2750 BC. (The Great Pyramid is sometimes said to be the oldest).

Included were a list of 29 minerals that could be processed with crushed limestone and other natural aggregates into a synthetic stone for use in the building of temples and pyramids. Like the chemists of the 17th and 18th centuries, the Egyptians named these minerals according to their physical properties. The materials were called "onion ore", "garlic ore" and "horseradish ore" because of their distinctive smells.

Davidovits believes the minerals in the ores contained arsenic. Other ingredients for making synthetic stone—phosphates from bones or dung, nile silt, limestone and quartz—were also readily available.

According to the theory, the ingredients were mixed along with water and placed into wooden forms similar to those used for concrete. Davidovits said the cement used in the pyramid stone binds the aggregate and other ingredients together chemically in a process similar to that involved in the formation of natural stone.

Portland cement, by contrast, involves mechanical rather than molecular bonding of its ingredients. Thus, pyramid stone is extremely difficult to distinguish from natural stone. He also maintains that this "Egyptian cement" would last for thousands of years, while ordinary cement has an average life span of only 150 years. Organic fibers, having accidentally fallen into the mixture have been found in the stone blocks of the Great Pyramid.

Can there be a connection between the cement cylinders in New Caledonia and the theoretical "Egyptian concrete" used to make the pyramids? Even if Davidovits' theory is correct, the cement structures in New Caledonia are three to eight thousand years older! And who was the "god" that gave the formula to the Pharaoh Zoser? Perhaps some Atlantean refugee or even an emissary from one of the secret brotherhoods, landing in a vimana for lunch and to have a chat with the Pharaoh? One thing to keep in mind is that the Egyptian civilization lasted for many thousands of years, and it waxed and waned as a culture during that time, just as western culture has for the last two thousand years or so.

Finishing my story, and my spaghetti, I took a sip of wine and looked at Cathy across the table from me in the Youth Hostel. "Well, what do you think of the mysterious cement cylinders of New Caledonia?" I asked her.

She knocked back the rest of her wine glass and reached for the bottle. "It's incredible!" she exclaimed. "But what do you suppose the purpose of them was? Do you really think that they are from some lost continent in the Pacific?"

"Well, I'm not sure. Thinking about it, they seem to have been made sometime after the hypothetical pole shift of 24,000 BC. If they are part of some Lemurian construction, perhaps they were created when some small portion of the continent was still above water, and then when the last subsidence took place, they ended up where they are now".

"They do seem to be part of something that was never completed", commented Cathy. "Like, someone started to build something, but before they built the rest, some catastrophe overtook them. Could they have been the foundation pillars for some temple?"

"Well, that's as good an idea as any", I admitted, pouring the last of the wine into my glass. "The most incredible thing about them is their age. According to academics, no one even lived in the Pacific at that time. I suppose these cylinders at least prove that theory wrong".

"Yeah, but history professors will still teach the same old history. It is very difficult to get them to change. No one likes to be proved wrong", said Cathy.

"That is true. New and radical theories concerning the history of the planet are never met with open arms. I guess time will tell", was all I could say. I then thought about the meal and that I had offered to split the cost with her. "That was a great dinner. By the way, how much do I owe you for my half?"

Cathy smiled and laughed. "The tremendous tale you just told can be your share of tonight's meal. You are really a strange person, how do you know all this stuff?"

I looked at her and thought for a moment. How did I know all this stuff? Actually, I didn't know it all, I just was curious about things. "I just keep my ears open", I shrugged. And we both laughed. Sometimes, indeed, truth is stranger than fiction.

§§§

I flew out to the Isle of Pines for a day and then came back. I viewed some of the gravel and sand mounds, but they were not particularly impressive. I hadn't really imagined they would become tourist attractions, or anything. I was impressed by the sugar white sands and blue-green lagoons. I did discover one abandoned structure though, in the light bush of the isthmus of Kuto: the ruins of the old prison.

Gazing at the pine trees, which were, to say the least, something of an oddity on a lonely island in the South Pacific, I couldn't help but think how this island had probably been part of a greater land mass in the past, and also had stood at a higher altitude, having a climate more agreeable to pine trees. Was this some pine forested mountain top of a lost continent now sunk to sea level? Perhaps the cement cylinders were part of some Lemurian ski resort, I mused laughing to myself.

Noumea was fun, and the night life was quite cosmopolitan for the South Pacific. But I had a lot of places to visit and was itching to hitch on a country road again. I left the Youth Hostel in Noumea one morning, saying goodbye to Cathy, who was headed for the beach. I decided to hitchhike north along the coast to the bay of Hienghene, as I had heard that it was especially beautiful.

There weren't very many cars on the roads, but my lift-factor was high. After several rides, one with a French family and another with a Melanesian truck driver, I had traveled over the central mountains, past huge nickle strip mines desolate enough to turn any ecologist's stomach, to the east coast. Some of the local houses looked amazingly like beehives, while others had spires on them reminiscent in appearance of American Indian totem poles.

I spent the night at the Hotel Le Tapoundari in Poindimie as the only guest. I chatted in French with the cook, a Melanesian lady wearing a Mother Hubbard dress. The food was good, but very expensive. The next morning I was off further north, along the coast to Hienghene. I was quite amazed at the first site of the beautiful bay, as it is guarded by two huge isolated rocks, both of which take on unusual formations. One of the limestone cliffs looks like a sphinx and is 150 feet

My guide book poetically says, “Shades of the *Odyssey*! Such is the majestic beauty of the place that one can well imagine those ancient wanderers sailing in here on their way to some strange adventure”.[79]

I too was struck by the look of the cliffs, and the possiblity that they may have been carved to look-like figures in some ancient time. Indeed, this was done frequently, in order to alert ancient sailors who would recognise the signs. Perhaps ancient Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, Phoenicians and Vikings, and also Chinese, Japanese, Indonesians, Indians and Africans had sailed into this quiet bay marked by a sphinx to get supplies and fresh water from a friendly settlement. Did some lost Egyptian mining city exist back in the mountains behind the bay? It could well be. Perhaps Egyptians or others would come here in search of metals. They certainly would have found them on this mineral rich island. It is said that one need only scratch the surface of the ground in order to find nickel or other metal bearing ore.

This gave me another idea, had the mysterious tumuli and cement pillars been part of some smelting operation? Yet, their great age seemed to put them much further back in history than either the Egyptian sailors or Jason and the Argonauts. Great mysteries, I suppose, were never meant to be solved.

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New Caledonia was a fun place, a sort of French Riviera-Jet Set in the south-west Pacific, but it was time for me to move on to other lost cities and ancient mysteries. I hitched around back to the airport and caught a flight to Fiji. The Isle of Pines, the cement cylinders, the topless beaches and carved stone sphinxes faded away behind me as I sipped my orange juice and leaned back in my seat. It was a short flight to Nandi on the main island of Vitu Levu. There was only time for a quick meal and drink.

After brief entry formalities, I was standing in the bright Fijian sunshine, wondering what to do next. “Taxi, mister?” asked a brown Indian in a turban standing next to me. “Where are you going?”

“Suva, I guess”, I said.

“I’ve got four people in my taxi right now. I’ll take you into Suva for the same price as the bus”, he said. That was fine with me, and we were off through the palm trees and sugar cane plantations to the capital of “the Cannibal Isles”.

Fiji seemed to be a cross between the South Pacific, Africa and India. In recent years, the Indian immigrants brought in by the British have come to actually out-number the Fijians, which naturally makes the native Melanesians rather nervous, because in general elections, they would probably lose control of the country. This very thing happened just after my visit. Several weeks after the general elections in April of 1987, Lt. Colonel Sitiveni Rabuka staged a bloodless military coup against the elected ruling coalition which was dominated by ethnic Indians. Rabuka proclaimed himself in command of the country, much to the relief of many of the ethnic Fijians.

Indians are employed largely as merchants and plantation workers, while the ethnic Fijians live for the most part in their traditional villages, or they work in the government or with the tourist trade. The small towns reminded me of India: small shops, strange smells, women in silk saris, and lots of thin, brown-skinned Indians.

I checked into the *South Seas Private Hotel*, priced at a few dollars a night, took a much needed shower, and hit the street to wander wide eyed in Fiji’s largest city.

At the City Market in Suva I was invited to join a group of Fijian men who were sitting on pandanus mats drinking kava. Kava, also called yangona in the Fijian

powdered roots of the Indian pepper plant and has a mildly narcotic effect.

The men were seated in a circle and in the middle was a tanoa, or wooden bowl, which contained the kava. An informal ritual is connected with kava drinking. The mbilo, or coconut shell cup, is first presented to the highest ranking person in the group, such as a chief or elder. A visitor must refuse the first cup, even if it is offered. After the chief and elders drink, the visitor can accept the cup. The contents of the cup must be consumed all at once, whereupon everyone claps their hands once and says 'matha' which means 'dry' or 'empty'. An elderly Fijian man named Jonetani (Jonathan) had been explaining the procedure to me.

"Tell me", I said to him, "where did the Fijian people originally come from?"

Jonetani smiled, struck a match on the concrete floor and lit a hand-rolled cigarette made from newspaper and Fijian tobacco. "That is a mystery", he said. "But there are some legends. One says that the Fijian people originally came from a faraway land which had a large lake. The Fijians left for some reason, built large ocean-going catamarans, and sailed for many weeks to reach these islands. The place where they first landed here is called Vunda Point; it's in the southwestern part of Viti Levu. The great chief who led them on that journey was called Lutu na Sombasomba".

"Where could that original land have been?" I asked.

"Some people believe it was in East Africa. Those people think that the large lake was perhaps Lake Victoria. Some of the words in Fijian are remarkably similar to Swahili and other African languages. Incidentally, we know the name of one of the great catamarans from the legend. It was called 'Kau ni Toni' which means 'Wood of Toni', referring to a land called Toni".

"Wow", I remarked. "That would be amazing if it's true. So, Lutu na Somba-somba was an important figure in Fiji's ancient history?"

"That's right", said Jonetani. "In fact, I know of a strange but true story which involves him. I know this story is true because my brother witnessed it. It happened during World War Two; my brother was one of the Fijian jungle scouts who fought in Malaya (now Malaysia). The Fijian commanding officer was the Fijian high chief, Sir Ratu Sukuna, who later became the Governor-General of Fiji.

"One night", Jonetani continued, "the contingent of Fijian soldiers were camped deep in the Malayan jungle. One of the Fijians on guard duty saw something moving towards him in the darkness. He raised his rifle and said in English, 'halt! Who goes there?' The approaching figure stepped out of the shadows and spoke in Fijian with a deep voice; he said, 'I am Lutu na Somba-somba'. The guard's eyes grew big as he gaped at the huge, mysterious visitor who stood at least seven feet tall and was dressed entirely in leaves and vines; he carried a traditional Fijian war club in his right hand.

"The guard now switched his questioning to the Fijian language and asked the visitor where he was going. 'I came to see Ratu Sukuna', said the tall man. 'Take me to him at once'. The guard complied immediately and led the tall stranger through the middle of the encampment. Conversations stopped abruptly, plates fell from hands, and mouths dropped open as the soldiers saw this awesome, unexpected guest. Ratu Sukuna spoke privately in his tent with the visitor who then left the camp and disappeared silently into the jungle darkness, never to be seen again".

"But what did he say? Why did he come there?" I asked, drinking a bowl of kava and clapping my hands with everyone.

"My brother was one of those who were standing near the tent and he overheard the conversation", said Jonetani. "Lutu na Sombasomba said that he had come from the spirit world to give a gravely serious warning: a strong force of Japanese

soldiers were nearby and were going to make a powerful surprise attack at dawn with the intent of killing all of the Fijian jungle scouts. He said also that Ratu Sukuna's leadership would be very important for the future of Fiji and he must not die prematurely, nor should his men die needlessly. Ratu Sukuna and his jungle scouts then escaped in the night, and were saved from the Japanese".

"Well", I said, "anything is possible. I remember that in a book called *AD 2000*: *A Book About the End of Time* (Rene Noorbergen, 1984, Bobs-Merrill, NYC) it says George Washington at Valley Forge had had a mysterious visitor give him warnings and encouragement. Perhaps such things have happened in history more frequently than we realize".

"Yes", said Jonetani "perhaps many secret things have happened. Ratu Sukuna went on to become the first Governor General of Fiji. Perhaps this is why Lutu na Sombasomba came to save him and his men. Come again and drink with us; you are welcome here".

"Thanks", I said, '"I would like that. See you again".

Out on the street I wondered about the mysteries of Fiji. Being made up of volcanic islands, it seemed unlikely that there would be anything left of possible Lemurian remains, as they would have been covered by lava. Yet, many mysteries did exist, including the origin of the Fijians, just as the man in the market had been telling me.

Anthropologists say that Fijians, like other Melanesians, migrated out of New Guinea to the islands nearby. However, it is actually taught in Fijian schools that the Fijians came during a great migration from Africa. This is called the "Kaunitoni Theory" after a type of canoe used in East Africa. Fijians are said to have similar customs to certain tribes in Tanganyika. They are said to have come to Tanganyika by way of Egypt and then crossed the Indian Ocean. Meanwhile the Malaysians were making a similar journey, though in reverse, to Madagascar. It is also said that the original homeland of the Fijians was Tirania in Central Asia and that from there they went to Egypt, then to Tanganyika and on to Fiji.

One theory is that the Fijians are actually Nubians from southern Egypt and the Sudan. They were used as slaves and worked in the Egyptian gold mines in Sumatra and then later migrated to Fiji from those mines. The Libyan seamen who had transported the slaves to the mines, and the gold back to Egypt, in this theory, migrated to New Zealand. Dr. Barry Fell of Harvard supports this theory. While this theory may work well to explain certain Melanesians in New Guinea and the Solomon Islands, it seems likely that the Fijians were of a separate migration altogether. Certainly, that is ancient Fijian tradition, and I see no reason why it should not be so.

Is there any proof that Fijians came from Africa? Well, one interesting thing about Fijian culture is that they use a wooden head rest as a pillow when sleeping, exactly as the Egyptians had. Traditional Fijian temples are built at pyramids. Otherwise, we only have the traditions of the Fijians themselves. But, if the Fijians did come to Fiji in giant canoes from Africa about 500 BC, did they find the islands already inhabited?

Almost certainly. The remains of *lapita* pottery have been found in Fiji, indicating that Fiji was first settled by Polynesian people at around 2,000 BC. Are there then some megalithic remains or lost cities or pyramids to be found on Fiji?

My investigations only turned up one mysterious megalithic site. It is on the remote island of Rotuma, still part of the Fiji islands but laying far north of the others. In a brief article in the *Royal Anthropological Institute Journal* in 1876 (no. 6, pp 5-6) the author W.W. Wood speaks about the massive stone blocks:

"On reading Lieutenant Oliver's paper on 'The Megalithic Structures of the

Channel Islands', I bethought me of some notes and sketches made years ago on the Island of Rotumah, in the South Pacific Ocean, where I met with some curious stone tombs, composed of masses so large that it was difficult to conceive the means by which the natives had been able to move and arrange them. The Island of Rotumah is an outlier of the Fiji group, though at a considerable distance to the north. The natives are of a different race and lighter colour than those of the Fiji's, and are distinguished (or were) for their amiable and inoffensive manners. The island is a small one, and not very high, except towards one end, where there is a precipice overlooking the sea, with a large flat terrace at its base, overflowed at high tide.

"The megalithic monuments on the principle island were not far from the beach, near some very fine old trees. The tombs consisted of a low platform of earth, enclosed by slabs of stone set vertically, and in the centre one or more huge stones of irregular shape—mere masses of rock—some of which must weigh many tons. The natives seemed shy of giving any information respecting these curious structures, and from a European, who had settled on the island, we could only learn that they were tombs. The remarkable point was that these simple people should, without the aid of machinery, have been able to raise and arrange these great masses of rock".[25]

Was this giant platform really a tomb? The European mentioned may have assumed that, and it seems that even the islanders themselves were ignorant as to how or why the structure had come to be there. In the alternative world of pre-history where people from Atlantis and India, as well as other places, were flying around the world in vimanas, much as we do today with our airlines, is it possible that this was a vimana platform, much like the platform at the Maralinga Atomic test sight in southern Australia? Other similar platforms can be found throughout the Pacific, as we shall see. The idea was incredible, though not without merit. Perhaps it really was a tomb, or meant for some other purpose. Often, megalithic remains in the Pacific are said to by the tombs of giants, mainly because the locals can only conceive of giants having created them.

§§§

At the hotel I met an Israeli-American named Kim who was on his way to Australia. We went out for dinner, and then out to a pub. "No Women Allowed" said the sign over the door. We had a few glasses of Fiji Bitter and agreed that we would go to the firewalking at the Pacific Harbor Cultural Center the next day. So after breakfast we took a bus south along the coast to the new and popular *Center of Fijian Culture*, a site popular among tourists.

At the Cultural Center we took a canoe ride around an artificial island which had a traditional Fijian Fort at the center. The fort was pyramidical with sharpened wooden spikes pointing out at its base. As our canoe went around the island, we were attacked by cannibals, figuratively speaking, in a re-enactment of the ancient cannibal wars.

Cannibalism and continual warfare played an important part in the history of the islands for hundreds of years. Long known as the Cannibal Islands, the Fijian feudal native aristocracy practiced customs which would today seem cruel, callous, and barbarous. In this tyrannical, medieval society people were buried alive under the posts of new houses, war canoes were launched over the bodies of young girls, and widows of chiefs were strangled to keep their masters company in the spirit world.

Prisoners were baked whole in ovens, and it was forbidden to touch the flesh.

Instead, special forks were used. The Fijians called human flesh "puaka mbalavu" or "long pig". It is generally remarked that human flesh tastes a great deal like pork.

In 1789, after the *Bounty* mutiny, Capt. Bligh was chased by canoe-loads of hostile cannibals as he and his crew rowed between the two main islands of Fiji on their way to Portuguese Timor. The sea between Vitu Levu and Tasawas is still known as Bligh Water. Even though they had been rowing for many weeks, and were hungry and thirsty, Bligh and his men were able to outdistance the pursuing natives, perhaps out of their fear of a fate worse than death. Bligh's careful observations gave Europeans, for the first time, an accurate picture of Fiji.

The tradition of Fijian firewalking began on the island of Mbengga, which is directly south of Viti Levu, the main island. Even today, the only Fijians who are able to do firewalking are from this island. In fact, the only firewalkers are from a single 'matangali', or extended family, from that island.

Let me say at the beginning that I have seen so-called 'firewalking' in other parts of the world. Some of those demonstrations have consisted of people walking barefoot on an ash-covered path which may or may not have contained many hot coals. Some of those events were pretty unimpressive. By contrast, traditional Fijian firewalking is extremely impressive!

The Fijians from Mbengga prepare a very large 'lovo', or underground oven, which is perhaps 12 feet in diameter. This oven is simply a dug out depression in the earth and is about 18 inches deep. This is then mostly filled with large, gray river stones which appear to be like basalt. These stones are about the size of a breadbox or typewriter. A raging bonfire is then built on top of the stones. As the bonfire dies down, the stones are white-hot, sizzling, and surrounded by glowing coals. It is then that the Fijians walk, slowly and deliberately, on the stones!

Legend has it that the ability to walk on fire was first given to a Mbengga warrior named Tui-na-vinggalita who spared the life of a spirit god he had caught while fishing for eels. Today the descendents of Tui-na-vinggalita act as *mbete* (high priest) of the firewalkers and only members of his tribe, the Sawau, perform the ceremony. Firewalkers are not permitted to have contact with women or eat any coconut for two weeks prior to a firewalk.

While Kim and I watched, bundles of leaves and grass were thrown onto the hot stones and they instantly burst into flames. With the shout of "Bula, bula, bula!" the men walked across the white hot stones to the beat of ritual drumming. One after another as many as ten men walked across the pit which was perhaps fifteen feet long, and took many steps to get across. The men walked calmly and slowly and showed no sign of pain.

"That's incredible!" exclaimed Kim, "It must be a hoax!"

"Certainly not", said a British tour conductor sitting next to us. "I've seen this many times all over Fiji. Those stones are searing hot. You could not even get close to them".

"Then how do they do it?" demanded Kim, his eyebrows raised in suspicion.

"Mind over matter, gent. Mind over matter", was the reply.

§§§

We hitchhiked back into town. I began to investigate the possibility of getting to the remote island of Rotuma, but it seemed like quite a long shot. Ships to Rotuma were few and far between and I did not want to wait a month. One evening, after several days of wandering around the island and several visits to other islands in the group, I was back in Suva, and met Kim at the hotel.

"Hey, want to go out to a disco tonight?" he asked.

I thought about it for a moment. "Well, why not?" I replied.

We went down to the market first where I hoped to find Jonetani again. He wasn't there, but I couldn't resist drinking some kava with the elderly men and women in the kava room. That evening found us at the *Bali Hai Club*, a popular nightspot down by the port that was mostly frequented by Fijians. Music pounded in our ears as we quaffed a few Fiji Bitters and the place began to fill up with Fijian men and women, though mostly women, it seemed.

"Wow, look at that woman over there!" exclaimed Kim. "She must be the most beautiful one in this whole place". I turned my head to look at some ladies sitting at a nearby table. One woman in a pink sweater was indeed especially attractive, with her tight curly hair cut in an American style Afro.

I looked back at Kim. "Yes, she is beautiful", I said and took a draught.

"Holy Cow, she's taking off her sweater! Va-vavoom! She's an Amazon!"

"Take it easy, Kim", I said, "you'll get us into trouble".

"Don't look now, pal", he said under his breath, "but she's coming our way".

Sure enough, she came to our table, and to Kim's dismay, asked me to dance. I danced with her for a few songs, and then she invited us to sit at her table with her and her cousins. Her name was Laisa, and Kim was introduced to Laisa's "Auntie" who was keen on dancing also. We danced all night it seemed, and Laisa told me that her father was actually a black American, and her mother was part Fijian and part Chinese. Holding her in my arms, we danced slowly and I noticed that she did look slightly oriental. She was a secretary for some shipping company, and was fascinated that I worked as an independent archaeologist.

"Would you take me on one of your trips around the world?" she asked, batting her beautiful brown eyes at me.

"Oh, well, I don't know", I stuttered, "you see, I usually work alone".

"Well, how about taking me back to your hotel then", she cooed.

I sort of choked on that one. However the Fiji Bitter and kava had taken its toll on me during the night, and I was a bit drunk. Before I could answer, she kissed me hard and wet on the lips. I nearly fell over. Here was one of the most attractive women in Fiji throwing herself at me. I would seem a fool to resist. My head swam, I knew it was time to leave, the question was, did I leave with her?

Sun came in my window and hit me straight in the face. My head hurt and my mouth was dry. Where was I? I heard a snore and looked to my left. An extremely attractive Fijian woman was sleeping soundly next to me. Who was she?

Slowly, the events of the night before came to me; drinking kava in the market, drinking Fiji Bitter at the *Bali Hai Club*, meeting Laisa at the club, and her passionate kiss. I took a shower and when I returned, she was awake. We spent the rest of the morning talking in bed. She showed me some tattoos that I hadn't seen the night before. She said that she had a boyfriend who was Fijian-Chinese and was stationed in the Fijian Army in the Sinai Desert of Egypt-Israel as part of the United Nations Peace Keeping Forces. He had insisted that she tattoo his name on her chest! It appeared that he had done it himself, it was so crude. He was insanely jealous, she said (perhaps for good reason).

"I want to get these dumb tatoos removed", she sighed. "What do you think?" It was difficult to answer at that point, as she had locked her lips onto mine. Being an adventurer in quest of ancient mysteries had its rewarding moments, I thought to myself.

Later, as we were leaving for breakfast, the older woman who ran the desk downstairs noticed that I was leaving with Laisa. "What is this woman doing here?" she demanded in a surly tone. It was rather difficult to explain.

"You'll have to pay for an extra person. It's against our rules! I'm going to call

the police!" I got a tongue lashing that lasted several minutes.

Laisa waited outside, and I went back up to my room and got my things. Back at the desk, I checked out. "I'm going to call the police", she insisted again.

"Go right ahead, ma'am", I told her as I threw my pack over my shoulder and walked out.

"I'll call the police!" she screamed after me. As I started to turn the corner she screamed as loud as she could, "And don't ever come back here again!"

Laisa had an appointment, so I hailed her a cab, paid for it and sent her on her way. "Sorry if I caused you any trouble", she said.

"It was nothing, I'm always in trouble", I replied with a wink. As her taxi pulled away, I knew that this was a sign that my time in Fiji was up. I was ready to move on. Dim memories of last night came to my head. What was life without adventure and romance? Bula, bula, bula!

§§§

Tonga is an anomalous place for several reasons. First of all, it is the last Polynesian Kingdom in the world. And secondly, it has the only megalithic arch in the South Pacific.

Two centuries ago, the crowned heads of Europe recognised as fellow monarchs the kings of Hawaii, Fiji, Tahiti, Samoa, the Cook Islands and Tonga. Now all that is left of these ancient monarchies is the royal family of Tonga, having ruled Tonga for the last 1,000 years. Tonga is the only Melanesian or Polynesian state never to be brought under colonial rule.

When Captain Cook visited the islands in 1773 he was impressed by the courtesy of the people, and nicknamed the group the "Friendly Islands", a name that has stuck to this day. Pyramids of food were given to Cook's crew in a lavish feast, along with displays of boxing prowess by the Tongans. Some say the islanders intended to roast Cook and his crew as part of a second feast, but the profuse thanks the Tongans received for their reception of Cook prompted the hosts to change their minds.

A scarlet broadcloth presented by Capt. Cook to the Tu'i Tonga, the paramount chief of the islands is still preserved on the main island. A male giant tortoise from the Galapagos Islands also given to the islanders by Cook was allowed to wander blind in the queen's garden right up until 1966 when it died at the ripe old age of 200.

While Cook had found the islanders to be a friendly bunch, which might be thought of any islander who didn't attack and eat his guests, Tongans were in fact fierce warriors who frequently fought with the nearby Fiji Islanders aided by great double canoes. But in 1831, quite early in the Tongans' relationship with the Europeans, Wesleyan Methodist Christian missionaries converted the High Chief Taufa'ahau to Christianity. After uniting all of Tonga, he was crowned King George Tupou I, and in 1845 stopped the cannibal wars for good. Tonga became a British protectorate in 1900 and gained complete independence in 1970.

Tongans are literal giants. The present king of Tonga, Taufa'ahau Tupou IV is over six feet tall and weighs more than 300 lbs. He reserves two seats on any airline he flys. Tongans are perhaps a good example of why Polynesians are said to be the largest race of humans on our planet.

Approximately one third of the total land area of 290 square miles (751 sq. kilometers) is taken up by the main island of Tongatapu, an active volcanic island at the southern end of the group. Tonga, in many Polynesian dialects means "south".

So why my interest in Tonga, did it contain some lost city or mysterious relic of

Lemuria? At the time that I flew in from Fiji, I wasn't really sure myself. Tonga is famous for its megalithic monuments. What was their source? Certainly I was interested in finding out.

Looking out at pouring rain from the doorway of the single strip airport, I decided to take a mini bus into Nuku'alofa, the capital. Someone had recommended Leo's Guest House No. 3 as a place to stay, and I was pleasantly surprised at the cleanness of the casual little guest house, as well as the inexpensive price. A nice meal, a walk around town, and a good nights sleep had me ready for the next day of sight seeing. My first stop was to be the trilithon of Ha'amonga.

As it takes less than an hour to cross the entire island by foot, a mini bus to the east coast and the site of Ha'amonga turned out to be but a short trip. I was stunned by the sight of the massive structure near the road. It filled my gaze as I stepped out of the mini bus. There before me was a gigantic stone archway fifteen feet high and eighteen feet long. Walking around it, I roughly measured its dimensions and marveled at the feat of engineering that had created this monster.

It consisted of an arch made from two upright pillars each 4.88 meters high (approx. 15 feet), each weighing approximately 50 tons and supporting a central lintel which is 5.79 meters long (approx. 18 feet) and weighs an estimated 8,165 kilograms (8.165 metric tons or approximately 18,000 pounds or 9 American tons). The top stone was set into grooves carved into the upright stones, rather than having merely been set on top as had been done at Stone Henge. Walking around it I noticed grooves in the stones, possibly from utilization of the arch as an instrument for determining the seasons. It seemed to have much the same purpose as Stone Henge in England.

Indeed, on June 21, 1967, the present king had observed the sunrise from this spot, which accurately corresponded to a line drawn on the lintel.

I climbed up to the top of the trilithon to check out the view, and was surprised to find a circular hollow at the top. What it was for, I had no idea. Perhaps it had been created after the erection of the arch.

Sitting on top of the massive structure, I mused about its possible origins. In an article by Basil Thomason in the *Royal Anthropological Institute Journal* in 1902 (number 32, pages 81-88), he says that common tradition has it that the arch was erected by the god Maui with stones that he brought from Uea (Wallis Island) in a giant canoe. Thomason says that this is tantamount to the islanders professing ignorance as to their origin, as Maui is given the credit for everything that cannot be explained. "It is further alleged that in the reef at Uea the holes from which these stones had been quarried may still be seen, and that the stone is of a kind not found in Tonga". He then goes on to say that a Tongan chief was quoted in the 1799 book, *Voyage of the* "*Duff*" as having stated that the stones had been brought in a double canoe from the island of Lefooga (Lifuka) in the Haapai group.[25]

Indeed, the very material that the stones are made of is controversial. The *South Pacific Handbook*[79] says that the stone is non-stratified limestone known locally as 'sandstone' and then in the same paragraph later says that they are coral blocks! Can the stone be both? Thomason discounts the legend which states that the stones were brought from other islands, and believes them to be made of coral quarried on the reef just offshore. He does say, however, that he believes that a lime crust of surprising hardness has formed on the outside of the stones.

"Their purpose will always remain a matter of conjecture, he says. At first sight they suggest a gateway to some sacred spot inland, but I have examined the bush for some distance in their neighbourhood, and have found no trace of ruins, or stones of any kind. Moreover, the memory of sacred spots dies very hard in Tonga, and the natives do not believe them to have been a gateway. I have lately received

from Mateialona, the Governor of Haapai and cousin to the king, a letter in answer to one of mine on this subject. He says: 'Concerning the Haamonga of Maui, they say forsooth that a Tui Tonga (the sacred line of chiefs), named Tui-ta-tui, erected it, and that he was so named because it was a time of assassination. And they say that he had it built for him to sit upon during the Faikava (ceremony of brewing kava), when the people sat around him in a circle, and that the king so dreaded assassination that he had this lordly seat built for himself that he might sit out of reach of his people. And this, they say, is the origin of the present custom of the Faikava, it being now forbidden for anyone to sit behind the king'".[25]

The legendary king Tui-ta-tui is typically said to have lived sometime between 1200 and 1500, making the stones at least five hundred years old. At this juncture in his article, Thomason then makes a very interesting point: "But though the Haamonga monument is thus assigned by native tradition to the fourteenth century, there are considerations which point to the later date (sometime before the ascribed time of Tui-ta-tui, as in the legend of the god Maui bringing the stones from another island). For the quarrying and mortising of stones weighing some 50 tons apiece the craft of stone-cutting must have been fully developed".[25] Thomason then goes on to explain how other monuments ascribed to a later period in the history of Tonga are much smaller and of much cruder workmanship. He then concludes that the same stonecutters could not have made both, and that the arch must be much older, from a time of stone-working excellence that occurred before the general collapse of the craft. However, he still assigns this period to about 1400 and believes that it is somehow the work of Tui-ta-tui.

As I sat on the arch, I could not help but wonder why the arch was called the Haamonga of Maui which means "The burden of the god Maui" if it had been built by a Tongan chief to sit upon while he drank kava. That the chief actually existed, I had no doubt. Indeed, the stone that Tui-ta-tui actually laid his back against can be seen just near the arch. It is a nine foot slab (2.7 m) mounted erect in the ground. The king would sit or stand with his back to the slab while addressing his people or ceremonially drinking kava, to prevent anyone from spearing him in the back. His name means "the king who hits the knees" because he would administer a sharp clap with his staff to anyone who came too close to his regal person.

It appeared to me that the arch had been some sort of Polynesian calendar to mark the seasons. Notches on the stones mark the longest and shortest days of the year. But still, had it been built in the 13th century?

The Langi Tauhala, a pyramidical platform at the old fortress of Tongatapu is a cut stone block massive in size and is similar to the stones at Baalbek, Lebanon, the largest cut stones in the world, weighing an estimated 2,000 (two thousand) tons apiece. The largest stone at Langi Tauhala is 7.4 meters in length and 2.2 meters in height; it has a thickness of .4 meters and weighs an estimated 30 or 40 metric tons. It is part of a wall that is 222 meters long, and had been built at a time of great antiquity.

It is also interesting to note that the largest block is notched, and that the next block, cut to fit into this notch. Such construction indicates that the builders were aware of earthquakes and general cataclysmic shifts of the earth. "Keystone" cuts and such are ways of binding walls together, and had been done at Tiahuanaco and Ollantaytambo in South America. These stones are so massive, it is hard to imagine them going anywhere. Why should they be notched if not in anticipation of earth changes? Were they part of some Atlantean League remnant on the island? How old were these giant pyramids? Perhaps, these stones did date back to an ancient Pacific empire now vanished beneath the ocean.

The arch does not appear to be something from a sunken continent, that is fairly

certain. Yet, it is still one of the many mysterious megalithic monuments to be found all over the Pacific, even on remote, uninhabited islands. It is unique in that it is an archway, something not usually seen on Pacific Islands. Who might have built it?

Let us think about the kind of people who typically build massive stone arches. Stonehenge comes to mind, but the when, why, who and how of that monument is as much a mystery as is the Tongan Trilithon. Yet, it is in Europe and the Mediterranean area that most stone arches can be found. We now come back to the origin of Polynesian people. If Polynesians are descendants of Libyan sailors, as Dr. Fell asserts, then we have an arch-building, megalith-constructing, sea-going culture that is not only capable of building such an edifice, but also is interested in the seasons.

Could it be that the Haamonga of Maui is actually several thousand years old? This would explain the ignorance of locals as to its origin. It would only be natural that local chiefs would hold important ceremonies around it. The legend of Tui-ta-tui seems to come from the fact that he was afraid of assassination, but he sat with his back to the single upright stone, rather than on top of the arch. Here comes the confusion of who built it and why.

In an article in *American Anthropologist*, volume 17, published in 1915, the author, W. H. R. Rivers, discusses what he calls a "sun-cult" that existed throughout the Pacific. He believed that the Tonga Arch was part of this ancient "secret society". Says Rivers: "The island of the Pacific which holds examples of megalithic structures most closely resembling those of other parts of the world is Tongatabu, where there are trillithic monuments so like those of Europe that the idea of a common source must rise to the mind of even the most strenuous advocate of independent origin. It is not possible at present to bring these monuments into relation with those of other parts of Oceania by connecting them with a cult of the sun, but Hambruch tells us that tradition points to the builders of the stonework of Ponape having come from Tonga. It may be that Tongatabu forms the intermediate link between the stonework of the Carolines and the megalithic monuments of other parts of the world".[25,83]

There was more to the article but let it suffice for now to say that the idea of an ancient civilization that spanned the Pacific and worshipped the sun while building megalithic monuments is closer to the truth than probably any other theory. The remnant of such a civilization would be what formed Polynesian civilization as it had been found by the first European explorers in the 16th and 17th centuries.

I gave the arch one last look as I headed down the road for Nuku'alofa. Perhaps the mystery of the Trilithon of Tongatapu would never be solved, unless the ghost of Tui-ta-tui himself showed up to settle the matter. Until then, it will remain one of the great tourist attractions of Tonga.

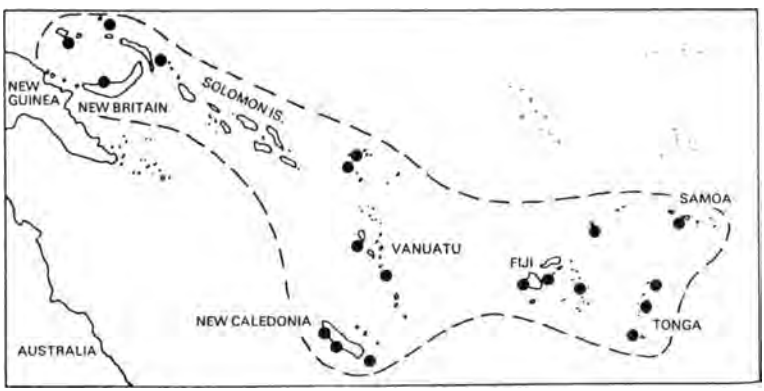
The Haamonga Stones, Tonga

A place of enchanting lagoons, the Isle of Pines is also the site of curious cement pillars reputedly formed long before humans are known to have stepped ashore.

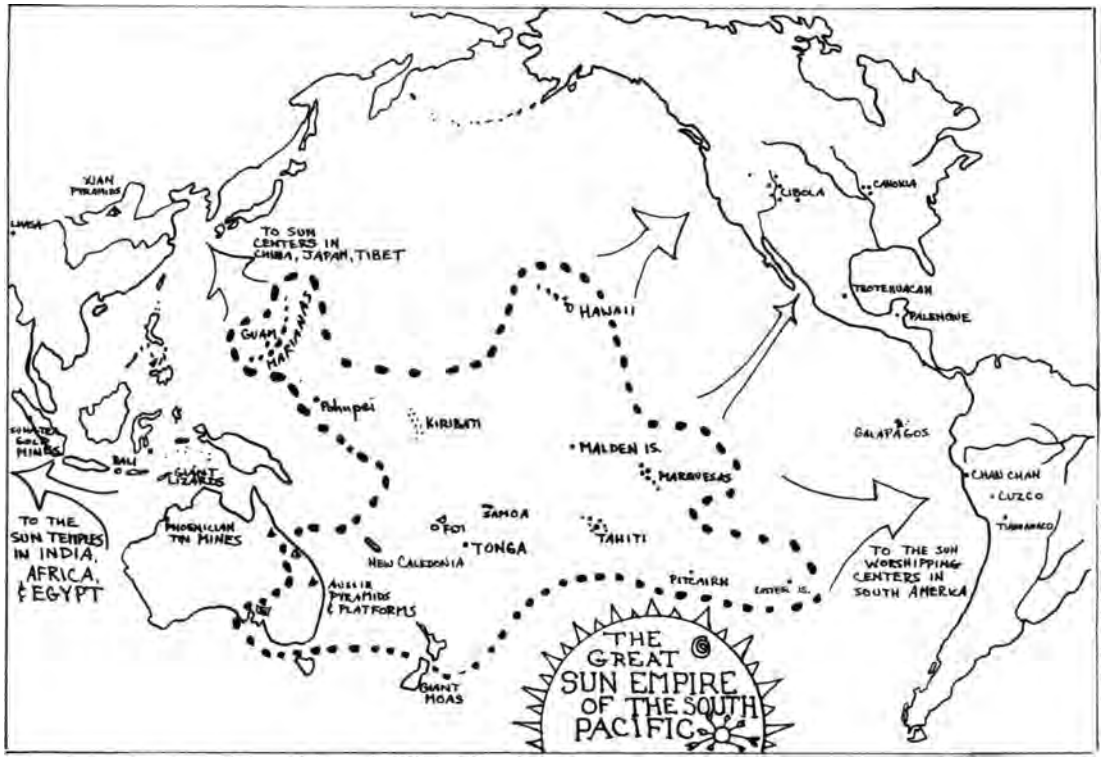
The Pacific island of New Caledonia is approximately 1,000 miles southwest of New Guinea and about 750 miles from the east coast of Australia. About 40 miles from its southern tip is the Isle of Pines. On this small island are some 400 curious tumuli–anthill-shaped mounds of sand and gravel, 8 to 9 feet high and some 300 feet in diameter. Similar mounds are found in smaller numbers in the Païta district of southern New Caledonia. On the Isle of Pines the sand has a high iron oxide content; near Païta it is rich in silica. In both cases the mounds are virtually bare of vegetation.

Closeup view of a Lapita dish excavated from a second millennium BC site in the Reef Islands of eastern Melanesia. The characteristic geometric motifs were made by pressing carved stamps into the damp clay before firing. (*Courtesy of Roger C. Green*)

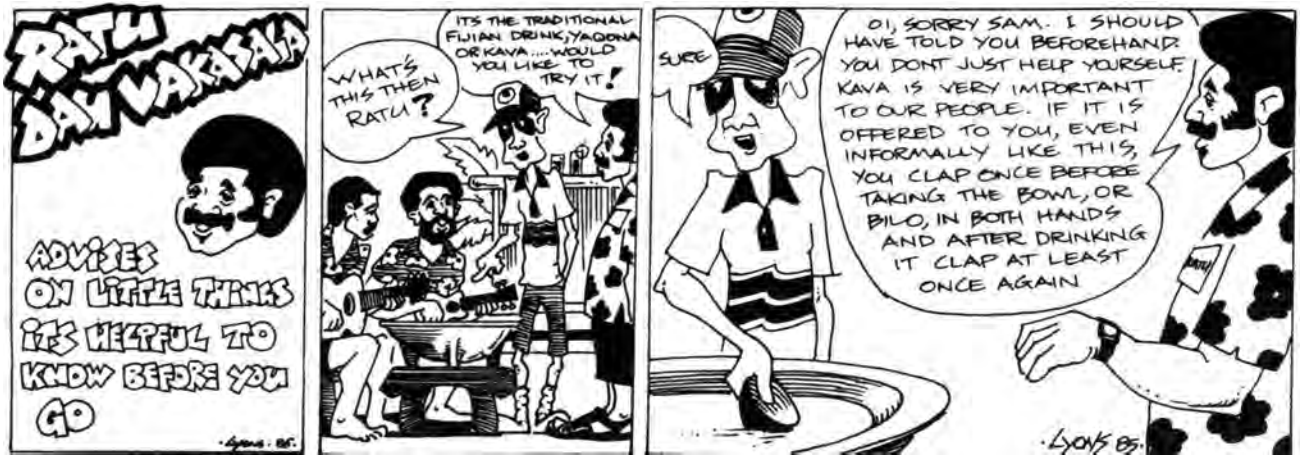
Lapita pottery, 4,000 years old, has been found distributed as far as Tonga and Samoa. If the origin of this pottery can be found, it would shed light on migrations to the Pacific.



Sites containing Lapita pottery, indicated by black dots on this map of the southwestern Pacific, are distributed from the area of New Britain, through island Melanesia, and as far east as Samoa and Tonga.

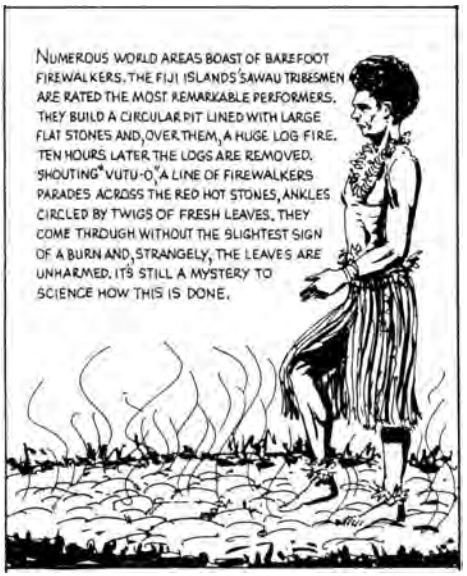


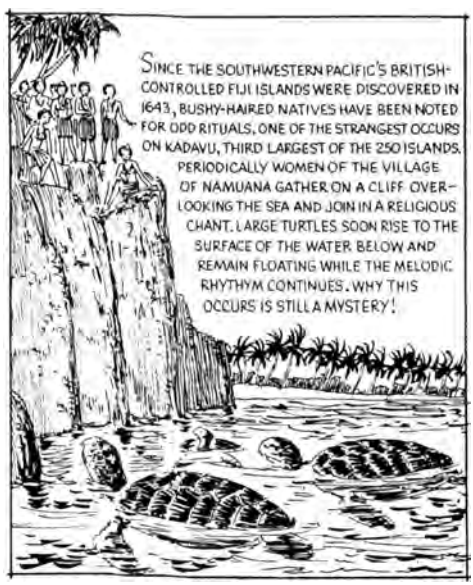
Map of the theoretical Sun Cult Empire of the South Pacific. In this theory, refugees called the Atlantean League, great seamen of thousands of years ago, set up this sun-worshippings trading empire in the Central Pacific. They had strong affiliations with the Aton Sun-worshipping centers in Egypt, Peru, North America and India. They also had traditional links with ancient Atlantis.


RATU DAN VAKASAJA
ADVISES ON LITTLE THINGS IT'S HELPFUL TO KNOW BEFORE YOU GO
WHAT'S THIS THEN RATU?
IT'S THE TRADITIONAL FIJIAN DRINK, YAQONA OR KAVA.... WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY IT!
SURE
OI, SORRY SAM. I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU BEFOREHAND. YOU DONT JUST HELP YOURSELF. KAVA IS VERY IMPORTANT TO OUR PEOPLE. IF IT IS OFFERED TO YOU, EVEN INFORMALLY LIKE THIS, YOU CLAP ONCE BEFORE TAKING THE BOWL, OR BILO, IN BOTH HANDS AND AFTER DRINKING IT CLAP AT LEAST ONCE AGAIN
LYONS 85.

Above: Drinking Kava in Fiji.
Right: Typical Indian Movie Poster as seen in Fiji. This one, interestingly, is called Ramkali. Kali temples have been found as far as Hawaii.

For the firewalking ceremony on Mbengga, an island in Fiji, stones are heated in a pile of burning brush and logs until they glow, after which they are leveled with rakes fashioned from long poles and twisted vines. Then the firewalking begins on the white-hot rocks.


NUMEROUS WORLD AREAS BOAST OF BAREFOOT FIREWALKERS. THE FIJI ISLANDS' SAWAU TRIBESMEN ARE RATED THE MOST REMARKABLE PERFORMERS. THEY BUILD A CIRCULAR PIT LINED WITH LARGE FLAT STONES AND, OVER THEM, A HUGE LOG FIRE. TEN HOURS LATER THE LOGS ARE REMOVED. SHOUTING "VUTU-O," A LINE OF FIREWALKERS PARADES ACROSS THE RED HOT STONES, ANKLES CIRCLED BY TWIGS OF FRESH LEAVES. THEY COME THRDUGH WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST SIGN OF A BURN AND, STRANGELY, THE LEAVES ARE UNHARMED. ITS STILL A MYSTERY TO SCIENCE HOW THIS IS DONE.


SINCE THE SOUTHWESTERN PACIFIC'S BRITISH-CONTROLLED FIJI ISLANDS WERE DISCOVERED IN 1643, BUSHY-HAIRED NATIVES HAVE BEEN NOTED FOR ODD RITUALS. ONE OF THE STRANGEST OCCURS ON KADAVU, THIRD LARGEST OF THE 250 ISLANDS. PERIODICALLY WOMEN OF THE VILLAGE OF NAMUANA GATHER ON A CLIFF OVER-LOOKING THE SEA AND JOIN IN A RELIGIOUS CHANT. LARGE TURTLES SOON RISE TO THE SURFACE OF THE WATER BELOW AND REMAIN FLOATING WHILE THE MELODIC RHYTHYM CONTINUES. WHY THIS OCCURS IS STILL A MYSTERY!

From *It's Still A Mystery*, by Lee Gebhart and Walter Wagner

The ancient *langi Tauhala* on Tonga, this massive stone block, with another next to it, weighs from 100 to 150 tons. Note how the stone is notched to the right, and the next stone fitted into the notch. This notch is significant, as ancient stone work high in the Andes is similarly notched to create an earthquake-proof construction. In stable geological conditions, these gigantic stones aren't going anywhere! This would appear to be either Atlantean or "Lemurian" construction built to withstand "poleshifts".

A Stone Arch on Tonga-Tabu.

Above: The stone trilithon at Tonga Tabu drawn in 1876 by James Churchward on his cross Pacific voyage in search of evidence for Mu, as instructed to him by his Indian teacher. Below: Early photo of the same arch, called the Ha'amonga'a maui (Arch of Maui). Courtesy of the Bernice Bishop Museum, Honolulu.

"Tombs of the Tuitonga kings" as drawn in "The Missionary Voyage of the Duff", published in London in 1799. Note the pyramidical platform and large stone blocks.

A *langi*, OR TOMB OF THE TUITONGAS NEAR MUA, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF TONGATABU, WHEN PARTIALLY CLEARED OF ITS FOREST GROWTH

From *Riddle of the Pacific* by John Macmillan Brown (1925)

Chapter Nine

Kiribati and the Marshalls: Giants and Mysterious Temples

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy.
—Shakespeare, *Hamlet Act 1*, *Scene 5*

My next stop on leaving Fiji was Nauru, the tiny island kingdom in the middle of the Pacific. I wasn't sure if the police were after me, but I did consider my departure from the island something of an escape.

Nauru is one of those bizarre little countries that people sometimes read about in sensational stories in supermarket tabloids: TINY ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC WHERE PEOPLE GET PAID $20,000 A YEAR NOT TO WORK. The amazing thing is, it's pretty much true in Nauru.

The Republic of Nauru is a single island of only 8.2 square miles (21 square kilometers) with a population of about eight thousand people. Yet, the per capita income of the island was $21,400 in 1977, the highest per capita income of any country in the world. This makes Nauru the world's richest nation, I suppose. The reason for all this wealth is that the island is one vast phosphate deposit, created by millions of birds pooping on the island for thousands of years. The bird guano consists of phosphoric acid and nitrogen and this reacts with the coral of the upraised atoll to a form a hard, colorless, odorless rock averaging 85% pure phosphate of lime. This material makes an outstanding fertilizer, helping to keep the fields in New Zealand green and the farms in Australia productive.

Stepping off the plane at the airport, I knew immediately that there wasn't a lot to occupy the tourist here in Nauru, much less the rogue archaeologist in search of lost cities. Even the Nauruans get bored, flying to Majuro in the Marshall Islands for the day just for something to do. I would also be flying on to Majuro shortly, but first there was some inspection I needed to do in the nearby Kiribati Islands.

That famous and sometimes questionable investigator of "Ancient Astronauts", Erich von Däniken, reports in his book *Pathways to the Gods*[85] that he received a letter from a reverend in South Africa who had been a missionary in the Gilbert Islands, now the Kiribati Group. The first letter, written by Reverend C. Scarborough, said in the second paragraph:

"I have been intending to write you about some definite evidence of 'gods that came from the sky'. During my time as a missionary in the Pacific, I was shown the graves of two giants who, the locals told in their folk-tales, came from the skies. These are well-preserved graves and each is approximately five meters long. There are also many footsteps fossilized in the rocks and these are so numerous as to make photography quite simple.

There is also a 'stone compass', and a site where the folk-tales say that the 'gods' landed. This place is most interesting because it is completely devoid of plant life and is in a perfect circle".[85]

In a second letter to von Däniken he says, "I am a Congregational minister in Sea Point, South Africa. Before coming to take up this position, my wife and I and two children were missionaries in the Kiribati Islands (formerly Gilbert Islands) South Pacific under the authority of the London Missionary Society. We spent a period of three and a half years there and could speak the native language fluently. We travelled extensively throughout the sixteen islands and spent many months on each island. We became aware of the strange and inexplicable ancient history of the islands very soon after learning the language.

"The first thing that struck me was the fact that the islanders had two names for people. They themselves they referred to as *aomata*, meaning simply man in the plural. Anyone with white skin and tall was referred to as *te i-matang*, which is translated literally as 'man from the land of gods'. As we got to know the islanders better we found that this difference between them and foreigners existed on all the islands".[85]

The letter goes on to discuss the giants' graves and where they might be found. He also mentions that the compass stones have lines scratched on them, presumably giving bearings to distant islands. He says that the stones must have been transported from elsewhere, because that kind of stone does not exist on the island. Says Reverend Scarborough about the 'landing site of the gods':

"On this point I must give you two possibilities as I confess to have forgotten on which island it was. It was either Tarawa North or Abainang, both of which are close enough to see one island from the other.

"If my memory serves me correctly, it was Abainang. There the local *tabunia* (witch-doctor) keeps watch over this strange site. It is known to the islanders and they will readily tell you where the open site is to be found. Is is a part of the island with dense undergrowth, the islanders go there secretly when the ministers are not watching to make their offerings to the gods.

"In this case you will most certainly need the help of the *tabunia*. He will lead you as he did me through the bush until you come to the circle. There nothing grows, not a weed or tree, and there is no living thing to be seen. He will tell you that anyone who walks over the large open circle will soon die. Why? Radiation, or what? It is interesting when you are there to note that trees that have begun to grow leaning towards the circle have turned in their growth and leaned away from this open area. Nothing grows in the centre of the circle. When the Resident Commissioner visited the spot in 1965, he said to me that it must be radioactive. But radioactivity on a coral island? Again, it is referred to in folk-lore as the landing place of the gods".

Well, this sounded pretty interesting. Five-meter graves are more than fifteen feet long, and if the persons inside them (assuming they are graves) are even half that long, it would be remarkable. A radioactive circle is even more interesting, added to the legends of the islanders themselves. What did it all mean? Erich von Däniken wanted to find out. He too flew to Nauru and then on to Tarawa, capital of the Kiribati Islands and the only island with any sort of major airport.

In *Pathways to the Gods*, von Däniken relates a number of legends that involve gods coming from the sky—and seemingly even from outer space—to create life on earth. One of the gods has the name Nareau, which is perhaps where the name Nauru came from. Von Däniken eventually finds the stone grave of one of the giants after a series of frustrating wrong leads. The grave is 5.3 meters long and piled high with stones.

He relates the local legend that goes along with the graves: that two giants, apparently brothers, came to the island. They were twice as large as normal men and

could lift massive stones and do other feats of great strength. The islanders, afraid of these giants, got them drunk on palm wine and then killed them so they could not do any mischief. They were buried in pits and covered with stones.

Nearby he found several upright monoliths, as tall as men, with more of the stone buried in the earth. The stones had dead-straight lines cut into their tops. Apparently compass stones, they pointed in different directions. One pointed to the Island of Niutao in the Ellice Islands, a group of nine atolls 1800 kilometers away. Another pointed to West Samoa, 1900 kilometers away and a third to the Tuamotu Islands in the South Pacific, 4700 kilometers away. Two of the stones were made of granite which is not found on the Kiribatis, and other compass stones were made of some other sort of volcanic rock, while still others were of coral blocks quarried on the island.

Von Däniken also found the circle where nothing grows. He says they were a bit disappointed with the circle fourteen meters (44 feet) in diameter. In its center was a square with sides of 5.1 meters (16 feet) marked out by small oblong stones. This square was the only remarkable feature as, indeed, not a single blade of grass grew inside it, while luxuriant vegetation grew all around it. Using Geiger counters, they examined the circle but found no traces of radiation. Von Däniken's companion, Willi, made an effort to enter the square, but a tall islander, Teeta, their guide, stopped him. A village elder then told von Däniken that "the oldest and mightiest of the spirits" would not tolerate any kind of life near it and even killed birds that flew over it. Anyone who entered the area would soon die from the "power" of the spirit. Von Däniken hazarded the guess that this is some sort of power spot such as Lourdes in France where people are miraculously cured. Only in this case, it is a "negative power spot" that does people in rather than helping them. It is a good guess, in my opinion, and to take the idea further, perhaps the islanders have marked the spot off to keep hapless tourists from wandering inside it.

What was most interesting to von Däniken, and to me, were the giant footprints of Tarawa. A book has even been written about them, entitled *The Footprints of Tarawa* (it is extracted from the *Journal of the Polynesian Society*, Vol 58, No. 4, December 1949, Wellington, New Zealand, and written by I.G. Turbott). This book mentions a number of places where these footprints can be found in the Kiribatis, but the main spot is in the village of Banreaba at a spot called Te Aba-n-Anti, the "Place of the Spirits", or Te Kananrabo, "the Holy Place".

Here various footprints can clearly be seen in the volcanic stone, some of them so huge as to seem impossible. Most have six toes on each foot. The largest are about three feet long, easily twice as large as the foot of an especially tall person (though even short people can have big feet). The footprints are reported to be very clear, with the toes, heels and outline distinct: naturally rounded and curved like a normal footprint. They are certainly not natural rock formations coincidently formed into footprints.

The only other explanation other than that they are the actual footprints of giants is that they were chiseled into the rock by the islanders themselves for some unknown purpose. Reverend Scarborough points out in his letter to von Däniken, "If you have some idea that perhaps the islanders themselves have carefully carved these prints in the rocks...then you must ask yourself, Why? For what purpose should the islanders on sixteen islands undertake to manufacture marks in the hard rock? Bearing in mind that they have little or no tools, that would be nonsense. The local verbal customs say that they are footprints of the gods who came from heaven".[85]

If we discard the theory of the footprints being carved, we must now examine the possibility of the footprints having been created by actual men (?) walking on still-elastic lava just prior to cooling. These men apparently had six toes and were probably ten to twelve feet tall. When did this hypothetical walk take place? According to uni-

formitarian geology, millions of years ago. Such a fantastic date is usually applied to other anomalistic footprints such as those of men and dinosaurs walking together in river beds in Texas and other places. After all, since it is a "scientific fact" that dinosaurs became extinct 65 million years ago, then the tracks of a man with those of a dinosaur must be at least 65 million years old.

But wait! In 1988, several expeditions, including one from the University of Chicago with zoologist Roy Mackal, are searching for living dinosaurs deep in unexplored swamps in the Congo. Dinosaurs are reported constantly, from pterodactyls to brontosauruses to plesiosauruses and others. Even the so-called extinction of dinosaurs is a subject of mystery. What caused it?

In light of cataclysmic geology, the footprints of a man with those of a dinosaur could be measured in thousands of years, rather than millions. In those terms, the giant footprints of Kiribati might be as young as 24,000 years old. One possible scenario is as follows: According to *The Lemurian Fellowship* and other sources, many inhabitants of the Pacific continent were in fact giants, some standing twelve feet tall or more. Others were smaller, say, from six to eight feet tall. Possibly, in the final submergence of the continent in a pole shift, survivors of the many waves of earthquakes and tidal waves sought refuge in the very peaks of mountains, many of which were volcanic. Shortly before or after the final submergence, these survivors (who probably didn't survive) walked on the lava that was to become the Kiribati Islands. This may have happened as recently as 24,000 years ago, if we are to believe *The Lemurian Fellowship's* date for the submergence of the continent. It is interesting to note that "lava walking" is still practiced on Hawaii to this day.

Actually, even the creation of atolls is a mystery. While they are volcanic, they are rarely more than a few feet above the water and the coral growth around them seems to be what creates the island. The most popular theory is that atolls are the tops of ancient volcanoes which have sunk into the ocean. As the volcano sinks into the ocean, coral activity continues somehow to keep the tip above the water. A solution to the creation of atolls will probably never be found within the frame work of uniformitarian geology.

As to giants with six toes who are twelve feet tall, Frank Edwards reports in his book, *Stranger Than Science*,[86] that in 1833, soldiers digging a pit for a powder magazine at Lompock Rancho, California (near San Luis Obispo) hacked their way through a layer of cemented gravel and found the skeleton of a man about twelve feet tall. The skeleton was surrounded by carved shells, huge stone axes, and blocks of porphyry covered with unintelligible symbols. The giant also had a double row of teeth, both upper and lower! When local Indians began to attach religious significance to the skeleton and artifacts, the authorities ordered it secretly buried, to be lost to science.[86]

Edwards goes on to say in his book: "This particular giant, incidentally, bore marked similarity to another, that of a giant man with double rows of teeth whose skeletal remains were dug up on Santa Rosa Island, off the California coast. Subsequent research has shown that he, or his descendants, feasted on the small elephants which once lived on that island and which have vanished, like the giants who ate them, countless ages ago.

"Near Crittenden, Arizona, in 1891, workmen excavating for a commercial building came upon a huge stone sarcophagus eight feet below the surface. The contractor called in expert help, and the sarcophagus was opened to reveal a granite mummy case which had once held the body of a human being more than twelve feet tall—a human with six toes, according to the carving of the case. But the body had been buried so many thousands of years that it had long since turned to dust".[86]

So, we suddenly see a correlation with six-toed giants on the west coast of North America with six-toed giants leaving footprints in ancient strata in the Kiribati

Islands. Too bad that one of the giants didn't take a bite out of the hot lava. Then we might know whether he had a double row of teeth!

§§§

Life is strange, I thought as I finished an expensive meal at the only hotel in Nauru, the government-owned Meneng Hotel. I had already walked around the whole island, which took about four hours. Shopping was good, Nauru is a duty-free port and many things are cheaper in the supermarket at the civic center than at their point of origin. But other than that, what was there to do in Nauru, besides plan my escape?

I looked into flying to Tarawa, but then discovered that there was a strike in the islands and it would be difficult to get around the Kiribati group once I got there. The footprints were of particular interest to me. They at least helped confirm one of the interesting legends of the Pacific continent: that some of the people were literal giants.

The other island in the Kiribati group that interested me was remote and deserted Malden Island, which is, to some people, proof of an ancient Pacific continent inhabited by man. About a thousand miles due west of Tarawa in the Kiribati group are the Phoenix Islands, Canton Island being the only island with any population. The islands were originally uninhabited when Europeans first discovered them, but the British settled about 1,000 Gilbertese from the Kiribati group there in order to reinforce their claim to the islands in 1938.

Another thousand miles further to the east are the Line Islands of which Christmas Island is the only population center. Both the Phoenix group and the Line group are now part of the independent Republic of Kiribati. Christmas Island was also uninhabited, although it is quite large with many small lakes in the interior. It was an important military base during World War II and was later used for atomic testing in the atmosphere above the island by the United States and Britain from 1956-62. Reportedly, no radioactive contamination remains. Today, there are about 1,300 Gilbertese (Kiribatians) on Christmas Island and there is one hotel.

Christmas Island is about 500 miles north of Malden Island; today, as in the past, a low, barren and uninhabited island. Malden Island becomes all the stranger when one reads about what is found on the island: pyramids, platforms, roads that disappear into the ocean, megaliths and other strange stacks of stones!

John MacMillan Brown, former Chancellor of the University of New Zealand, had this to say about Malden Island in his book, *The Riddle of the Pacific*:[69] "In the south of Upolu of the Samoan group, Mr. Edgar N. Heycock has just found numerous truncated and stepped pyramids of stone ranging from ten to thirty feet in height, twenty to sixty feet in width and ninety to two hundred feet in length; and from these there are traces of paved ways down to the sea. Further to east and not far from the Equator, Malden Island, as small a speck as this and the haunt of no living thing but sea-birds through all time is covered with truncated pyramids of coral blocks capped with dolmens and approached by paved ways from the sea; and though there is no sign of burial or dead, these temples and altars must have been connected with ceremonials intended to immortalize chiefs that had passed. These reveal tentative efforts towards such a conception of a concentrated mausoleum as has been carried out on this islet and show a clear line of development towards it".

Brown, who believed m a sunken continent of the Pacific, was fascinated by the remains of pyramids and platforms all over the Pacific. His book is largely about Easter Island, but touches briefly on other enigmas such as Malden Island.

Other writers have dealt with Malden Island with a little more flair. In *The Ultimate Frontier*,[18] written by Eklal Kueshana in 1962, there is a paragraph on

Malden Island, in which the island is used as possible proof of a Pacific continent: "On barren Malden Island stand the remnants of forty stone temples of the same architecture as on Ponape 3,400 miles away. Roads of basalt blocks extend from these temples in every direction only to disappear into the Pacific Ocean. On Rarotonga Island is another section of the same road".[18]

Naturally, I was intrigued by this statement and wondered how much of it was true. Malden Island is so remote, very few people have actually ever been there, yet, photos and scientific records do exist. The facts seem to be that there are indeed a number of temples on the island, and forty might well be the number. What Brown calls truncated pyramids appear to be more like platforms, or temples. They are indeed made of cut stone blocks of large size, megalithic if you will. Dolmens, or other stones, similar to "compass stones" adorn the tops of many platforms, while others are flat.

Especially intriguing are the so-called roads that disappear into the ocean. In a way, these also exist, but it is actually a bit much to call them roads, Brown called them "paved ways", which would be more accurate. They do indeed disappear into the ocean.

What of the road on Rarotonga? Rarotonga is more than a thousand miles almost directly south of Malden Island, and is the largest of the Cook Islands. It does indeed have a very unusual road on it, called the *Ara Metua*. It is an ancient road, better constructed than those on Malden Island, and in fact, it is construction very similar to that found in Peru. It is said to be the oldest road in Polynesia built at least a thousand years ago.

The *Ara Metua* road on Rarotonga is essentially an island circuit road that goes around the island. It is inside of the new, paved road that rings the island today, and many parts of it are still used. Though I have not investigated it myself, I am not aware of any places where it goes into the sea, yet, it is possible.

Rarotonga has a number of pyramid-platforms, like Malden Island and many Pacific islands, but perhaps the most interesting thing on the island is the imposing "Black Rock" standing alone in a green coral lagoon near the main town of Avarua. This strange formation has been radiometric dated as two and a half million years old! Legend says that it marks the spot where the spirits of deceased Rarotongan Polynesians pass on their way back to the legendary homeland of Hawaiki.[79]

There is certainly some mystery connected with Malden Island, but I would venture to say that what is found on the island are not remains of Lemuria, Mu, Hiva, or whatever. The "roads" are indeed mere paved ways that go to the sea, probably for chiefs and such to walk on as their canoes reached the shore. There is little proof that the paved ways continue for any distance beneath the ocean. They are little more than stepping stones.

The temples themselves are more of a mystery. I especially wonder why there should be so many platforms or "pyramids" on a deserted island. Actually, not just on any deserted island, but on a remote deserted island that is hundreds, even thousands, of miles from anywhere. Malden Island, for some unknown reason, was used as a special meeting place by an unknown culture for some unknown purpose. One theory is that the Line Islands were once inhabited, including Malden Island. Another theory is that it was a special burial place for chiefs. Yet, for what chiefs, where did they come from, and where is evidence of their burial?

One thing worth noting about Malden Island is that it would be a good stop-over point for a trip between Tahiti and Hawaii, a trip of about two thousand miles through a vast, empty ocean. Thinking of stop-over points, I couldn't help remembering the platforms that exist on other Pacific Islands, including Easter Island, Tonga and others. Then, there is the strange platform discovered at the Maralinga Atomic Test Site in South Australia. That platform wasn't used for some

dead Polynesian chief, that's for sure. All these platforms are similar, and lead me to some startling theories.

I have to think back to those days of the Rama Empire and their vimanas and sophisticated technology. Is there really something to all this stuff about a "world grid" and special vortex areas and the like around the world? Was Malden Island some sort of special power point on the world grid, acknowledged by the ancients? Were the platforms on Malden Island, in Tonga, in Australia, on Easter Island, and all over the world part of a worldwide network for vimana craft? Ancient pyramids with flat tops such as those found in Mexico, Peru, Tahiti, China, Egypt, Illinois and elsewhere might also have been landing platforms for the vertical landing and take-off airships that Rama and Atlantis supposedly had. Similarly, Canton Island in the Phoenix group was once an uninhabited island used as a stop-over for Pan American Airways back in the thirties.

If this were true, the platforms would have to be thousands of years old, though created on the island which is geologically pretty much the same as it is today. Or, perhaps it's more realistic to theorize that the platforms were created more recently, within the last few thousand years. If Indians, Phoenicians, Libyans, Egyptians, Chinese, Vikings and what not were actually sailing the Pacific back in 1,000 to 4,000 BC, perhaps they had some use for Malden Island. Someone put a lot of effort into building megalithic monuments on a place that could hardly support even a small population.

Are these platform-pyramid-temples part of the ancient Sun Worshipping society of the Pacific? In the "Great Sun Empire of the Pacific" theory in which the Atlantean League set up a sun-worshipping, sea-trading empire, these temples might have been special meeting places.

Perhaps Malden Island was one of the crossroads of the central Pacific, an oasis for foreign sailors on their way to Mexico, Peru, Hawaii or Easter Island. It is even possible that Malden Island was the meeting place for the "Sun Cult Secret Societies" as mentioned in the *American Anthropologist* article in 1915. It is not such a large world. After all, Polynesian sailors have certainly proved that. Similarly, maybe Malden Island was a meeting place, and chiefs from all over the Pacific met on the island. Maybe some even flew in in their vimanas!

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It seemed that getting out to Malden Island was not something that I would be doing in the near future. I checked into the possibility of flying to Christmas Island and then getting a yacht from there, but it all seemed out of the question. Getting out of Nauru was important though, and I was soon on a flight to Majuro in the Marshall Islands.

Robert Louis Stevenson called Majuro "the pearl of the Pacific". It was here that he wrote *Return To Treasure Island*. The capital of the Marshall Islands, Majuro is really an atoll of three narrow islands connected together by causeways. The island is so narrow that there is only one road which, naturally, starts at one end of the island and goes to the other. A tidal wave swept over the six-hundred-foot-wide island in 1979, and Majuro has yet to fully recover from its devastating effects.

While waiting for my luggage from the Air Nauru flight, I met another traveler who had just flown in from Honolulu on an Air Micronesia flight. His name was Mike and he was from Indianapolis. Tall and bearded, a bit overweight, he was cheery and curious.

"Know a cheap hotel to stay in here in Majuro?" he asked me.

I flipped through my guide book and named off the three hotels on the island. Just then a one-eyed fat man stepped up to us and cleared his throat.

"Excuse me, boys", he said in a Texas accent, "but I couldn't help hearing you talking. I've spent a lot of time here on Majuro, and can recommend the Ajidrik Hotel. It's not the cheapest, but it's decent".

Mike and I both looked at this strange man. He must have weighed about 400 pounds, had silver hair, and wore glasses with a patch over one eye. He certainly didn't look like your typical brown-skinned, tall and skinny Marshallese.

"Well, the Ajidrik Hotel sounds good to me", I finally said, glancing over at Mike.

"Sure, I don't care. How far is it to town?"

"It's about five miles to town from the airport. I'm renting a truck, so I can give you a ride if you like", said the one-eyed fat man. Mike and I agreed. And within moments we were whisked off through the warm evening air down the only road on Majuro. Coconut palms whispered in the wind, and the stars glowed overhead like a ten billion "star salute" to our arrival in the Marshall Islands.

I leaned back by the luggage and looked at Mike who was staring out at the atoll lagoon to our left. "Nice evening, eh?" I laughed in delight.

"You can say that again! Wow, it's good to be in the South Pacific!" he said.

"Well, didn't you just come from Hawaii?" I asked.

"I don't really count that. I left Indianapolis only a few days ago. I was only in Honolulu, anyway, and that city is a far cry from Majuro. Actually, I'm here to dive for a sunken city".

"A sunken city, here on Majuro?" I exclaimed.

"No, not here on Majuro", laughed Mike, "I mean I'm just heading for Ponape Island to dive at the sunken city there".

"No kidding? I'm on way to Ponape to check out evidence for a Pacific Continent", I said.

"Lemuria? Well, what a coincidence. I've wondered if this sunken city could be connected with Lemuria too. Well, it seems like fate that we should end up together in the back of this pickup", said Mike.

"And one driven by a one-eyed fat man, at that", I said. And we both laughed.

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Mike and I checked into the Ajidrik Hotel and decided to save money by sharing a room. The next morning, after dinner and a good night's rest, we were off to explore the main town. Walking around downtown took about five minutes. We found a restaurant by the sea, and decided to have breakfast there. Over a leisurely meal, we tried to decide what to do.

Hitchhiking to the other end of the atoll, where the best beach could be found, seemed like a good idea. We dropped in at the museum which was small but interesting. Displays were nicely done, illustrating artifacts, art and culture of the Marshall Islands. There was nothing to indicate any far-out remote history of the islands, but what struck me most was the sense that the Marshallese, stemming from the earliest reports of visitors, were exceptionally noble and friendly people. There were no reports of wars between islands or cannibal raids and such. This in itself seemed a remarkable achievement.

One fascinating device used by Marshall Islanders was the "stick chart" or "stick compass". These "stick charts" were maps made of sticks tied together that symbolized visible ocean currents and swells, as well as wave action. Just by watching the motion of waves and swells, Marshallese would navigate from island to island with incredible accuracy!

It was a thirty-mile hitch to the far end of the island, virtually the entire distance of Majuro. It was enjoyable and painless. There were plenty of short lifts in Japanese

pickup trucks and vans. Brown-skinned and smiling men with their beautiful long-haired wives in back would stop and take us a few miles down the road; the huge lagoon on one side, the ocean on the other.

Within an hour or two we were at Laura, a beautiful white sand beach at the end of this section of the atoll. To our surprise it was completely deserted, it being a Wednesday. We discovered that we had left our swimming trunks at the hotel.

Lauru is not supposed to be a nude beach, but since we were the only ones there, it didn't seem to matter. Shortly, Mike was splashing in the crystal clear water, and I joined him after climbing (or attempting to climb) a palm tree in search of a coconut. Later we sat on the beach and looked out at the ocean.

"Have you ever heard of James Churchward?" asked Mike.

"Sure!" I said. "I've been following his work and trying to disprove or validate it for years".

"Have you managed to disprove it yet?" asked Mike.

"Not yet. If anything, the more I find out about Churchward, and the more I learn myself from traveling, reading and talking to people, the more I respect Churchward".

"Most people feel that Churchward has been discredited", said Mike. "But recent discoveries in geology, at least, are starting to vindicate him".

"Really? What discoveries are those?" I asked.

"Well", said Mike, clearing his throat. "The problem with Lemuria-Mu theories was that prevailing geological theory over the last fifty years or so has supposedly disproven any notions of a Pacific continent within a time frame for human civilization".

"You mean uniformitarian geology, right?" I asked, tossing a sea shell into the water.

"Exactly", Mike said. "Of course, tectonic plate geology changes things quite a bit, yet uniformitarianists merely adapted those theories to their ideas of slow geological change, rather than rapid. Continents move, but only a few inches a year, or a few feet in millions of years".

"One earthquake can raise, split or sink whole countries", I said, "and constantly does".

"That's beside the point to them", laughed Mike. "Yet, certain new findings in geology are now vindicating Churchward as the geological genius he was. You see, Churchward explained the vast tidal waves and destruction of Mu to a pole shift; a crustal slippage resulting in the displacement of the oceans in their basins. However, it seems that diese poleshifts are fairly frequent, possibly every ten thousand years or so. While a pole shift can cause great destruction in the form of earthquakes, tidal waves and volcanic upheaval, it would not normally cause an entire tectonic plate, especially one as large as the Pacific plate to submerge.

"Churchward, therefore credited the sinking of Mu to a combination of a pole shift and gigantic gas belts deep within the earth's crust. These gas belts can be found all over the world, according to Churchward, and he thought they were the cause of the sinking of Mu. When the gas chambers were overcompressed, they split open, collapsing, and the continental arch of the Pacific buckled and the continent sank. As the Pacific continent went down, it forced other continents—South America, for instance—up. This could have happened as recently as twelve to twenty-six thousand years ago.

"What is amazing", Mike went on, "is that Churchward's gas chamber hypothesis is now the leading new trend in geology! This new trend in geology is led by Cornell University professor Thomas Gold and it's called the *Deep-Earth-Gas Hypothesis*. Articles on Gold's theory of huge gas chambers deep inside the earth have been published in *Scientific American*, *Science Digest*, *Nature*, *OMNI*, *Science News* and

many other publications, especially geological journals. It's a revolution in geology!

"You see, when the so-called 'energy crisis' came about, people were worried that fossil fuels—in accepted theory the remains of prehistoric plants and animals that have simmered for millennia in the natural pressure cooker of the Earth's upper crust—were running out. After all, there were only so many dinosaurs and rain forests in the first place.

"But Gold and his small minority of geologist colleagues have an opposing view, arguing that oil, and more importantly, natural methane gas come from a different and more plentiful source. These carbon-rich fuels, they claim, have cooked out of materials that lodged deep underground when the Earth was formed. Methane has been flowing slowly upward ever since, sometimes reaching the surface through earthquake faults and sometimes being trapped under subterranean domes of denser rock. On the way up, a small part of the gas gets converted, under pressure, into oil.

"Most oil professionals, especially those working for oil companies, disagree sharply with professor Gold. They say oil is entirely made from decayed living matter. Gold agrees that traces of chemicals that clearly come from decayed living matter can be found is some oil, but he thinks that this is organic material seeping down meeting and contaminating abiogenic, or non-biological, gas seeping up from the giant gas belts deep in the earth.

"Similarly, Gold points out that oil from certain large areas like South America contain higher concentrations of trace metals than does oil from other areas, such as America. This is true even though individual oil fields in a given region are trapped within sediments laid down at very different times. Conventional geologists say the oil migrates underground; Gold says that oil came from a common source under South America, and another single source under Africa—hence the similarities. Right now, Gold has a project of drilling down to the depth of these vast deposits of gas three miles beneath Sweden. Methane gas has been seeping up from the crater of a meteorite, even though Sweden is thought to be a poor site to find gas or oil because the country has little sedimentary rock. If Gold's hypothesis is correct, then he should be able to find natural gas in Sweden. This would prove him right.

"So, suddenly, we have scientists from Cornell saying that giant gas belts exist beneath continents and can solve all our energy problems. This is just what Churchward was saying more than fifty years ago, and he was thought of as a nut and a crank, without the slightest bit of geological sense. Now, he is on the very verge of being vindicated by the academics who scorned him. They will never give him any credit, though, even if they do prove the Deep-Earth-Gas Hypothesis. Professor Gold will probably get the Nobel Prize and no geological journals will ever even mention Churchward, who proposed the idea in his books on Mu.

"It's funny how science works, eh?" said Mike, leaning back in the sand as a wave washed up on us. He had obviously been studying the theory of a lost Pacific continent for some time. It was refreshing to talk to someone who looked into the matter with a fresh scientific objectivity and a critical eye for "facts".

"Yeah", I laughed. "Nikola Tesla was probably in a similar boat. He is discredited at the same time that his work is being carried on, copied and duplicated by the people who keep his name from being universally recognised. I guess I can buy the Deep-Earth-Gas hypothesis, but what about the creation of coal deposits? It doesn't quite explain that".

"Well, Professor Gold does not believe in pole shifts. His theories are still in the realm of uniformitarian geology. Yet, his gas belt theories easily fit in with Churchward and other cataclysmic theorists on geological changes. When a pole shift takes place, millions of tons of organic matter are displaced. Whole forests and jungles are buried under volcanic ash and landslides of incredible proportions. Entire oceans are suddenly high and dry and then either covered in volcanic debris to form coal

deposits or decay to form organic oil in sedimentary rock formations. Even the creation of fossils is accounted for.

"Animals do not normally die and become fossils. Of the hundreds of thousands, millions even, of buffalo slaughtered and left to die on the great plains of the American mid-west in the 1800s, not one became a fossil! It takes an extraordinary event to create a fossil. A dead animal must be covered with earth or volcanic ash shortly upon death, or it will just decay to nothing. Uniformitarian geology does a pretty poor job of explaining fossils. Cataclysmic geology on the other hand explains both the various methods of extinction and the creation of fossils of the extinct animals!"

"Sounds good", I said, putting my shorts back on. I couldn't help thinking about the giant's footprints back in Kiribati. They seemed to fit into the overall picture somehow. Interestingly, scientists have mainly thought that the extinction of dinosaurs was a gradual thing, taking place over millions of years (uniformitarian paleontology) while a recent article in *Science News*, Vol 132, Sept. 5, 1987 (p. 149) headlined *Abrupt extinctions at end of Triassic* stated that the geologist Paul E. Olsen of the Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory in Palisades, N.Y. and his colleges reported that studies they had done at the Bay of Fundy in Nova Scotia showed that dinosaurs and other tetrapods (four legged creatures) became extinct suddenly, rather than slowly over millions of years. Olsen and his colleagues believe that the mass extinction may be due to a meteor impact, rather than a pole shift, or series of pole shifts. Both may be the case, though the absolute extinction of dinosaurs is a controversial topic in itself, as we have seen.

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Mike and I hitched back into downtown Majuro and headed for the *Yacht Club*. There we ordered some sandwiches, had a beer and saw on the wall a spoof of the "Ascent of Mount Majuro" done up like a *National Geographic* article. In the photos, a couple of adventurers scaled the highest mountain in the Marshall Islands, Mount Majuro, which is about 35 feet high. High adventure at its greatest, no doubt!

There at the bar of the *Yacht Club* was our friend, the one-eyed fat man. His name was actually Roger. We sat with Roger as he told us his tales of the Marshall Islands. Roger had worked on the American base at "Kwaj", as he called Kwajalein atoll, for many years, and was still working there. He came and went through Majuro and other islands in Micronesia on his vacations from his work at the base. He was a civilian, but seemed to prefer life in the Marshall Islands to his old home in Texas.

Roger told us the story of how he had lost his eye. One night on Ebeye atoll he was coming out of a bar when he saw a commotion. "There was a large group of young Marshallese men crowded around a young woman. They were drunk and pushing her around. They had torn her blouse off and were going to rape her", said Roger, finishing the rest of a can of beer in a great gulp.

"Well, that didn't seem fair, so I stepped in to save her. I told them to leave her alone and tossed a few guys aside. They looked at me and let her leave". I looked at Roger. His mammoth bulk was mostly fat, but he was no couch potato. He wasn't the sort of person you would want to get into a fight with.

"The girl got away, and I headed for the base, but suddenly they ambushed me with rocks. Big rocks. The whole gang of ten kids or so hit me over and over again with the biggest rocks they could find. I was left unconscious in the sand. One of the rocks broke my spectacles, and a piece of glass from them entered my left eye. It had to be removed".

Mike and I sat in silence while Roger finished his sad story. He was no longer the one-eyed fat man to us. He was Roger, noble defender of the underdog in a vicious

world. Both Mike and I were stunned by what seemed pretty savage behavior by these islanders. Gang-raping women and attacking an unarmed man with rocks were not what I would call noble attributes.

"Marshallese are good people", said Roger. "But they get bored on their small islands, plus the worst facets of western civilization— alcoholism, violence, gangs and sexual abuse—seem to have taken hold here. The women are quite friendly though. Let me take you guys out to a night club here".

With that, we drove a bit out of town to a place called the *Smuggler's Cove* which had live folk music and then a disco. Roger nodded at many of the young women there, who seemed to have eyes more for me and Mike. Some of the people seemed to know Roger, and soon he had a few beautiful, brown-skinned women with long black hair sitting at our table staring at Mike and me with large almond eyes.

One was named Maharo. She was twenty-one, had a daughter already, was not married, but the father lived on "Kwaj", at least so she thought. She seemed to take a more than casual interest in me, though my experiences in Fiji had made me a bit shy with these island gals.

"Don't be shy", admonished Roger, giving me a one-eyed wink. Outside, a soft breeze swept through the coconut palms. Now I knew what made all those sailors jump ship and mutiny back in the early days of European exploration of the Pacific.

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The next day, we flew out of Majuro, "Pearl of the Pacific", to Kwajalein and on to Kosrae. Kwajalein is the largest atoll in the world. The central two-thirds of the lagoon is used as a target for missiles test-fired from California. Prior to the opening of the range in 1961, all the inhabitants of the 15 tiny islands that make up Kwajalein atoll had to be evacuated to the nearby atoll of Ebeye, often called the "slum of the Pacific", where Marshallese commute everyday to the military base on Kwajalein. The U.S. plans to test the MX missile by firing it into the Kwajalein lagoon sometime in the future.

Tourists are not allowed to stop on Kwajalein, even though most flights stop here on their way to the Caroline Islands. Only military personnel and Marshallese who live on Ebeye may disembark from the plane. While the plane refueled, I thought I might get off and at least find a gift shop in the airport or something. As I started to walk down the ladder off the plane, the stewardess of the Air Micronesia jet barked, "Where do you think you're going?"

I stopped and looked at her. "Just down to the gift shop", I replied innocently.

"No gift shop here, buster. Civilians are not allowed to get off the plane". Well, I knew better than to push my luck. Perhaps they had discovered that James Bond was my alter ego.

After an hour or so at the airport on mysterious "Kwaj", we were back in the air, jetting over the South Pacific. An hour or so later we landed in Kosrae, one of the Federated States of Micronesia. The Federated States of Micronesia are Ponape, Truk, Yap and Kosrae; Kosrae being the easternmost. The Republic of Belau is independent of the Federated States of Micronesia, but affiliated with them, and is in the far west of the island group.

Once called Kusaie, Kosrae is a single-island state which until recently was very difficult to get to. Air Micronesia has now added it to their route. For me, it was a natural stopover on my way to Ponape (now Pohnpei) as it also has megalithic architecture of a startling nature.

I persuaded Mike to come with me for two days to Kosrae to look over the ruins. We were met in the early evening at the airport by a small crowd of people.

The arrival of the three-times-weekly flight is probably the most exciting thing that happens on the island. We met the postmaster at the airport, who asked us if we wanted a room. He rented his out to visitors for $15. It seemed rather expensive, but was about all we could come up with. Mike and I decided to share the room for the two nights we would be there.

From the airport, we easily walked across a causeway to Lelu, the administrative center of the island. It is here on this small island, connected to the mainland by a man-made breakwater, that the ruins of the ancient "City of Kings" can be seen.

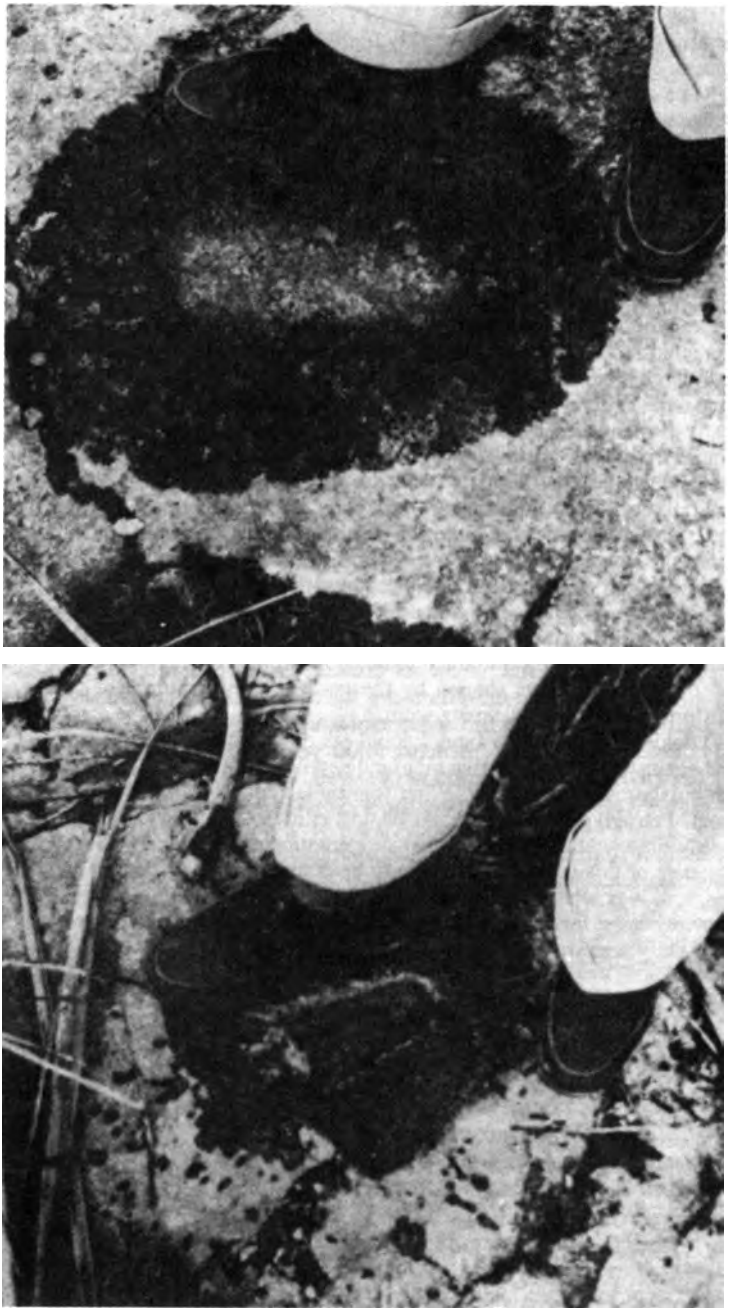
Long ago the legendary Isokelekel chief sailed with his 333 warriors to conquer the island of Ponape, it is said. The ruins, large and impressive, are called Insaru, and were once the capital of some ancient and mysterious island empire. Made of hexagonal blocks of basalt stacked up in a criss-cross fashion, some of the stones are truly gigantic, weighing perhaps 50 tons or more. Similar ruins exist on Ponape, but to a much greater extent. Unfortunately, the ancient "city of kings" on Lelu was mostly dismantled in the late 19th century by an American trader who used the stone to build a pier and breakwater, which forms part of the causeway now spanning the mainland and Lelu Island .

Looking around the ruins the next day, I was truly amazed at the size of the blocks. What is even more interesting is that there is no known quarry for the giant blocks on Kosrae. Where did they come from? From Ponape, possibly, or from some area now submerged? There was not sufficient extent of the ruins to be able to draw any real conclusions from them, but that would be different on Ponape.

The interior of the island is lush and tropical with a mountain that rises to 629 meters (about 2,000 feet) in the middle, from which five main rivers flow. Legend has it that Kosrae was shaped by the gods at the beginning of time from the transformed figure of a sleeping woman.

Looking out over the island, I could see the outline of the woman's breasts and head against the sky. Only five thousand people live on Kosrae, and most of them in five villages along the coast. What was to be found in the remote interior of the island? Petroglyphs, footprints, bones, lost cities?

My time would not allow for the exploration of Kosrae. The unraveling of the mysteries of this island would have to be done on another: Ponape, my next stop. This, too, was where Mike was heading to dive for his sunken city. Ponape was where my quest for Lemuria had led me. What mystery and adventure waited for us there? Only time would tell.



Photos of the “Giant’s Footprints” in the Kiribati group.
Photos courtesy of von Däniken.

MALDEN'S ISLAND.

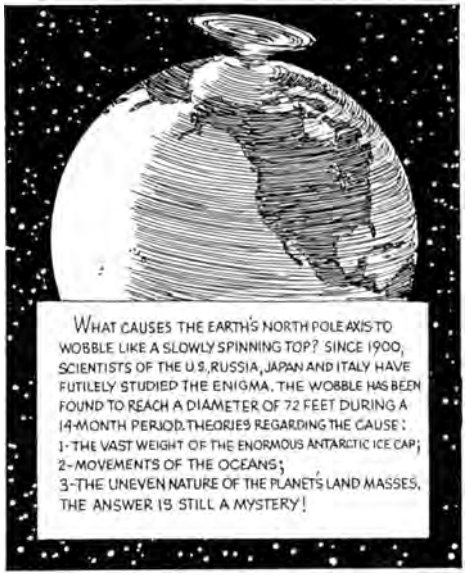
Dampier's sketch of a platform-pyramid on remote and uninhabited Malden Island. From *The Voyage of HMS Blonde,* published in London in the early 1800s. This is one of 40 or so strange platforms on the island.

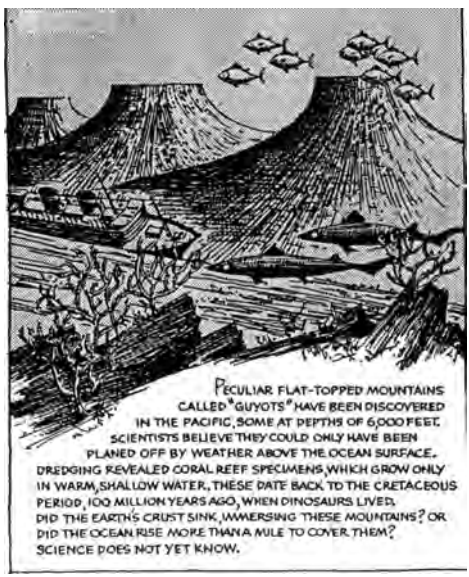
One of the platforms from the north coast of Malden Island. Courtesy of Bishop Museum.

Another photo of a ruined platform, looking southwest. What was the purpose of all these platforms? Were they part of an ancient Sun-Worshipping Empire that stretched throughout the Pacific many thousands of years ago? Was Malden Island a central meeting place?

Close-up view of one of the paths, or “roads” on Malden Island, leading up to the stone platforms from the sea. Why was this remote island a major temple site? (Bishop Museum)

Paved stone paths like these come out of the ocean and lead to the more than 40 temple platforms on the island. Vestiges of ancient roads? Photo courtesy of Bishop Museum.


WHAT CAUSES THE EARTH'S NORTH POLE AXIS TO WOBBLE LIKE A SLOWLY SPINNING TOP? SINCE 1900, SCIENTISTS OF THE U.S., RUSSIA, JAPAN AND ITALY HAVE FUTILELY STUDIED THE ENIGMA. THE WOBBLE HAS BEEN FOUND TO REACH A DIAMETER OF 72 FEET DURING A 14-MONTH PERIOD. THEORIES REGARDING THE CAUSE:
1-THE VAST WEIGHT OF THE ENORMOUS ANTARCTIC ICE CAP;
2-MOVEMENTS OF THE OCEANS;
3-THE UNEVEN NATURE OF THE PLANET'S LAND MASSES.
THE ANSWER IS STILL A MYSTERY!

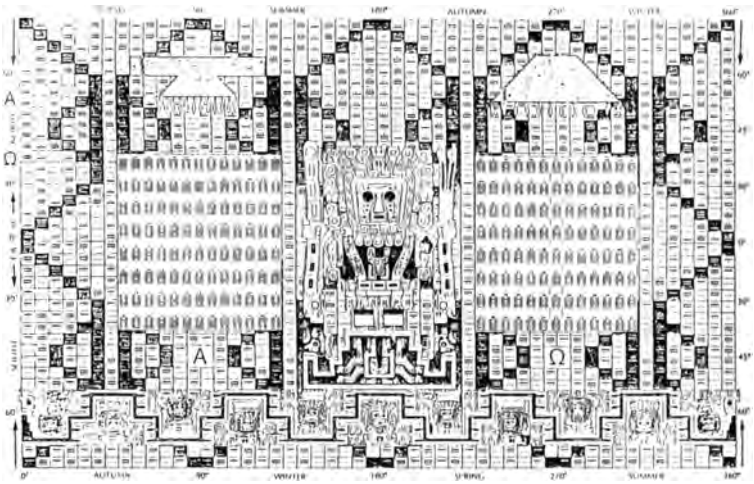

PECULIAR FLAT-TOPPED MOUNTAINS CALLED "GUYOTS" HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED IN THE PACIFIC, SOME AT DEPTHS OF 6,000 FEET. SCIENTISTS BELIEVE THEY COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN PLANED OFF BY WEATHER ABOVE THE OCEAN SURFACE. DREDGING REVEALED CORAL REEF SPECIMENS, WHICH GROW ONLY IN WARM, SHALLOW WATER. THESE DATE BACK TO THE CRETACEOUS PERIOD, 100 MILLION YEARS AGO, WHEN DINOSAURS LIVED. DID THE EARTH'S CRUST SINK, IMMERSING THESE MOUNTAINS? OR DID THE OCEAN RISE MORE THAN A MILE TO COVER THEM? SCIENCE DOES NOT YET KNOW.

From *It's Still A Mystery,*
by Lee Gebhart and Walter Wagner (1970)

Rare photo of the massive walls once at Lele on the remote Micronesian Island of Kusrae. Much of the vast, megalithic city was dismantled to build a pier at the turn of the century. These larger blocks must weigh from 30 to 60 tons. Ruins on Pohnpei are similar.

PAVED ROAD OF THE MARAE OF TANGARUA IN RAROTONGA.

John Macmillan Brown's photo of the megalithic road that encircles Rarotonga. It is unique in Polynesia.



José Arguellas' comparison of the *I Ching* and the calendar at the Gate of the Sun at Tiahuanaco.

Chapter Ten

Pohnpei Island:
Search For A Sunken City

Below Madolinihmw Harbor is the secret "city of the gods"
built before the people of Pohnpei arrived.
—Masao Hadley, *Guardian of Nan Modal*

I looked down at the turquoise blue Pacific out the window of the Air Micronesia Jet as it left Kosrae. Leaning back with a glass of soda water and lime, I thought about my next destination and the gigantic ruins of Nan Modal, which is, along with Easter Island, one of the great mysteries of the Pacific.

Pohnpei Island (formerly called Ponape) lies about 1600 kilometers northeast of New Guinea, and is the capital of the newly independent Federated States of Micronesia. On the southeast corner of this small volcanic island lies an immense megalithic stone city, 28 square kilometers in size, called Nan Modal. The city is impressive by any standards and even more remarkable when one considers that many of the inhabitants of the island today live in grass huts.

No one knows who built this city, when it was built, how it was built, or why it was built. The bones of humans who are much larger than the Micronesians who live there now have been excavated at Nan Modal. To add to the mystery, there are rumours of another city, sunken in the water off Nan Modal, and evidence to prove it.

My senses tingled as the plane landed on the airstrip that juts out into the water from Kolonia, the only town on Pohnpei, and the capital of the Federated States of Micronesia. Outside the one-room airport terminal, we were greeted by a number of representatives from various hotels on the island. We struck a bargain with one man and were whisked off with our luggage through the steamy tropical jungles of this sleepy island backwater. Considering our limited budget, Mike and I decided to share a room at the *Ifumi Inn Hotel*, where we got a small room with two beds, a table and air conditioning for $20, which seemed rather expensive at the time for such a rundown place. Oh well, we didn't plan on spending much time at the hotel anyway.

We were eager to explore the mysterious ruins of Nan Modal and begin our search for the sunken city, so early the next morning we took a taxi to the Village Hotel on the way to Nan Modal. There we joined a team of tourists on a launch that would take us to the city built on a coral reef. Coincidently, Mike and I had both brought scuba-diving equipment, and Mike had an underwater movie camera and various other tools with him. We had no idea what to expect, or even if a sunken city existed. We had both researched Nan Modal as much as we could before coming, and one thing we discovered was that precious little work had ever been done.

Nan Modal is one of the real archaeological mysteries of the world. Known as the

"Venice of the Pacific" since it was first discovered by Europeans in the early 1800s, the huge stone city is built out onto a coral reef and is intersected by artificial canals. There are 90 to 100 artificial islets in "Nan Modal Central", an area of approximately 2.5 square kilometers, each created out of giant basalt logs, weighing about 20 tons each. Some of the rocks in the structures on the islets weigh up to 50 tons with walls 30 feet (10 m) high. There are tunnels connecting the larger islands.

Nan Modal is steeped in scientific controversy and legend. The word "Pohn-pei" means "on an altar", and "Nan-Modal" means "the spaces between", indicating the canals—or spaces between—the artificial islands. One of the first archaeologists to collect data and artifacts at Nan Modal was the German-Pole, Johann Stanislaus Kubary. Kubary had four native wives, whom he kept on different islands in the Carolines. He loaded a ship with precious relics that he had dug up in the 1870s from Nan Modal, but the ship sank somewhere in the Marshall Islands, losing everything. Kubary committed suicide a few years later on Pohnpei when one of his native wives left him for another man. Kubary wrote a valuable early manuscript on the history of Nan Modal which passed to the hands of a native Ponapean family (presumably his wife's family), who kept it as an heirloom until it was accidentally burned in the 1930s, to be lost forever.[88]

The German archaeologist Dr. Paul Hambruch did some of the best work at Nan Modal at the turn of the century. Much of what is known today comes from Hambruch's work, and he was the first person to take notice of tales of sunken cities and suggest that a sunken city lay around Nakapw Island, near Nan Modal.

The Japanese administered the islands after World War I, taking them over from the Germans. They did extensive work on the ruins, including the supposed finding of the sunken city and "platinum coffins" (there was never any real indication that these artifacts were coffins, even if they existed). Little is known about the Japanese discoveries at Nan Modal, as most of the records were presumably lost or destroyed in the war.

An incredible account of the discovery of "platinum coffins" is given in the book *Der Masslose Ozean* (*The Measureless Ocean*) by Herbert Rittlinger, published in Stuttgart, Germany, 1939. Rittlinger was a German writer who traveled the world and wrote books about his journeys. He was quite well-known in Germany, but none of his books have been translated into English as far as I know. *Der Masslose Ozean* is about his sojourns and researches into the Pacific. Like many travelers before him, Rittlinger was very intrigued by Nan Modal.

Erich von Däniken quotes from Rittlinger's book in his *Gold of the Gods*[87] and says that Rittlinger learned while on Pohnpei that it was a "brilliant and splendid centre of a celebrated kingdom that had existed there untold millennia ago. The reports of fabulous wealth had enticed pearl divers and Chinese merchants to investigate the seabed secretly and the divers had all risen from the depths with incredible tales. They had been able to walk on the bottom on well-preserved streets overgrown with mussels and coral. 'Down below' there were countless stone vaults, pillars and monoliths. Carved stone tablets hung on the remains of clearly-recognisable houses.

"What the pearl divers did not find was discovered by Japanese divers with modern equipment. They confirmed with their finds what the traditional legends of Ponape reported: the vast wealth in precious metals, pearls and bars of silver. The legend says that the corpses rest in the 'House of the Dead' (i.e., the main house in the complex). The Japanese divers reported that the dead were buried in watertight platinum coffins. And the divers actually brought bits of platinum to the surface day after day! In fact, the main exports of the island—copra, vanilla, sago and mother of pearl—were supplanted by platinum! Rittlinger says that the Japanese carried on exploiting this platinum until one day two divers did not surface, in spite of their

modern equipment. Then the war broke out and the Japanese had to withdraw. He ends the story as follows: "The natives' stories, encrusted with century-old legends, are probably exaggerated. But the finds of platinum on an island where the rock contains no platinum, were and remain a very real fact".[87]

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Both Mike and I were familiar with von Däniken's report of Rittlinger's interesting stories. Was there any truth to them? Rittlinger and his books are certainly very real. Personally, even if we assume that the report is true, I think there is really no indication that these boxes were actually coffins. Most importantly, it would be interesting to see if it were true that Pohnpei became an exporter of platinum. That would be unusual indeed!

"I looked into whether platinum had really been exported out of Pohnpei at the University of Indiana Library", said Mike as we headed out along the east side of the island toward the city complex.

The sun was bright on my face, and I had a towel on my head to keep the sunburn down. "What did you find out?" I asked.

"It is difficult to get records of these islands in those times. I could not get any specific data on platinum", he said, "but I was able to ascertain that there was a big leap in precious metals exported out of the Caroline Islands in the time period just before the war. Whether platinum is a major metal in that figure, I had no way of finding out".

The Japanese reportedly did discover very large human bones at Nan Modal, indicating that the previous inhabitants of the island were perhaps as tall as 2.1 meters or 7 feet. An old Pohnpei native told me while I was there that he had found a human femur many years ago in the jungle that was "twice as big as a normal man's". This might suggest a rather unbelievable height of 10 feet or so, making the early inhabitants literally giants.

After the war, the sunken city was generally forgotten, and no other work was done on Nan Modal until the early 1960s when an American Smithsonian expedition came to the island to gather some "hard scientific data" on this strange city and to figure the whole mystery out. The Smithsonian carbon-dated some ashes at the bottom of a fire pit, and discovered that they were about 900 years old. They then ascribed a date of AD 1000 to the city, and suggested that the basalt rocks used to build the city came from Sokeh's Rock near the main town of Kolonia.

Writers and historians then generally gave this eleventh century date as the age of Nan Modal. As all archaeologists know, the date of some ashes in a city does not date the city, and unfortunately, stone cannot be carbon-dated. However, this date did establish that it was at least 900 years old.

I asked Marcello, a brown Pohnpeian guide who was at the helm of our outboard motor, whether he knew anything about the sunken city around Nan Modal.

He gave me a long, funny look, and then asked, "How did you know about that?"

"Well, we have heard about it. Dr. Arthur Saxe of the University of Oregon reported some sunken structures a few years ago. We are very interested in the rumours of a sunken city around Nan Modal", I said.

Marcello looked at me in astonishment. "The sunken city at Nan Modal is supposed to be a secret. No one but the initiates of Nan Modal are supposed to know about the city. I cannot say more".

"Who can tell us?" asked Mike.

"It is best that you talk with Masao Hadley, the *Nahmadaun Idehd Madolenihmw*, or chief of Madolenihmw. Perhaps he can tell you what you want to know". After that he was silent.

"Hey, look at that", said Mike, pointing to a mountain on the shore that we were passing. It was pyramidical and symmetrical, and seemed highly unusual to us. "Do you suppose that mountain is artificial?" asked Mike.

"It seems like it, doesn't it?" I replied. "It looks like a jungle-covered pyramid!"

"Ancient legend says that that mountain was created by giants in the past", said Marcello. Mike and I each looked at other. The mystery was deepening.

In the 1970s, Steve Athens, an archaeologist for the *Pacific Studies Institute* in Honolulu, Hawaii, began the most extensive work on Nan Modal since the Japanese or possibly even the Germans. He discovered pottery shards in Nan Modal that were dated by thermoluminescence as being at least 2000 years old. This pushes back the date of Nan Modal by more than 1000 years, and raises a lot more questions than il answers.

First of all, pottery was not known to have been used in Pohnpei at any time, and was not used by the natives at the time of the European discovery of the island. Natives were also not known to have had ocean-going canoes at the time of discovery. This evidence, plus the fact that the natives now live in grass huts, and no longer build structures out of rocks weighing 20 to 50 tons, indicates that a regression of culture has taken place on the island. This new date of the pottery suggests that Nan Modal was inhabited at the time of Christ, and it is quite possible that the city is several thousand years older than that.

We landed the launch at the old Japanese dock to the north of Nan Modal at low tide and then waded across the coral reef to the main complex, the "downtown" of the eleven-square-mile city. Our guides were Peter and Marcello from the Village Hotel. Mike, a small group of other visitors at the Village Hotel, and I waded knee-deep through the water during low tide. As we neared the city, all we could see were mangrove trees. Suddenly we were wading knee-deep in one of the man-made canals, and in the distance loomed a gigantic structure!

It was Nan Dowas, the largest building of Nan Modal. Walls were ten meters high, constructed out of huge basalt stones. Some of the rocks were basalt logs five meters long in a hexagonal shape, formed naturally through crystallization. Other stones were not hexagonal but just huge boulders, roughly cut and dressed. These were the largest of the rocks, and the entire massive structure was constructed by stacking stones in the manner in which one might construct a log cabin.

The entire city is constructed out of blocks of basalt and the island, being man-made, naturally had to be constructed first. Basalt logs were placed on the coral reef, and then the center of the islet filled in with coral. The canals too were presumably cut out of the coral, and then the megalithic walls and structures were built.

From the air, Nan Modal looks like a big mangrove swamp. Over the thousands of years that it has lain there, unused for at least hundreds, mangrove trees and coconut palms have grown among the ruins, the roots tearing down walls, the canopies obscuring any view.

The whole project is of such huge scale that it easily compares with the building of the Great Wall of China and the Great Pyramid of Egypt in sheer amounts of stone, labor and the gigantic scope of the edifice. It is also worth noting that the average weight of a stone in the Great Pyramid of Egypt is only three tons; even the construction of this great structure has created a great deal of debate and controversy.

Yet the source of the stone remains a mystery. According to Gene Ashby at the Community College of Micronesia, no one knows where all the stone for the building of Nan Modal came from.

Basalt rock formations do exist on the island, and there is no reason why the rock could not have come from Pohnpei. It is generally assumed that it came from two possible locations, both on the opposite side of the island from Nan Modal. One is at

Sokeh's Rock, near the capital city of Kolonia, and the other is in the west of the island at an outcrop called *Chicken Shit Mountain*.

It has been suggested that the stones were moved from quarries by lashing bamboo to them, or placing them on coconut palm rafts, and then floating them to the site. However, two American engineers on Pohnpei told me that it was unlikely that such gigantic blocks could have been floated by raft or bamboo. The island is too mountainous for them to have been transported overland, and furthermore, these rocks are piled on top of each other to a height of ten meters or more. The largest movable crane on the island to this day can only lift about 35 tons.

They are similar to the ruins that exist on the tiny island of Kosrae about 560 kilometers from Pohnpei to the south-east. Yet there is no known basalt formation on Kosrae that could have been used as a quarry.

One of the travelers from *The Village Hotel* had a pocket compass with him and moved it along one of the basalt crystals on the wall of Nan Dowas. "Hey, look at this!" he called. His name was Sid, and he was from Michigan. We all looked at his compass as he moved it along a horizontal block in the massive wall. The needle spun around and around.

A geologist who was part of the group looked at it and said, "It is normal for basalt to become magnetized like this as part of its cooling process, but it should be magnetized vertically. The needle should not spin like that. These stones are strangely magnetized!"

This was something interesting that had not been reported before. Another thing that was shown to us were the small entrances to tunnels in the island.

Athens also made note of the extensive tunnel network throughout Nan Modal. Tunnel entrances can be found on many of the islets, and though now blocked, they are believed to connect major islands together. These tunnels are presumed by archaeologists to have been used for transportation between islets, yet why such tunnels would have been constructed is a mystery. Perhaps for defense? But if so, from whom?

The main fortress of Nan Dowas, where one can find the 50-ton blocks of basalt, has a tunnel that was previously thought to have been a tomb. In 1870 it was twelve meters deeper than it is today, and is blocked by a giant boulder. It is believed that some of these tunnels go beneath the reef and exit underwater to caves that can be seen while diving.

How these tunnels could have been constructed through the coral reef that Nan Modal lies on is unknown. Another tunnel exists between the islet of Darong and the outer reef. On the islet is a man-made lake lined with stone and used for ceremonial clam fishing. Fresh fish swim through the tunnel from the outer reef to the small lake.

As I stood there on the southeast corner of Nan Dowas, looking at the largest block of stone at Nan Modal, a corner stone weighing possibly as much as 60 tons, I asked Peter Arthur, an American who grew up on Pohnpei and whose parents own *The Village Hotel*, "They must have built this fortress around this rock, it's so huge. Right?"

"No", he said. "Archaeologists have dug under the stone and found that there is a stone platform beneath it. It was definitely placed here".

This rock was about the size of a truck. "Well, how do you suppose it got here?" I asked him.

Peter spat some red beetle-nut juice on the ground and said simply, "Magic".

I reflected seriously for a moment about what he had said. Legend had it that the blocks "magically floated through the air from the other side of the island" and were placed where they are now. This legend seemed to reflect the islanders own ignorance of the city and how it was constructed, or, on the other hand, indicated that

the stones genuinely had "flown through the air", by magic or some other means. As Arthur C. Clarke had once said, "A technology sufficiently advanced from our own would seem to be magic".

We motored through the gigantic city by launch at high tide. The canals are about nine meters wide and 1.5 meters deep at high tide, though they are filled with silt. We stopped at some of the other islets that have been cleared of trees and looked around. They are all constructed in a similar manner, of giant stone blocks stacked up to make walls or the retainer walls or water barriers of the islands.

Fruit bats flew overhead, and the occasional call of a bird could be heard in the swamp. The ruins were eerily deserted and silent. It was difficult to imagine the place as a bustling thriving canal city. Natives were of the opinion that ghosts haunted the empty canals and islets and most of them had long since stopped visiting the place.

Back at the Village Hotel that evening, Mike and I had a drink while the sun set from the high porch that overlooked the ocean. The view from the restaurant terrace of the Village is magnificent, looking out over Sokeh's Rock and the bay in front of Kolonia. We talked with some of the other travelers at the hotel who had been with us that day at Nan Modal. There was Bob, a teacher, Sid, an engineer, Rick, a businessman and Jeff, a computer programmer. They were all scuba divers, were interested in the tales of a sunken city off Nan Modal and offered to help us solve the mystery of Pohnpei as best they could.

Peter Arthur offered to have Masao Hadley, a chief's son and the guardian of Nan Modal, come with us to the complex to tell us the legends and show us where the sunken city lay. We all agreed to meet for breakfast the next morning and talk with Masao Hadley who is considered to be the world's authority on Nan Modal and the ancient history of Pohnpei, and then go diving at Madolenihmw Bay.

We sat down eagerly with Masao, a friendly, 80-year-old man with bushy eyebrows and alert eyes. He spoke no English, and we used Marcello as our interpreter. Masao seemed to be a man of quiet power and knowledge, a true chief of the island. Peter explained to us earlier that on Pohnpei the natives believe if they tell you everything they know, they will die. Therefore locals, especially older people, are not likely to volunteer information. They will answer your questions, but will never say more than is required to answer any specific query. So, talking with Masao was sort of like a game of twenty questions. You had to ask the right question to get the answers that you sought. We started with the history of Nan Modal.

"Who built Nan Modal?" asked Mike.

Marcello translated the question to Masao who answered in Ponapean. "Nan Modal was built by men of Pohnpei. However, the architects of the city were two brothers who came from across the seas. They came from the southeast", said Masao.

"Where do you suppose they came from?" I asked.

Masao shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe from South America. I don't know. When they first came to Pohnpei, they started to build their city at another place then where it is now, further north along the east coast. However, they were not satisfied with the site of their new city. Then one day the brothers climbed a peak, the pyramidical peak near Nan Modal".

"That's the peak we saw on our way to the city", said Mike.

"The brothers climbed the mountain to get a view of the country to find a suitable site for their capital city. When they looked into Madolenihmw Bay, they saw the ancient city of the gods, Kahnihmweiso. Here was an important sign to the two brothers. A sunken city lay just off shore of Temwen Island, and to them it was a sign from the gods to build their great city on top of, or next to, the ancient city of the gods. We call this city Kahnihmweiso, and it is beneath the waters of Madoenihmw Bay". With that Masao raised his bushy eyebrows and looked at us.

"Wow", exclaimed Mike, "so this is the secret legend of the secret city!"

"Masao has never told this legend to anyone else", said Marcello.

"Twice it has happened that a fisherman has speared a turtle with a harpoon in the bay. The turtle took the fisherman down to the bottom of the bay where the man saw the gates to the *City of the Gods*. The last time this happened was in the 1930s, the first time was hundreds of years ago.

"There is a second sunken city outside the reef from Nan Modal. This city is called *Kahnihmw Namkhet*, and it is to the east near Nahkapw Island. In a deep and sandy place the gate to the city can be found. Some years ago a fisherman was dying. His spirit took a trip to the city outside the reef. After he had seen the city, which goes all the way to Kosrae, he returned to his body, told the people what he had seen, and then he died".

"According to local legend", said Masao, "the stones were made to fly through the air from the other side of the island and were put into place in this manner. The magic made the stones lighter than air and the men could even ride on top of them as they flew through the air and were placed on the islands among the canals in the ocean.

"According to legend, while the two brothers were building their city, a dragon came and dredged the canals. It was with this powerful magic that the men of Pohnpei built Nan Modal. The city was built where it is because of the City of Gods: Kahnihm-weiso",

"Do some people on Pohnpei still know this magic today?" I asked Masao.

"Yes", said Masao.

Masao, being the guardian of Nan Modal, seemed like a good candidate for such secret knowledge to me, so I unabashedly asked him, "Do you know this magic?"

Masao looked at me with an expression of surprise. He raised his eyebrows at me and did not answer. My question was admittedly a bit impertinent. I concluded that if such a "magic" did exist, Masao would be one of the few who still knew its secret.

As I ate the last of my breakfast papaya I savored our first meeting with Masao. I was filled with wonder and admiration for this man. He was old but healthy. He was calm and exact. He seemed a man of great depth, kindness and knowledge. He knew much more than he would tell us, I knew that for certain. I was grateful for the information he had given us already, it was very valuable indeed. According to Marcello, no outsider had ever been told this story before.

§§§

After breakfast, we left in two boats to make our first scuba dive in our effort to find the sunken city. With two tanks each, six other divers from the hotel, along with Masao Hadley, Marcello, Mike and I planned to dive for both of Masao's sunken cities.

The sun was high and bright when we took our first dive in the open ocean just outside the reef where Masao said the second city of the gods, *Namkhet*, was, at a "deep and sandy place" according to legend. The water was crystal clear and about one hundred and fifty feet deep, dropping off quickly into the dark green oceanic depths below.

Our four teams fanned out, swimming at about 120 feet below the surface and scanning the ocean floor beneath us. We had flood lights, but they were unnecessary in such crystal clear water. We could easily see 200 feet or more. The water was so warm we needed only swim trunks and our gear.

The water was "deep and sandy" all right, but there was no trace of any sunken structures, or even rocks or coral of any kind, just white sand and occasional fish or sharks to be seen. It was sort of unusual that it was so sandy and deep, elsewhere on

the island coral is everywhere. Yet, no gate of a city was to be seen anywhere.

We later concluded, as Masao had hinted, that Nahkapw Island near to where we were diving was probably the source of the legend of this second city. The German archaeologist Hambruch had concluded that portions of a sunken city lay around the island. We later dove around the island and found stones with petroglyphs underwater.

Still, that is not to say that an isolated structure may not be out in the sand outside the reef. It is a vast area, and eight divers could not cover such an area. It is easily possible for Ponapean divers to descend to great depths. Some divers are known to jump out of canoes into crystal clear waters carrying an Hawaiian sling-spear and a big chunk of coral-stone for weight. They'll descend rapidly downward, sometimes for hundreds of feet, until they see a tuna or albacore and spear it and then ascend to the surface after dropping the stone.

We decided to concentrate our diving efforts on the Madolenihmw Harbor, where sunken structures were known to exist, as found by Dr. Arthur Saxe and reported in his paper published in 1980.[89] Saxe had been asked to survey Nan Modal so as to clearly define the boundaries of the city. The Trust Territory of the Pacific was about to give Pohnpei and other Micronesian islands their independence, and wanted to create a National Park of sorts, but for that they needed to know the boundaries of the ancient city.

Saxe discovered what was already reported but seemed incredible: that the city of Nan Modal did indeed cover eleven square miles. The "downtown" was about one square mile, and this is the area that tourists will visit when coming out to the ruins for the day. Saxe reported the tunnels throughout the complex and then began diving the waters around Madolenihmw Harbor to see what possible ruins might exist underwater.

In his report, on page 48, Saxe says—after explaining the logistics of their dive in the deep channel—"A set of boulders was observed descending in a single line formation below the northwest edge of the channel (see location A on Saxe's map). They were between depths of 85 and 95 feet, perpendicular to the drop-off. At 95 feet they disappeared into the oatmeal-like sand. The boulders were remarkable here because coral growth is sparse at these depths. The divers could not follow the line up the slope because it was obscured by more intense coral growth. Seven or eight boulders were observed in a line. They varied between two and six feet in diameter and were coral or coral-covered. There was not enough time in this dive to determine whether the boulders had basaltic cores. After the dive was completed, the orientation of the line of boulders was estimated to be on a line between Pieniot and Nahkapw Islands. Still later, observations of aerial photos showed this line falling in yet another line. When the line of basalt rocks defining the southwest coast of Nahkapw Island was extended to the northwest, it reaches Peiniot Island. The same line, continued still further, intersects the northeast edge of Temwen Island, then the tip of Pahn Dien Point at its square-cornered reef, and then the peak named Takaiuh. The possibility that this line may, in addition, have an underwater counterpart in the coral-covered boulders, is intriguing".[89]

Saxe goes on to say, on page 49, that they discovered two pillars covered with coral growth, one at a depth of 10 feet and one at 23 feet with the top reaching within 15 feet of the surface. Then he says, "Nan Mwoluhsei and Pahn Asang are at the basalt rock northeast outer corner of Nan Madol Central, due west of Nahkapw. This corner is southwest of the previous finds. Here, off the corner, divers located vertical "pillars" or "columns" rising from the sloping bottom (Location B in Saxe's map). (We) measured the pillar to be 20 feet tall, rising from the depth of 35 feet at its base, to 15 feet at its base, to 15-foot depth at its top. It was described as standing on a flat pedestal on the bottom of the sloping reef drop-off.

"In a follow-up dive, our team confirmed this find by locating four additional pillars in this immediate area (deep dive #6). We did not, however, relocate the column described as rising out of a flat pedestal.

"The first of the four was estimated (by surfacing) to be located about 75 feet to the east of Pahn Asang. It was 15 feet tall (depths: 40 ft. up to 25 ft.), three to four feet in diameter, and irregular in cross-section.

"The next two pillars (or more properly, pair of pillars) found by our team was located about 30 feet to the east or northeast. The larger of the pair had its base at a 60-foot depth, the top at 35 feet. The overall height was 25 feet. Height was measured by depth gauge readings. The diameter of this column was 4-5 feet, again irregular in cross-section".[89]

Saxe goes on to describe more pillars and a "large boulder" at a sixty-foot depth in his scholarly report. He goes on to say that these finds were of extreme interest to many people on the island and that they "were informed that the Ponapeans have legends about underwater cities in this area, and that these stories are sacred and close to the hearts of the people. This also means that they are not discussed promiscuously.

"Legends tell of two such cities (*Kahnihmw*). One is to the east or under Nahkapw Island, with a gate or entrance outside the reef, at a 'deep and sandy place'. There is a sandy shelf outside Pwukeiso. The second city is in the deep channel between Nahkapw Island and Nanmwoluhei, the large rock in the seawall east of Nan Dowas. This is where we located the columns. It was suggested that we may have seen the gate to this city. We were told the names of the guards stationed at the gates: Idengen Saralap and Idengen Saratik, both said to be women".[89]

Saxe goes on to reiterate the stories of fishermen going down to the bottom on turtles. "These are accounts of men in historic memory who had speared turtles which then towed or carried them to great depths. One such fisherman reported seeing a wall in the deep channel. He bled to death from the compression of the depth shortly after relating the story". Saxe relates the underwater cities with the Ponapean belief that spirits live in the sea and that "our findings verify the existence of coral-encrusted formations in the deep channel that are unusual and may provide a factual base for the stories, especially the columns and the straight line of boulders. If the patterning fits with linear surface features as we suspect, then these may well be artifactual. More investigations will of course be necessary before explanations can be made".[89]

And that is pretty much where Nan Modal and the mystery of the sunken ruins stood until we arrived at the city. A Japanese television crew had dived in the channel, and reportedly catalogued twelve columns standing in rows. An Australian television crew had also dived in the bay, discovering columns and filming a one-hour television show called *Ponape*: *Island of Mystery*. This is a very rare film, shown on Australian television only once. A copy of it can be seen at the *Micronesian Community College* in Kolonia. Now was our turn to discover the columns for ourselves. Could we find the city of Kahnihmweiso?

After a picnic lunch on Nakapw Island we anchored just off the fortress of Nan Dowas and began our second exploratory dive. We descended to 25 meters, keeping in sight of the steep edge of the shore. Coral grew down the edge, and there were quite a few fish. We had been warned of sharks and a giant "man-eating" grouper.

The water was very murky, and visibility only about five meters. We had to be careful not to lose our diving buddies. In general, it was rather spooky diving in Madolenihmw Harbor. One could not see very far into the green gloom, and therefore, things just suddenly appeared at you in the water as you swam.

My diving buddy and I spotted a first column at a depth of 20 meters. It stood up perfectly straight from the bottom, was about 10 meters tall and was encrusted with coral. A shorter column, also coral-encrusted, stood just near it. We swam around

this column, measured it and photographed it. We then continued our dive northward along the edge of the reef.

In the days to come, we made a total of nine dives with six to eight divers each time, each time fanning out our divers in order to cover as much of the sandy, murky bottom as possible. We discovered a number of other columns, at various depths from 20 to 30 meters, often together in pairs. I personally saw five columns, diving down to about 35 meters towards the middle of the harbor. Fortunately, I never ran into any sharks or the "man-eating" grouper. Various reports state that there are anywhere from 12 to 15 columns to be found at various depths in the harbor, down to about 30 meters. Our main goal of finding actual structures in the deep harbor and the so-called "platinum coffins" had still eluded us. Did they exist?

In other dives around the island of Nakapw, we discovered basalt stones halt grown over by coral in about three meters of water on the coral reef. Some of these stones had inscriptions on them such as crosses, squares, rectangles and open-ended rectangles. I had seen crosses similar to these at the fantastic ruins of Puma Punku, high in the Andes Mountains of Bolivia, a few miles from Tiahuanaco. Puma Punku is sometimes said to be the remains of a Lemurian canal once at sea level, and now 13,000 feet in the Andes. Was there some connection? Nowhere else around Nan Modal did we find any petroglyphs, inscription or writing. However, inscriptions similar to what we found underwater have been reported several kilometres to the north-east of Nan Modal, in the interior of the island.

Many of the stones to be found underwater to the south side of Nakapw island, which is directly east of Nan Modal, across the Madolynym Harbor where the sunken city supposedly lies, are easily 10 tons. Some of them are exposed at low tide. Swimming along the coral reef we also noticed straight lines in the coral, indicating that perhaps the coral had grown over walls of stone.

It was on Nakapw Island that the German archaeologist Hambruch had suggested that there were the remains of a sunken city. Masao Hadley told us that there were two sunken cities, one in the Madolynym Harbor and one "under Nakapw Island, or beyond the reef".

As Masao had told us, the second city of the Gods, Kahnihmw Namkhet, traditionally had its gate in a "deep and sandy place" to the east of Nakapw Island. We found no evidence for a city being beyond the reef; there is, however, a great deal of evidence that there are sunken structures to the south of the island, lending credence to the story of a "sunken city" beneath the island.

There are numerous stories of local divers and fishermen having been to the bottom of Madolynym Harbor and having seen a "castle". Did this "castle" exist at the bottom of the harbor? The water was so dark and spooky, it seemed very hazardous to dive down 175 feet or more to the bottom in search of some ancient structure looming up in the gloom. Two man-eating sharks supposedly guarded the entrance. Did we dare dive for the "City of Nobles"?

§§§

Back at the Village Hotel one afternoon, after diving again at Nan Modal and discovering more columns and underwater caves, we all discussed the many fascinating things we had learned about Pohnpei and Nan Modal.

"I've seen those caves that go back underneath reef", said Bob. "I'll bet they go back into the city. Perhaps to Nan Dowas".

"The tomb in Nan Dowas was twelve meters deeper in 1870 than it is today. Now it is blocked by a huge boulder", said Mike. "I was told at the *Micronesian Community College* that they think it was part of a tunnel system actually used by the people".

"Yeah, they said that there were 50 miles of canals at one time", said Sid. "They also said that some double walls are 40 feet, far above anything needed for defense or just living in. He suggested that it was for religious services or something".

"The researcher Richard Noone suggests in his book *Ice*: *The Ultimate Disaster*[91] that maybe the huge walls were to keep gigantic sea-monsters out of the city", chipped in Mike with a smile. We ordered a round of beers from the bar.

"Come on, you guys", said Rick. "Okay, some of the stones are twenty tons, and the largest 50 tons, but the *Smithsonian Institute*, no less, carbon dated ashes at the bottom of a pit on one of the islands and found that they were 700 years old. They say the city was built then, the 11th century, by the Seul-deleur's from Kusae. The Seul-deleur dynasty was then toppled in AD 1400. That's the facts".

"It's true that the city was already in ruins in 1595 when Fernandes Magellan saw it", said Mike.

"But what about the sunken city and the secret legend that Masao Hadley told us?" asked Jeff. "Besides, the city can be and probably is much older than those ashes. Jeeze, the whole city is built in ocean! God knows how many tidal waves, typhoons and tropical storms have washed over the Madolenihmw reef. Still, maybe the Seul-deleur dynasty did live in the city and were toppled in 1400. Why not?"

"Recent discoveries since the Smithsonian Institute report have shown that there was pottery on the island in remote times. When Pohnpei was first visited by European explorers", said Mike, "the people had no knowledge of pottery. When the pottery was dated they found it to be about two thousand years old. Much older than the AD 1100 date assigned to the ruins by the *Smithsonian Institute*".

"There are many mysteries here", said Sid. "Have you noticed that there appears to be a face of a bearded man in the giant rock that overlooks the natural harbor in Kolonia? I've looked at it carefully through the binoculars that are mounted there on the deck".

"Really?" I exclaimed, remembering the sphinx carved into the cliff overlooking the bay in New Caledonia. "Can you show me, Sid?" I asked.

"Sure", he said, and took me over to the pair of huge ship's binoculars that were permanently fixed to the deck of the lounge overlooking the sea there at the *Village Hotel*. They were very powerful, and I trained them on the great cliff overlooking the airport and town. This was part of Sokeh's Rock, the famous formation that may have supplied the stones for Nan Modal. Sure enough, there was the clear, though aged, outline of a bearded man looking out over the water. In ancient times, say thousands of years ago, this may have been a beacon for ancient sailors. On the other hand, it may well have just been a coincidence that the cliff face looked like a bearded man. After all, there are many odd looking natural formations. I also had to recall the so-called artificial pyramid near Nan Modal. Maybe geomancy was used extensively on this island.

The sun was setting over Kolonia as we had dinner. The topic turned to the magic and mystery associated with the ruins. "The natives say that the ruins are haunted", said Rick, "and none of them will spend the night there. They believe it means certain death!"

"Yeah, and in 1907, the German governor of Pohnpei spent the night at Nan Modal even though the natives asked him not to. The next night they heard terrible screams from his room, and he died of a nightmare or something", said Jeff.

"There was an interesting book written about Nan Modal called *The Moon Pool* by Abraham Merritt in 1919", I told them, having seen the book before. "In the book, the narrator and his companions come to Pohnpei and visit Nan Modal. They're at the big pool on one of the islands, and a sort of 'gill-man' comes out of the pool. He kidnaps a woman and the narrator and companions follow him into the pool into an underground world. Here these sort-of underground Lemurians have an advanced

civilization that is locked in civil strife, and battle each other with advanced weapons. It is basically built on the theme of Nan Modal being haunted and somehow connected with Lemuria, an advanced and ancient civilization".

"Well, I can believe in Lemuria", said Jeff suddenly. "I have read that Pohnpei is the oldest, geologically, of the Caroline Islands. All of the flora and fauna of the Pacific can be found here, unlike on other islands. Also, other islands in the Carolines have shells and ocean remnants on their mountains, but none of that can be found on Pohnpei. I think that it is possible that Pohnpei is a true mountain top of Lemuria!"

"What is strange to me", said Bob, "is the story of the stones magically flying through the air. How could that be?"

"Tibetan lamas have been known to move stones by using sound", said Jeff.

"I don't know about that", said Sid, "but it is possible that gravity is really a frequency, part of Einstein's *Unified Field*. Crystallized blocks of basalt need only be resonating at the frequency of gravity, 10^{12} hertz, or the frequency between short radio waves and infrared radiation, and they will lose their weight.[92] Crystals, even basalt crystals are ideal for resonating in such a way. If that was the way that the stones 'magically' flew through the air, then they might have spun upward and to the east, just as the legend says, because of the spin of the earth. The centrifugal force of the earth's spin caused the stones to rise. Then, it might be possible for people to ride on the logs as ballast, and then help lower them into the place at Nan Modal as the vibration lessened, and the stones gained weight again".

"That certainly seems incredible", said Rick.

"Nonetheless, in Einstein's theory of the *Unified Field*, it is possible", said Sid.

"Perhaps they used a sort of 'gravitational beam'", said Bob. "Also, I've heard about all this stuff on a 'world grid' that has power spots, gravitational vortices, ley lines and other things. Maybe Pohnpei is on some sort of power spot".

"According to David Zink in his book, *The Ancient Stones Speak*,[91] Pohnpei is definitely on an important grid point", I said. I watched the waiter go up and light his cigarette on the electric bug zapper that the hotel kept on the edge of the terrace. The last orange glow of the sunset was fading into the dark blue stars that had surfaced.

I thought about what T.B. Pawlicki had said in his book, *How to Build a Flying Saucer*,[105] "I believe the way the ancients transported megaliths for their monuments was to attach a small tuning fork to each stone, causing the module to levitate when the properly-tuned vibration was sounded. When a monolith is set to resounding, its vibrations keep it in the air most of the time. During the greater part of the wave cycle when the mass is floating, a light touch will move it in any direction. I believe the ancient engineers used this technology because the ancient myths describe it. This application of musical theory is far too sophisticated for a 'stone age' people to incorporate in their myths unless the authors actually witnessed the technology in operation".[105] Perhaps, as Pawlicki suggests, this was used for the stones of Nan Modal.

I looked out at the night. I suddenly also wondered about the legend of a dragon flying and digging out the canals. Might this have been a vimana or vailix from the days of Atlantis and Rama? Archaeologists believe that the canals were actually cut into the coral. This is really amazing enough when I thought about it. Yet if it was true, why didn't tradition just say so?

Peter Arthur and Marcello came and joined our party. They mentioned the fact that a leg bone (femur) had been found by the Japanese back in the 30s that was three times as large as a normal man's!

Then they said that tradition had it that the island was originally inhabited by a race of little people, or "evil black dwarfs". So-called graves of these little people are said to be found around the island, according to Ponapeans, and the little people are still said to inhabit the dark recesses of the island, and to be very malignant and

revengeful.

I was reminded of similar stories on the island Kaua'i in the Hawaiian Islands. There it is believed that small black dwarves still exist on the island. Carved channels of stone that carry water down from the hills and go through very small tunnels that are 20 to 30 feet long. It was interesting, I thought, that Pohnpei had a similar tradition.

The next day, Mike and I walked around town, saw the dancing at the Cultural Center, and then saw our friends off on the flight to Hawaii. We thanked them for their help in our search for the sunken city. Indeed, without their interest and help we would not have been able to find out much of what we had about the island and Nan Modal.

§§§

Back at the *Ifumi Inn*, Mike and I decided to go out to eat. We tripped off down the main street to the *Namiki Restaurant* where we could get a good meal of stir fried rice and veggies. Sitting in the small cafeteria-like restaurant, one of a dozen or so restaurants on the whole island, I looked around the room.

The only other customer appeared to be another traveler, who was just receiving a Chinese rice and chicken dish. "Could I have some black pepper?" he asked the waitress.

"Sorry, no pepper", said the waitress, a young girl of thirteen or so with long black hair down to her back.

"What! No black pepper? What do you mean, no black pepper? This is Pohnpei!" he yelled, startling the girl.

I laughed because I knew what he was getting at. Pohnpei is famous for its black pepper, supposedly the best in the world. It is one of the few things that they have on Pohnpei to sell to tourists. If there were any restaurant in the world that should serve black pepper on its tables, it is a restaurant in Pohnpei. Eventually the poor, maligned waitress gave in and brought a pepper mill to the now-satified customer. This was our first introduction to "Wild Bill" of Pohnpei. He was of medium height, with curly black hair and a van dyke beard—perhaps he was Jewish or Greek.

"You sound like a Yank", I said from my table.

Wild Bill looked up and said, "Yeah. Where are you guys from?"

Mike and I introduced ourselves and after a bit of conversation moved over to Wild Bill's table. Wild Bill, as he told us to call him, was a photographer/vagabond who had been living on Pohnpei for almost a year. Exactly what he did for that year, I'm not sure. He sold some stories to a newspaper in Guam occasionally. He said he wanted to write a science fiction novel about Nan Modal.

"That city is spooky", said Wild Bill, shoveling a fork full of rice and chicken into his mouth.

"Have you ever heard any of these legends of a sunken city at the bottom of Metalanim Bay?" I asked him.

"Sure! Everyone knows there's a city down there", said Wild Bill without missing a bite. "I met a guy once who told me he'd take me down to it for a hundred dollars".

"What!" exclaimed Mike.

"Yeah. He said he'd take me down to a castle at 200 feet in the harbor. I never had the money though".

"What is the name of this person?" I asked with wide eyes. "Can you tell us how to find him?"

"Yeah. His name was... uh, well I met him in one of the bars here in town one Friday night. You can find him down by the docks".

"But what is his name?" asked Mike anxiously.

"Uh, shit. I can't remember his name. I'd know if I saw him again, though", said Bill as he finished his meal.

"But, we need a contact, a name. Can't you remember anything? Where did he work?" I asked.

"Wait, I do remember something", said Wild Bill. "He was with this other guy. A guy named Isaiah Santos. He works down at the docks everyday. You can find him there. He'll tell you the name of the diver who offered to take me down to the castle. Hey, listen you guys, have you ever been to a sakau bar here on the island? They're a gas!"

No sooner had he asked than we were all out on the street searching for a sakau bar and looking for adventure. Sakau is the Pohnpeian version of kava, though said to be stronger. We went down a dark street and into a backyard to find the sakau bar, the haunt of an older generation of Pohnpeians. Here we sat on low wooden benches under the palm trees and stars in the company of perhaps twenty other folks. People smiled to us. Brown, wrinkled-skinned old ladies looked at us with blissful satisfaction. Other people, older men with grey hair as well as younger men, looked at us expectantly.

"Do you want some sakau?" asked an old lady in a yellowy flower print dress.

"Yes, three, please", said Wild Bill. The old lady then squeezed the root of the sakau plant, a variety of the Indian pepper plant, through strips of hibiscus root into a coconut shell cup. It was a thick, clear mixture, and Wild Bill took the first drink, downing the slippery liquid in one big gulp. Mike was next, drinking his sakau a bit slower.

The old lady smiled kindly as she handed me my cup. I looked at the slimy ooze in the cup. It was like drinking a cup of snot. The taste was a bit spicy, due to the pepper root, but it slid down my throat like pepper jello. Four swallows later I had drunk the entire cup. This went on a number of times, each of us having three or four cups. I looked into the fire in the sand in front of me and thought of the mysteries of Nan Modal. I saw monsters in the deep, and continents rising from the ocean. I saw warriors in their canoes and great cities of stone built on remote islands.

"Dave, let's go", said Mike, getting up from the bench.

"Yeah. We're going down to the *Ocean View Bar* for the dance tonight", said Wild Bill.

"Sure, guys", I said rising. After paying for our sakau, we thanked them for their hospitality and were out under the full moon. I felt a bit tipsy, and some of my motor facilities seemed a little out of kilter. Walking was a little difficult, but I felt pretty happy.

It was a ten-minute walk down a palm-lined road to the Ocean View Bar, where we got a table. Wild Bill brought back a couple of Foster's Lagers for everyone, and we listened to the Filippino band that was just starting up. Shortly afterwards some island women at the next table asked us to dance. After a few dances on the floor, I sat down with Karmilla, a woman of 21 with long black hair, wide almond eyes and a long, slender body. I was looking at her in her red lotus dress wondering about the effects of sakau and drinking when she asked me if I wanted another beer.

"Well, I don't know", I said, "you see, I had a few cups of sakau before I came here..".

"Oh, you'll be all right", she said as she got up to go to the bar. That was kind of the way the night went. We danced the night away, Mike with Karmilla's friend Corrina, and Wild Bill took off somewhere else. The sakau hit me pretty hard, and as the night wore on, I asked Karmilla if she would take us home. Just then the band stopped playing, and the party was over, everyone was going home.

We piled into the jeep of Corrina's cousin and were off to eat Chinese noodles at a late night snack bar. Later, they dropped us at the hotel.

My head was pounding the next morning at noon when I was awakened by the honking of a horn. Karmilla and Corrina burst in and said, “Come on, come on, we’re going to the waterfall like we agreed last night”. I didn’t remember that part, but Mike and I got into our clothes and, still half-asleep, piled into the jeep.

We climbed on a dirt road up and up into the interior of the island, past Chicken Shit Rock, a possible quarry site for the basalt crystals at Nan Modal, and into some thick jungle on the western side of the mountains where we parked the jeep. We hiked for a few minutes up a jungle trail and suddenly we were at a stream, waterfall and pool. Still groggy from the sakau and beer the night before, I walked carefully through the stream to the top of the waterfall and stood there in my bathing trunks. Perhaps it was a bit foolish, but the pool looked deep enough. Corrina gave me an approving nod. I jumped the twenty feet or so into the pool.

There was a sudden rush of green water as I hit the water with a roar of bubbles. My feet just touched the rocky bottom at about twelve feet and I swam to the surface holding my breath. I felt better already, shaking my head and treading water in the middle of the large pool.

I wondered at the lush vegetation, the waterfall, the idyllic pool, it seemed artificial...I turned in the direction of a laugh, and saw the most beautiful island girl I had ever seen. She stood naked behind the water, her long black hair falling wet on her shoulders, her brown skin glistening with the pure mountain water. A red orchid was in her hair. I stared in awe, wondering if it was real.

With another laugh, the island goddess dove into the water and then surfaced in front of me. It was Karmilla. She gave me a deep kiss and then swam away. Like some shipwrecked sailor bewitched by a water sprite, I swam after her into a cave. Giggling, she allowed me to catch her in the shallow cave and threw her arms around me and kissed me again. I nearly passed out from the passion. It was like a South Seas’ dream come true; a beautiful island girl, a waterfall and pool, the lush, flowery jungle...as Karmilla fell back into my arms, her breasts against my chest, all thoughts of lost cities and ancient mysteries faded from mind as I enjoyed the moment. But then again, maybe it was a dream....

§§§

Time was running out for Mike and me on the island. We now had to try to contact Isaiah Santos at the docks and find out what he knew about the sunken city. It was nearly noon when we arrived at the port the next morning after our idyllic day at the waterfall.

It took some time to find Isaiah, but he wasn’t too hard to track down. He was a short but stocky fellow originally from the island of Truk, the next Micronesian state to the west. We asked him about the sunken city and his friend who had offered to take tourists to the castle.

“I’m not sure who you are talking about”, he said, “but I think it might be John Belasco. He took a charter of Australian tourists who were looking for cowrie shells down to the bottom of Madolenihmw Harbor. They found some sort of castle down there, he told me himself”.

“Have you been there yourself?” asked Mike.

“Yeah, I took some tourists to the bay, once”, Isaiah said. “I dropped a 365-foot anchor chain down in the harbor and it got caught on something at 185 feet when I tried to pull it up. I put on tanks and was going to dive down to it to free the chain. I think it was caught on the castle. But as I started to follow the anchor chain down, I looked up, and there a whole ‘school’ of rats swimming above me! I mean they were swimming under the water!” Isaiah’s eyes were wide with fear as he told us of seeing

hundreds of rats swimming through the murky green water. “I turned back and just cut the anchor”, he said. “There is a legend that says that when you make a catch of fish in a net in the harbor they will turn into rats. Man, I saw it!”

Isaiah believed that the man he was with who might have offered to take tourists down to the castle in the harbor was John Belasco, though John didn’t live in Kolonia and was hard to find because he apparently lived in a hut on a remote part of the island. We thanked Isaiah for his information and returned to the hotel.

Mike felt tired and wanted to take a nap. I went out again to talk with some more people. In my quest to find an answer to this archaeological mystery, I contacted Pensile Lawrence, director of the Pohnpei Museum. He confirmed to me that Nan Modal was built on the reef next to Madolynym Harbor because of the sunken city of an earlier culture. He also said that there were 12 columns in a row, heading east underwater in the harbor, toward the gateway of the sunken city. When I asked him whether he thought Nan Modal might have been built on top of an earlier city, he considered it quite possible.

At the Registrar’s Office I looked over aerial photos of Madolynym Harbor and Nan Modal. There were several odd things that I noticed. One was that Joy Island, to the south east of Nan Modal was rectangular in shape, with giant stones squaring it off. It was obviously man-made, and is generally considered part of Nan Modal. Northeast of Joy Island, on the huge, flat reef on which Nan Modal is built, are what appear to be ruins in the water; square outlines in the coral reef and other large angular markings that could only be seen from the air. Furthermore, on the southern and southwestern sides of Nakapw Island, where we had found inscriptions on submerged stones, were the square outlines of former structures.

What is the answer to the mystery of Nan Modal and Madolynym, the “Atlantis of the Pacific”? One theory is that part of Nan Modal was built on a gigantic limestone cavern which later collapsed, sending columns and structures down to the bottom of the harbor. Yet this does not explain how columns would still be standing. Furthermore, nowhere else at Nan Modal are columns used in the construction of any buildings; they are only found underwater.

Another possible explanation is that the entire island has been sinking over the past thousands of years. This might explain how underwater structures are still standing, as well as the now submerged and coral-encrusted square outlines of structures in the coral reef. Yet it does not take into account the local legends.

One hypothesis that makes use of all the data is that of a former continent in the Pacific Ocean. Recently, coal deposits have been found off Rap Iti in French Polynesia, indicating that the Pacific Basin was once “high and dry”. In a cataclysmic upheaval in the remote past, this continent may have been submerged, and the sunken “City of the Gods” to be found on Pohnpei may have been a city of this now-vanished culture.

Of course, this is a radical conclusion, like rewriting ancient history! Yet, perhaps ancient history needs to be rewritten. A major expedition should be sent to Pohnpei equipped with sonar, deep-diving, and core-drilling equipment. The harbor needs to be mapped completely by sonar and all columns and other structures explored carefully with a miniature sub or diving bell. The coral reef needs to have a number of core samples taken, to ascertain what is beneath the solid mass of coral.

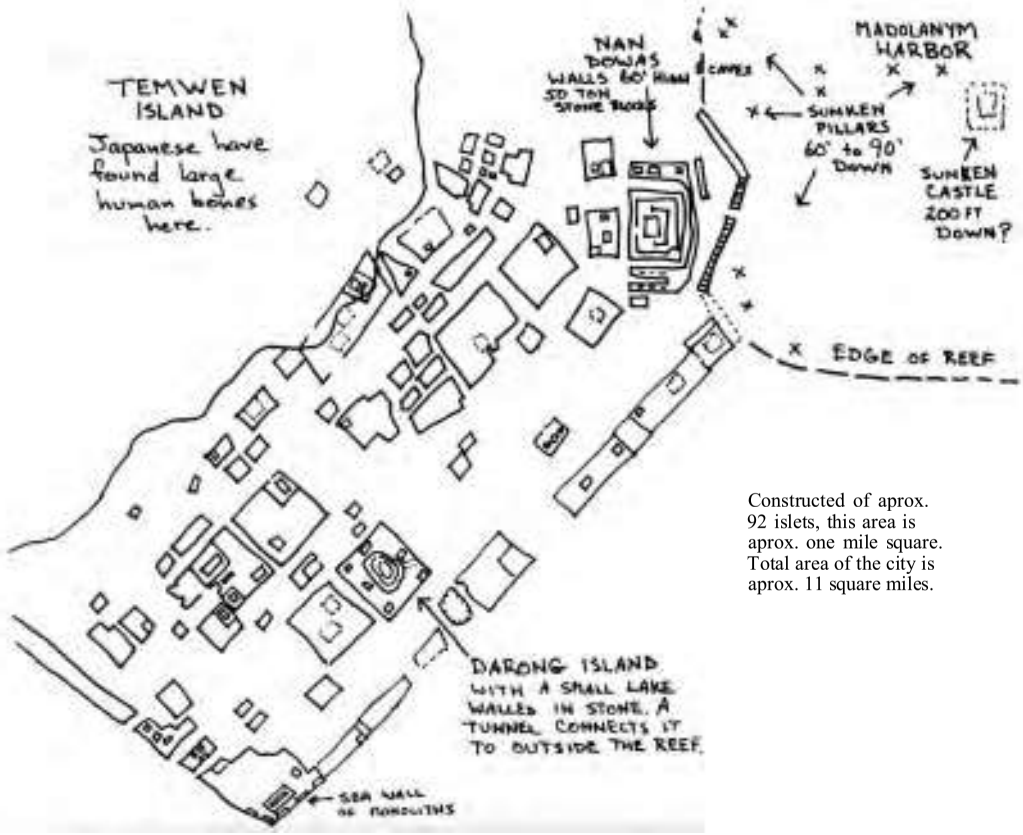
I was also told that platforms, similar to those found on Malden Island, had been found at Nan Modal. In the book, *Nan Modal*: *Lost City of the Pacific*, (1976) the author, Mr. Ballinger, concludes that Nan Modal was built by Greek sailors before the time of Christ. The Greek sailors were remnants of Alexander the Great’s army in Persia after Alexander was poisoned and his empire started to split up. These sailors, theorized Ballinger, left the Persian Gulf intent on making their own kingdom, and after sailing through Indonesia, settled on Pohnpei, where they built

Nan Modal. Harvard professor Barry Fell has a similar theory on the settlement of the Pacific.

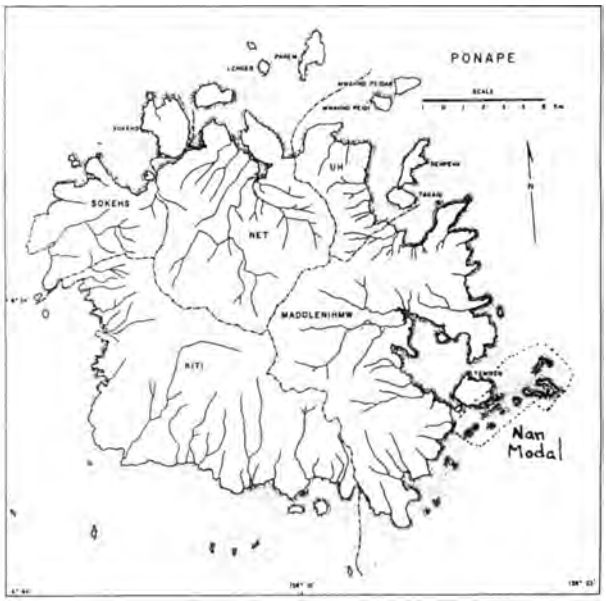
It is not a bad theory, fitting better into new findings about Nan Modal than other theories. I was inclined to think of the ancient Sun Worshippers of the Pacific and their megalithic trading bases throughout the South Pacific. Was Nan Modal built by them? This might make the city three to six thousand years old, the base of ancient sailors from Egypt, India and elsewhere. An ancient city of the Atlantean League?

Yet, did these men, aware of more ancient cultures before them, build their city next to the coral-covered remains of an actual Lemurian City? The thought was staggering. Perhaps I had finally found some evidence of a sunken continent in the Pacific. And with that, I renewed my quest with heightened vigor.

Hambruch's 1910 map of sunken structures off the small island of Na Kap near Nan Modal Central.



Constructed of aprox. 92 islets, this area is aprox. one mile square. Total area of the city is aprox. 11 square miles.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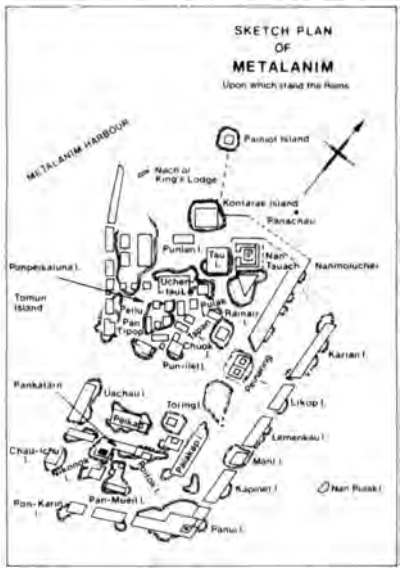
SKETCH PLAN
OF
METALANIM
Upon which stand the Ruins
METALANIM HARBOUR
Painot Island
Nachi or
King's Lodge
Konlanas Island
Panachau
Nanmoluchei
Pompeikaluna I.
Tomun
Island
Karian I.
Likop I.
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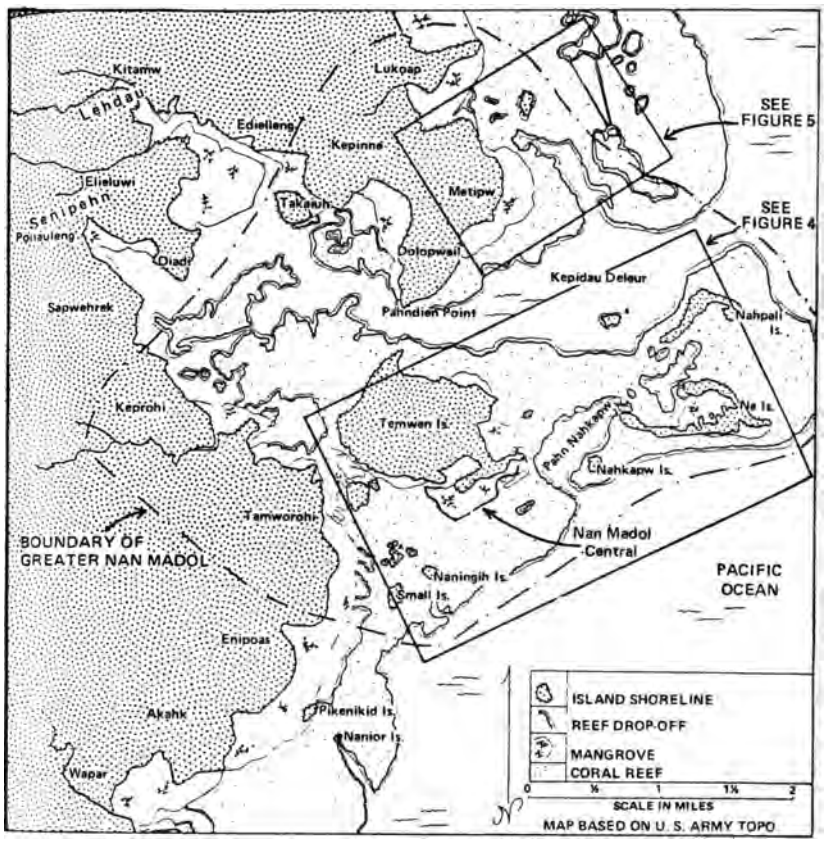
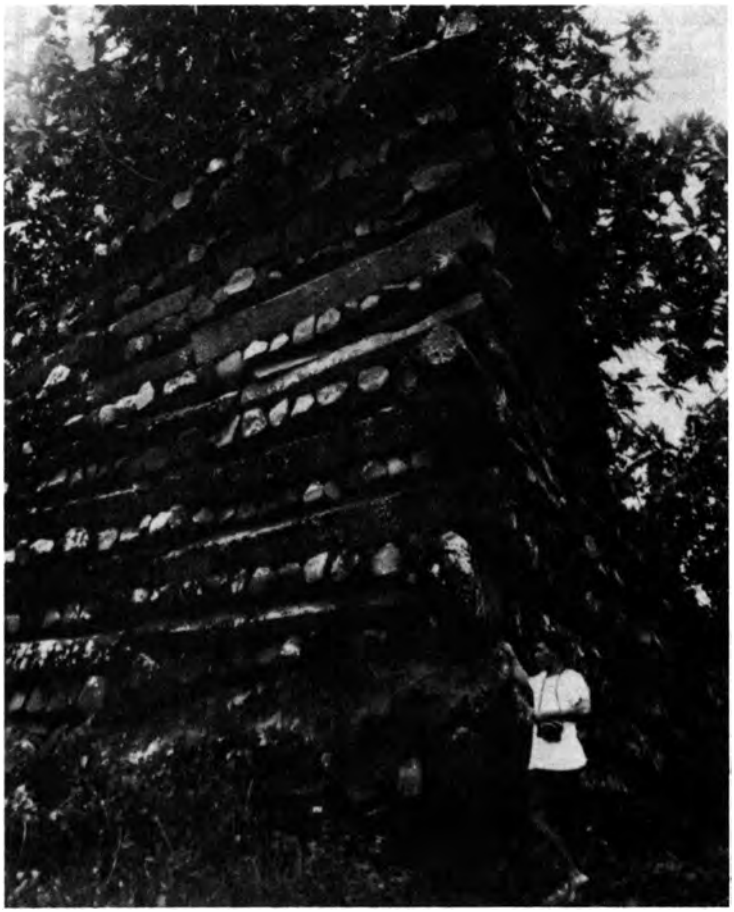
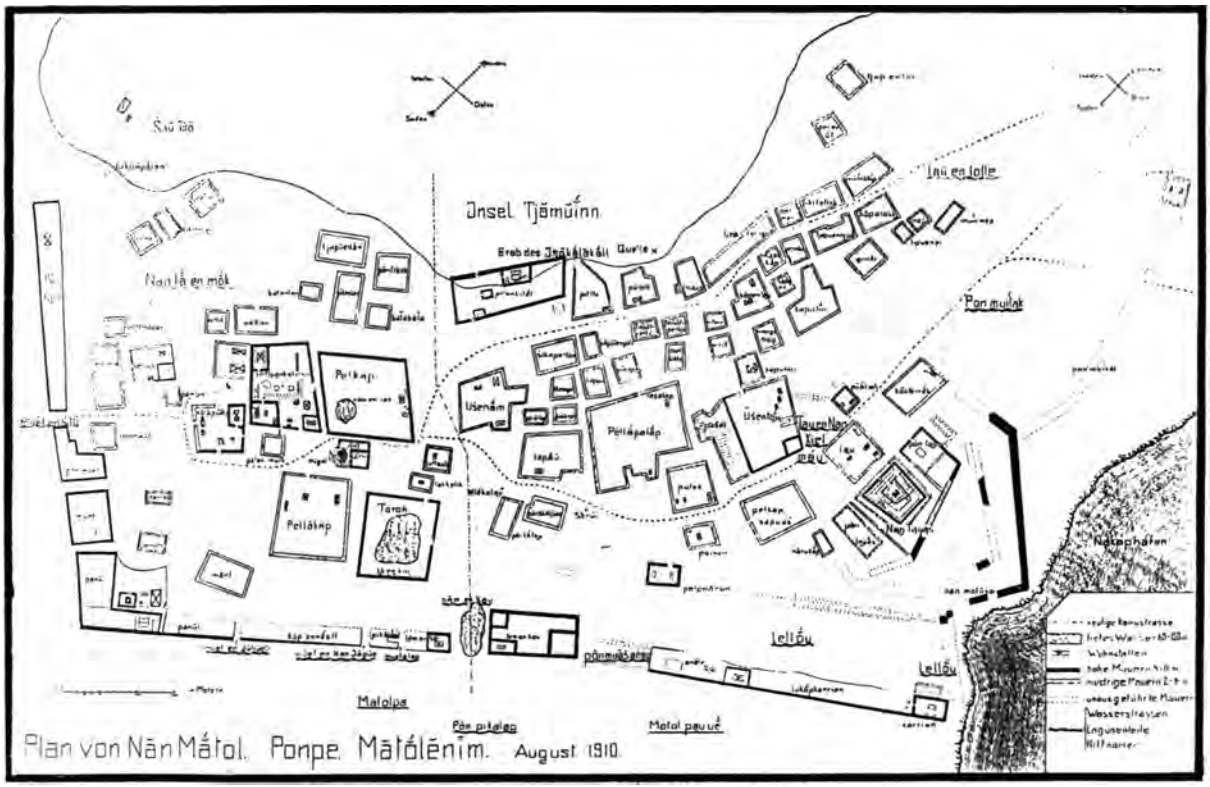
Pon-Kara
Panui I.
Nan Pussk I.



Dr. Arthur Saxe's map of Greater Nan Modal, 11 square miles in size, from his 1980 research paper.

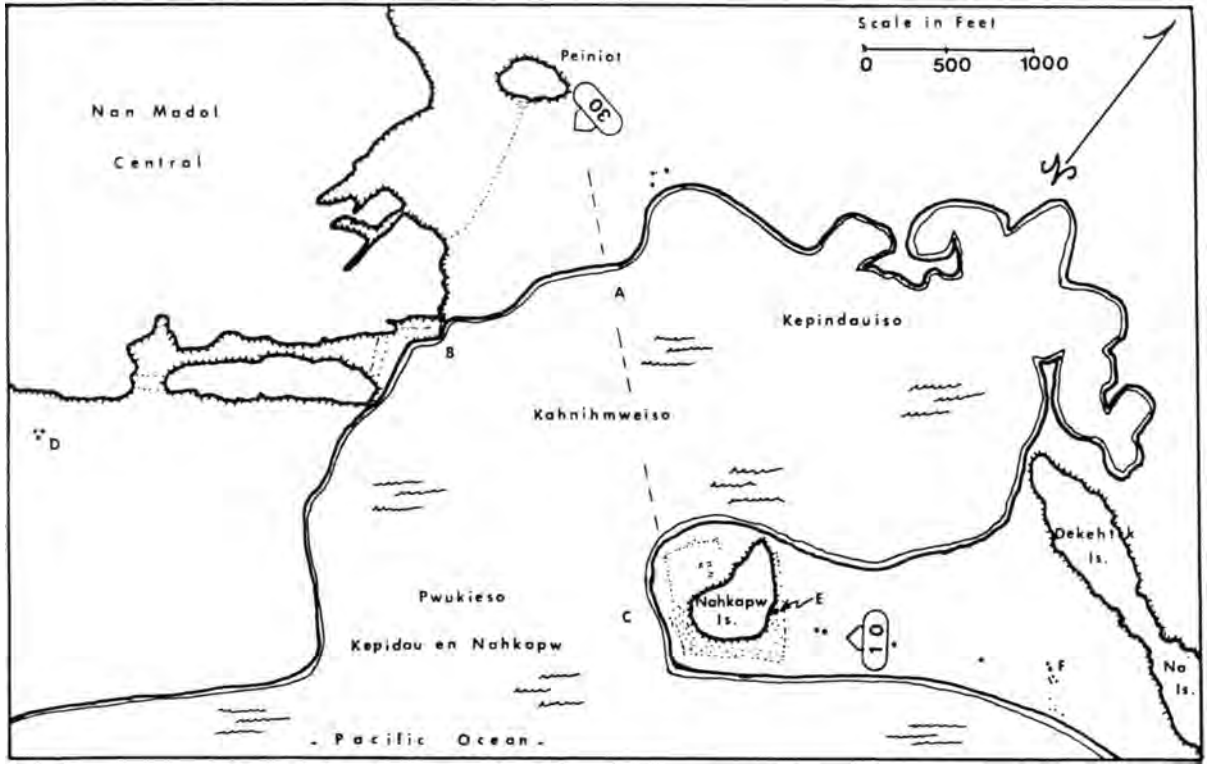


Corner of the largest structure at Nan Modal, Nan Dowas. Here we can clearly see the stacking of the magnetized basalt crystal logs. The man has his han d on a fairly large crystal, probably weighing from five to ten tons. Photo courtesy of Richard Noone.

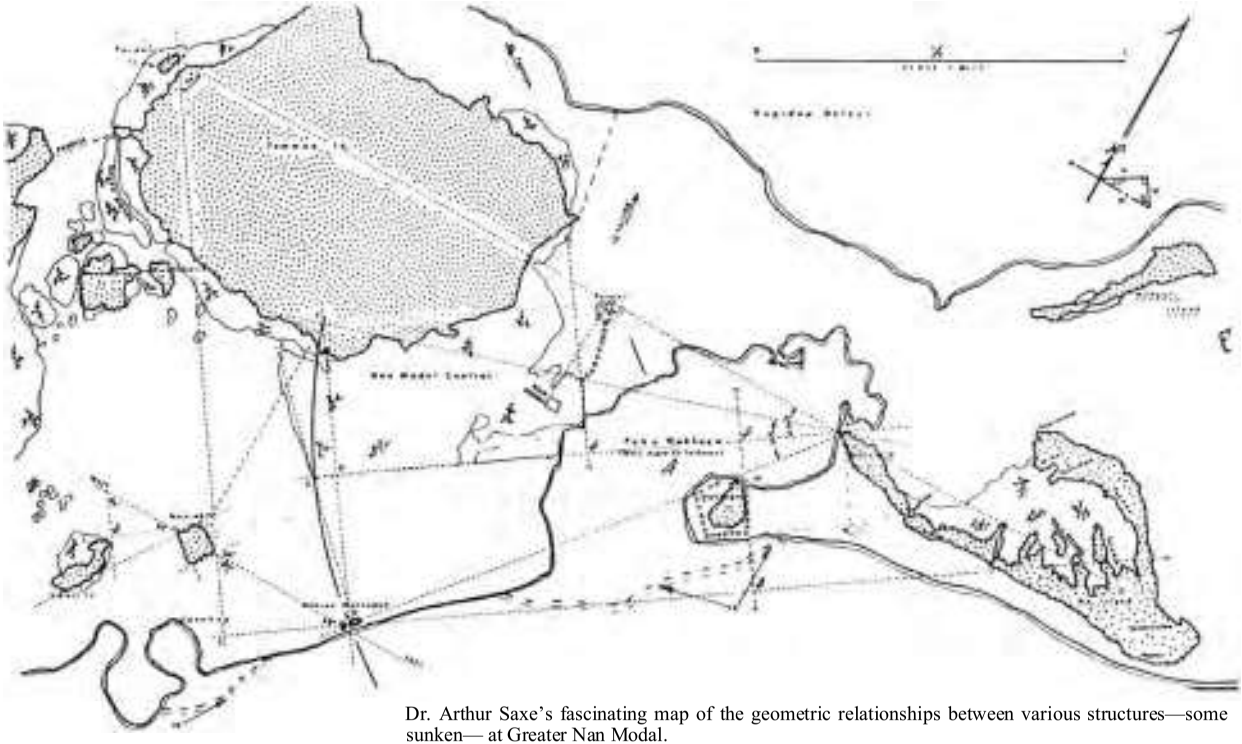


Map of Nan Modal Central drawn by the German archaeologist Paul Hambruch in August of 1910. Hambruch was first to note tales and evidence of underwater structures.

Another view of the walls of Nan Dowas. These heavy basalt crystals are stacked on top of each other to a height of 30 feet or more. Legend has it that the stones “flew” through the air!



Dr. Arthur Saxe's map after his discovery of columns underwater at Nan Modal. From his 1980 report, the underwater columns are located at A and B on the map.



Dr. Arthur Saxe's fascinating map of the geometric relationships between various structures—some sunken— at Greater Nan Modal.

WORLD IS A STAGE FOR DAVID

THE adventures of David Childress rival those of screen hero Indiana Jones.

Adventurer's exploits rival Indiana Jones'

By a Staff Reporter

The American-born 28-year-old author has been wandering around the world with a rucksack for almost 10 years, exploring places most people do not even know exist.

Ancient history, archaeology and a fascination for travel have led David Childress to some of the world's most remote and dangerous areas.

His most recent expedition was to the small Micronesian island of Pohnpei, 3200km north-east of New Guinea, where he found evidence of a "lost" city deep beneath the ocean.

Now exploring in Australia, Childress left home at 18 to work in Taiwan and spent five years in Asia.

He recently published his first book — a travel guide for young people — which is packed with adventure and hair-raising action.

Lost city

The island of Pohnpei had a special attraction for Childress. For many years rumors had circulated about a "lost city."

Several archaeological expeditions had explored ghost-ridden Nan Madol, described by the locals as the spiritual heart of Pohnpei.

Further in the Forbes Research Institute of Boston, Childress led a 12-member expedition to the untold last May.

A self-proclaimed archaeologist, Childress also wanted to explore the city of Nan Madol, a prehistoric city that was built by unknown inhabitants from gigantic basalt rocks weighing up to 50 tons each.

Nan Madol is an artificial island off the coast of Pohnpei, some 40 seconds by small craft.

How this incredible structure was built, or when it was built, has been a mystery for years.

Actual discovered on Nan Madol were dated at 900 years old but many mariners a part of geography has put the date to at least 2000 years.

Nan Madol is known with great caution by the Pohnpei islanders. They believe they are the if they spend the night there.

Islets

Known as the Venice of the Pacific, the buildings on Nan Madol stretch for 2km high.

The ruined of a sunken city just off the bay of Nan Madol have been considered more like Polynesian aborigines Pohnpei in the 1800s.

Divers reported seeing huge columns made up from the sea bed but when the adventurers did not return from the murky depths, rescuers were deterred.

After World War II America claimed Pohnpei, but very little work was done until a team from the University of Ohio discovered the basalt columns in deep water several years ago.

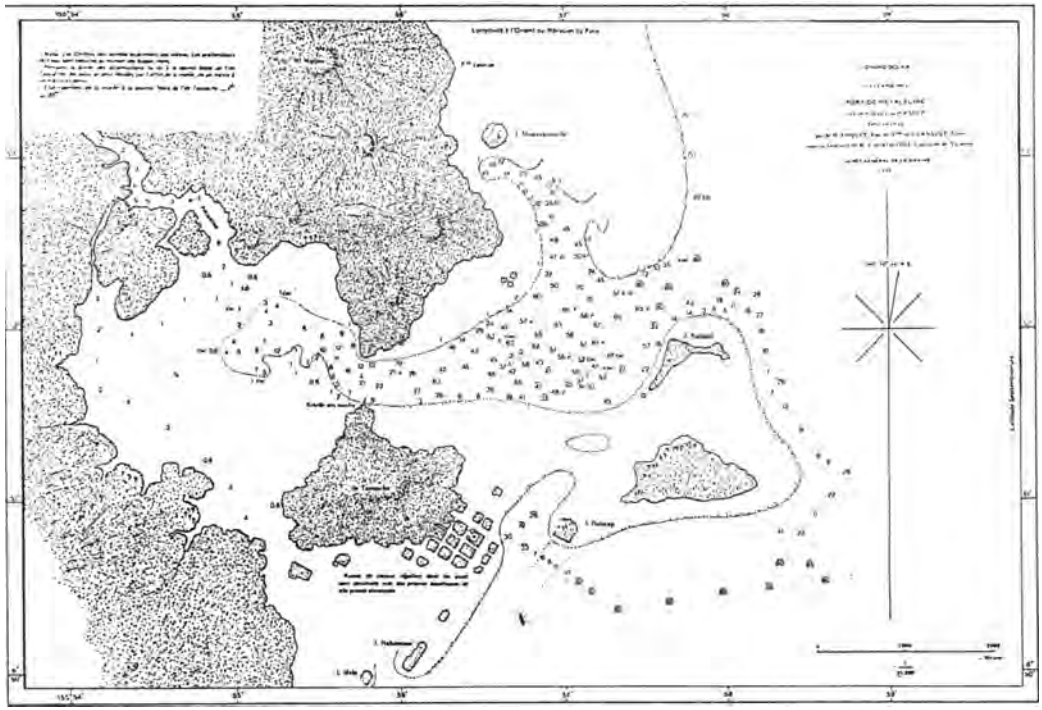
Childress originally intended to search for further evidence of this lost city but his plans was thwarted when he discovered his expedition was too hastily prepared for the conditions.

The water on the city of Nan Madol are very deep, dark, and home for several species of sharks and man-eating

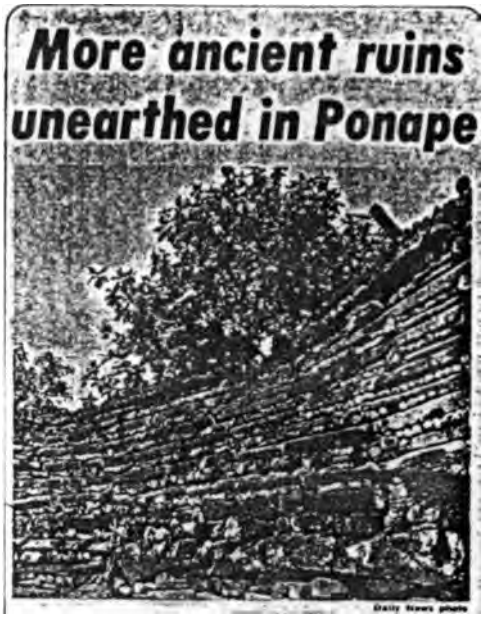
● MURKY DEPTHS. Underwater scene in Pohnpei, Island of Mystery. (Solaise Film Group. Copyright 1982)

● ON HIS WAY. David Childress, a self proclaimed archaeologist, really digs Sydney

Interview with the author published on Dec. 11, 1985 in the Daily Mirror of Sydney Australia. In the upper right hand corner is a rare photo of one of the under-water columns at Nan Modal, from the Solaise Film *Ponape*: *Island of Mystery*. For unknown reasons, this film has never been shown in the U.S.



Oldest known map of Matolenihmw Harbor, made in 1840 by M.J. de Rosamel. The original is at the Servicio Historico Militar, Madrid. This probably best illustrates how Nan Modal is a checkerboard of huge, carved coral islands and cannals. Does a coral-encased ancient city lie beneath it? The underwater columns and "castle" lie at 19 and 26 fathoms just northeast of the main city.



A professor believes he has found more ruins at Nan Madol in Ponape, site of ancient burial and ceremonial structures of stone constructed like the wall above.

Saipan (MNS) – The ancient ruins of Nan Madol in Ponape are reported to be larger than expected.

Dr. Arthur Saxe of Ohio University, in charge of studying the. famous site, made the revelation in a report on his findings.

Conducted in cooperation with the Ponape District Historic Preservation Committee, the study included both on land and underwater surveys around the site at the mouth of Madolenihmw harbor.

Saxe said that in addition to the well known walled complex of islets off Temwen Island, there are several structures on Temwen itself, additional artificial islets elsewhere around the harbor mouth and artificial walls on the edge of the reef.

Underwater in the channel off Nam Douwas, one of the largest of Nan Madol's artificial islets, was an intriguing complex of standing stones, his report said.

Located on a reef, the Nan Madol ruins consist of numerous artificial islands encompassing 11 square miles of dwellings, ceremonial structures and protective foliage. The islands are separated by channels and can be approached only by small boat or canoe at high tide or by wading at low tide.

The ruins, believed constructed at least 700 years ago, are shrouded in mystery and legend.

Only known news article to report the mysterious underwater columns of Nau Modal. "...Underwater... was an intriguing complex of standing stones..". From the Guam Daily News.

Chapter Eleven

The Mariana Islands: Mystery of the Latte Stones

One of the tragedies of life is the murder
of a beautiful theory by a brutal gang of facts.
—La Rochefoucauld

We must learn that any person,
who will not accept what he knows to be truth,
for the very love of truth alone,
is very definitely undermining his mental integrity.
—Luther Burbank

Mike and I left Pohnpei and flew on to Truk Lagoon, the next Micronesian State to the west. Truk is a famous and popular scuba diving center, because of a Japanese fleet sunk in the shallow water of the central lagoon that makes for scenic, and safe wreck diving. Our stop was only for a few moments, however, and we were shortly off to Guam.

On the flight, I brought out some of my reading material which I was using for my researches into the mysteries of the Pacific and a possible Pacific continent in antiquity. One article that I had with me was from the British scientific journal, *Nature.*

In a very interesting article that appeared in Vol. 270 of *Nature* magazine, (November 1977) entitled *Lost Pacifica Continent* the two authors, Amos Nur of the *Department of Geophysics* at Stanford University in Palo Alto and Zvi Ben-Avraham of the *Israel Oceanographic and Limnological Ltd.* in Haifa, Israel explore some of the geological evidence for a former Pacific landmass:

"The Alpine mountain chain is generally accepted to be the product of continent-continent collisions. In this belt the zone of recent tectonic activity is wide (up to 2,000 km in Tibet) and crustal thickness in places is 1.5-2 times the average continental crust, presumably due to the inability of light continental material to sink into the asthenosphere. Under the Himalayas, for example, the crust is 70km thick. Furthermore, as indicated by seismicity, the active collision zone here includes not only the highly deformed Himalaya belt but also the entire Tibet plateau. Major wide mountain belts exist, morphologically similar to the Alpine belt, in regions which do not experience continental collision, such as western North America, Alaska, east Siberia and the Andes. The crustal thickness here can also be very great, up to 70 km in the Andes. All are seismically active, wide, highly deformed and include high plateaus of various sizes. Many of these wide orogenic belts also exhibit great geological complexities which are not simply explained by the model of an oceanic lithosphere under-thrusting a continental asthenosphere. We suggest, therefore, that the circum Pacific mountain belts may be the result of past

continental collisions, similar to those associated with the Alpine belt. We summarise the evidence for the incorporation of past continental masses around the Pacific Ocean. Holmes has given a compelling case for large continental land masses during parts of late Palaeozoic to early Tertiary to the west of North America such a Cascadia and Lanoria. The land includes conglomerates derived from crystalline sialic rocks which have since disappeared. Hamilton and Davis and Armstrong suggested that the Klamaths were originally some distance offshore to the west and that the Permo Triassic Sonoma Orogeny results from an arc continent collision.

"A large scale collision of Alaska with a continental fragment during Palaeozoic and early Mesozoic, finally coalescing in Late Jurassic-early Cretaceous times has been suggested. Hamilton has proposed that Permian terrains bearing Tethyan fusulinids may have formed in the central Pacific on island arcs which were subsequently swept into the North American continent. Furthermore, these North American terrains share Jurassic and Cretaceous faunas and floras with New Zealand, Caledonia, the Antarctica peninsula and Chile. This is consistent with several palaeomagnetic studies which suggest that large fragments in the western USA, Canada, and in Alaska were located near the equator perhaps at Triassic times. Hillhouse found that tholeiitic flows in the Wrangell mountain area were formed at 15 degrees north or south of the equator during Triassic time.

"...We propose that these chunks were parts of a continental mass which has disaggregated, perhaps the way Gondawana has, and Africa is and may continue to disaggregate. We envisage that the circum Pacific fragments were embedded in the major plates of the Pacific Ocean—the Kula, Farallon, Phoenix and Pacific plates—whose motion might roughly be reconstructed from palaeomagnetic data back to 190 Myr BP. As shown schematically in Fig. 1 we do this by removing continental blocks from Alaska and western North America, the Andes, Kamchatka and Japan, displacing them in a cartoon like fashion back in time attached to their corresponding plates. The various fragments, as they migrate back towards their respective spreading ridges, also approach each other. By further extrapolating the plate motions backwards beyond Jurassic time, we suggest that they comprise a single mass perhaps by mid-Permian times.

"We call this mass Pacifica—to emphasise its centrality in the Pacific geological history. Assuming that Pacifica was located over the developing spreading pattern of Larson and Chase we imagine four major groups of continental fragments—one each on the Kula, Farallon, Phoenix and Pacific plates. As spreading continued, these fragments were presumably carried along toward subduction zones, eventually reaching continental margins. Roughly speaking the Kula Fragments collided with Alaska and Eastern Siberia, the Farallon fragments with North America, and the Phoenix fragments with South America. The submerged platforms in the south-west Pacific (which show typical crustal structures) such as the Ontong-Java and Manihiki platforms may thus be fragments of Pacifica.

"...The existence of Pacifica may thus explain the origin of the circum Pacific Cordillera, and probably shed some light on the origin of the submerged platforms in the south-west Pacific Ocean. It may provide the continental connection between western North America, south-east Asia, Australia, and South America, needed to explain the evolutionary history of flora, such as the angiosperms, and fauna, such as various fusilinids and mammals around the Pacific. In fact, the concept of a Pacifica was first introduced by biogeographers solely to explain the relation between the species and families surrounding the Pacific. Our results may, therefore, provide the geophysical and geological detail necessary to understand the continental and biological history in the Pacific. We believe that the combined evidence from geophysics, geology and biology makes a compelling case for a now extinct Pacifica continent, whose fragmented remains are mostly now embedded in

the circum Pacific mountain belts.

"This work was supported by the USNSF".

I put the article on my lap and looked at the window at the now vanished Pacifica Continent. I had to smile to myself as I thought of the irony of the article. Geology was coming full circle, from the early belief of a lost pacific continent, to the denial of such a landform, to the "scientific acceptance" of a lost continent once more.

Still, even believers in "Pacifica" might argue that even if their was a trans-pacific continent, it existed long before human beings walked the earth. This, I think, anyone can agree with, yet, when did it submerge? The authors of the above article attribute the Pacific continent to the formation of mountain ranges around the Pacific and to the spread of animals and plants around the Pacific Basin.

But, once again the crux of the matter rests on the two main schools of geology, uniformitarian and cataclysmic. The authors Nur and Ben-Avraham speak as uniformitarianists, and therefore their dating and tectonic movement of plates naturally extend through the Jurassic and Permian times, which are theorized to have taken place hundreds of millions of years ago in uniformitarian-geological time-scale guessing.

In cataclysmic geology, of course, these changes could have taken place rapidly and even many times over during the course of pole shifts. Therefore, the Pacific continent may have been alternately above and below water, like many continents, many times over the past 400 million years or so. In this way, geological change, in the form of pole shifts, is the like the ticking of a great geological clock.

§§§

"Here's an article that you might like", said Mike, handing me a copy of the *Glimpses of Micronesia* magazine that was in the front pocket of the airline seat. Inside was an article entitled *14th Century Micronesia* by Thomas F. King (Vol. 25, No. 1, 1985). I read it with interest and discovered many interesting facts about the local islands. Speaking about Truk island, King says that there is some evidence of human settlement as early as 200 or 300 BC but the major occupation seemed to take place sometime after AD 1300. King finds evidence that a major cultural change took place at this time resulting in greater prosperity to the population, notable the introduction of breadfruit to the island.

He notes that Pohnpei was settled "about the time of Christ" and the "major construction at Nan Modal, however, appears to have begun sometime between about AD 1100 and 1200, peaking by about 1400 and ending by the 1500s". King is unaware of pottery dated at Nan Modal as being 2,000 years old. It appears that Nan Modal had long been in decline by the 1400s, and that datable objects found on the islets (which are actually in the ocean, not on the island itself) are the tail end of any occupation, rather than the beginning.

King relates the interesting belief that most of the Caroline Islands were conquered by the Kings of Kosrae. He believes that this time period was about the 14th century. That widespread warfare in the islands took place in the 14th century is highly likely, though many of the islands did not have long distance ocean going canoes when discovered by European sailors a few hundred years later.

Most interesting in the article is King's comments on Palau, the furthest west of the islands, nearer to the Philippines and New Guinea than the rest of the Caroline Islands. "Palau's most obvious archeological features are its terraces; it has been estimated that over 5 percent of the land surface has been terraced. The terraces are elaborate affairs: whole hills have been sculpted to resemble step pyramids, often with exotic 'crowns' and 'brims' on their summits. Strangely, the terraces do not feature at all in Palauan oral traditions; no one professes to know who built them, or

why.

"Both Osborne and Lucking (of California State University, Long Beach), who have studied the terraces, have concluded that they were used for both agriculture and for defense. Village sites clearly associated with the terraces are few and far between—in fact the only site thus far studied that may be associated with them is the megalithic site Bairulchau on northern Babeldaub, famous for its alignments of basalt monoliths. The terraces represent an enormous investment of effort, however, and suggest a large and well-organized population. Dating them is difficult, but 7 radiocarbon dates thus far obtained indicate that they were in use by about AD 150 and continued in use until about 1200".

King goes on to make one more statement which is very unusual and exciting, though he does not seem to realize the significance of his own remark: "The early archeological sites on Feefen in Truk (one of the small islands with the oldest known remains) and under Nan Modal on Ponape are underwater today, raising the possibility that subsidence of island shorelines might have occurred after these sites were occupied". I was amazed at this statement, not because it is surprising to me, but that it is unusual for more mundane articles on Pacific Island history to mention that the earliest known sites are actually underwater!

Like most archaeologists, King places a lot of emphasis on carbon dating, though it is not surprising that on these small islands it is difficult to find any organic object over 2000 years old which we can date. The stone alignments and basalt statues found on Palau cannot of course be carbon dated. However objects found around them can be. As the people of Palau themselves have no traditions as to the origins of the massive basalt blocks set into the earth in a similar manner as found in Europe, it seems quite possible that ceremonial fires were at times built around them and sacrifices of food and animals, even possibly people, were made to the strange "signs of the old ones" or something. It is the remains of these fires that we may be dating, and these are not necessarily objects of the builders themselves, but from a later time.

One andesite statue on Babeldaob, the largest island in the Palau group, is about three feet high and is located at a site called Aimeong. It has been noted that the statue resembles anthropomorphic carvings on Unea Island of north-western New Britain (the Bismarck Archipelago to the east of New Guinea). Other Palauan monuments comprise stone pavements and platforms for houses and even a structure comprising two tows of upright monoliths with slotted tops rather like the gigantic columns found in the Mariana islands.

In his book *Man's Conquest of the Pacific*,[106] William Bellwood says that the population of Palau was using glass beads and bracelet fragments as money. "Ultimate Roman or Chinese origins have been suggested for some of these glass objects", says Bellwood. He rather thinks they came out of the central Philippines, though perhaps originating in China.

A stranger form of money is discussed by Bellwood, the use of gigantic stone wheels as currency on the island of Yap, 300 miles to the northeast. Says Bellwood, "Early European visitors were impressed by the great variety of stone architecture, particularly the faced and paved platforms, sometimes with two tiers, for god houses and men's houses. Lining the paths which led to these structures were, and often still are, rows of wheel-shaped discs of stone money and similar discs also lean against the terrace faces. This money was cut from aragonite quarried in the Palau Islands and transported by canoe to Yap, and one of its functions appears to have been the purchase of concubines for men's houses. Just why the Yapese chose to stow their wealth in such a form is not known, but one may perhaps regard the discs as gigantic versions of the shell discs which are strung together as currency in several areas of western Oceania".[106]

To the person who abhors a pocket full of change, these gigantic stone coins are your worst nightmare come true. In theory they were wheeled from one owner's property to another's when a sale was made. Generally, today they are just left wherever they may be, and the ownership of the stone is common knowledge. Were these huge circular discs originally meant for something else? They are nearly identical to large grinding stones; if they ever had some other purpose than money, it is now lost to us.

§§§

On the last leg of the flight to Guam, I flipped through John Macmillan Brown's rare book, *The Riddle of the Pacific*. Brown, as I had mentioned before was the foremost scholar in New Zealand at the time he wrote this book in 1924. Brown's book is usually ignored today, although some of his early research into Easter Island and its connections with New Zealand are still considered valid today. His views of a sunken continent, or groups of small "continents" throughout the Pacific are hardly even discussed in academic circles, except with a smirk. Generally speaking, he is unknown outside of New Zealand.

Nevertheless, I was fascinated by his book, and impressed by a number of points he makes in the lengthy and scholarly volume. His arguments for a lost continent in the Pacific are pretty much summed up in Chapter VII of his book entitled: *Subsidence Dominant In Polynesia & Micronesia*. Brown argues for the slow subsidence over thousands, even millions of years in the Pacific, and gives plenty of evidence for such subsidence. The formation of coral atolls, a geological mystery in themselves, requires both elevation and subsidence in their creation. Even phosphate islands like Nauru need to be submerged for a time and then uplifted, the nitrates leached out to form the rich phosphate deposits, he says.

Islands have even gone down in recent times, claims Brown. Vincent Gaddis relates some of the fascinating tales of "lost islands" in his book, *Invisible Horizons*.[109] The English pirate Captain Edward Davis discovered an island with "a long sandy beach and coconut palms" in 1687. A huge landmass stretching beyond the horizon lay beyond the sandy island. He gave the location as latitude 27° S and about five hundred miles west of the South American coast. Davis had ample provisions and was in a hurry, so he did not stop, however, the island was added to the charts. It was never seen again. In fact, Easter Island was discovered by the Dutch Navigator Roggeveen while searching for Davis Land, a vanished island.

In 1802, a Captain Gwyn reported that the rocks of Sala-y-Gomez had been erroneously charted. He had found that the rocks were three hundred miles west and fifty miles south of Easter Island. Mariners made a search. The rocks were found at their charted location, while there was no trace of rocks at the location given by Gwyn. A similar island was reported in 1879 in the vicinity by an Italian Captain Pinocchio who named it after his vessel, the Podesta. Podesta Island, although appearing on charts, was never seen again and finally removed from Naval charts in 1935.[109]

Also near Easter Island, the English vessel S.S. Glewalon sighted an island in 1912. After all officers checked their calculations, they turned them over to harbor authorities. However the Chilean training ship Baquedano searched for the new island for three weeks without success. Soundings in the region revealed a depth of around ten thousand feet![109]

Another island northwest of Easter Island was listed on charts as Sarah Ann Island. Since it would have been in the path of totality during the solar eclipse of June 8, 1937, vessels of the U.S. Navy Pacific Fleet searched for it in 1932. After weeks of searching, they gave up, and the island was removed from Naval charts.

Bouvet Island in the southern Indian Ocean is a famous case of an island that was discovered (1739), disappeared, was rediscovered, disappeared again, and finally, rediscovered once again. It is now officially listed as a real island, and can be found on maps today.

In 1860 the U.S.S. Levant sailed from Hawaii for Panama and vanished in the area bounded by the 133rd to the 138th meridians west and the 15th to 20th parallels north. Within this 30,000 square-mile region, the warship was believed to have been wrecked on an uncharted island. A search by the U.S.S. Albatross and the cruiser Tacoma failed to reveal any trace of the warship or of the islands.

However, in this area whalers had reported a number of unidentified islands with the given names of Bunker, New, Sultan, Eclipse, Roca, and still others unnamed. One of the islands was reported by a British mariner, DeGreaves, in 1859 as located twelve hundred miles southeast of Honolulu. None of these islands has ever been found by exploring vessels, and are not listed on charts to this day.[109]

The list of phantom islands that have never been found in the Pacific include Marqueen, Sprague, Favorite, Monks, Dangerous, Duke of York, Grand Duke Alexander, Little Paternosters, Massacre and Mortlock. In 1858 the U.S. government listed over a dozen islands in the South Pacific as "pertaining to the United States under the act of Aug. 18, 1856". Not one of these islands has ever been found![109]

Other islands actually had people living on them! Hunter Island, reported in Karl Baarslag's book *Islands of Adventure*,[200] discovered by a Captain Hunter of the Donna Carmelta in 1823 had intelligent and cultivated Polynesians who had the curious custom of amputating the little finger of the left hand at the second joint. He added that the land was fertile, with plenty of coconut palms and breadfruit. He gave the position of the island as lat. 15° 31'S and long. 176° 11'W and the nearest land the island Niaufou or "tin can" island. Needless to say, it was never seen again.

The St. Vincent Islands were discovered by Antonio Martinus in 1789 at lat 7° 21'N and long. 127° 4'W, and in 1824 a Father Santa Clara at the Rosario Mission near St. Francis Bay, California told a Captain Charles Morrell about the islands and that he had lived there for some time. They were inhabited, well-wooded and with good harbors. In 1825 Captain Morrell searched for the islands but all he could find was discolored water 120 fathoms deep. There were no other islands within hundreds of miles and Morell searched the area for over a month. The islands had vanished!

John Macmillan Brown relates one sad case in his book, that of the Tuanaki Islands southeast of Rarotonga, about half way to Mangaia. The island group consisted of three low-lying islands inhabited by Polynesians. They were unspoiled, but a sailor's account of life on the islands was given in the *Rarotongan Records* of the Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, published by the *Polynesian Society* of Honolulu in 1916. The sailor had lived on the island of Rurutu for six days, and himself was a Polynesian. In 1844 a missionary ship that was bound for the islands failed to locate them. It is believed they vanished in an earthquake between 1842 and 1884. Several former inhabitants of the Tuanaki Islands, who had left in their youth, died in Rarotonga during the present century.

Gaddis goes on to list a number of "appearing and disappearing" islands between Alaska and Japan, many of them sighted during the war, and one larger than Guam, which have never been seen since. Most were reported from the air. A number of mysterious islands have been reported around Hawaii.

One strange story is the tale of a 20,000 ton round-the-world cruise ship from Britain that was to stop at Easter Island. On noon of a summer day in 1928 the captain and two British Naval Reserve officers were determining their position. They checked and rechecked their calculations. To their fantastic surprise, they

concluded that Easter Island had vanished, as they were at the islands known location!

They went to the radio room and reported the astonishing news to the world and steamed on. In Valparaiso, Chile, the reported disappearance on an island that was their territory was greeted with genuine concern. A gunboat was sent out to the island to investigate the report, and ten days later arrived at the island, finding it in its same old place. The longitude and latitude had not changed one whit.

One wonders if in some mystical realm certain islands can choose to disappear at will, or somehow create a "cloaking device" as in the *Star Trek* science fiction films. In legends of antiquity there have been a number of such islands, and one that has appeared in recent literature is that of *Mount Analogue* by Rene Daumal. In his metaphysical tale, Mount Analogue is a secret island in the Pacific which can only be discovered by certain persons who are "allowed" to discover it. One wonders if some unknown force had purposely kept the British luxury liner from "seeing" Easter Island, while it was there all the time.

John Macmillan Brown goes on to mention in his chapter on subsidence in Micronesia the curious story of the little coral island of Oleai Atoll (now on maps as Woleai Atoll) to the east of Yap. "There I found", says Brown, "in 1913, script of some sixty characters, a syllabary quite unlike any other in the world. It was use by the young chief of the island and was known to only five on it (that is, it was known to only five persons on an island of about 600-ed.), though it was also in use in Faraulep, an islet about a hundred miles to the north-east. If this has any significance, it is that an archipelagic empire of considerable extent needed means of communication that would enable the central authority to keep in touch with its subordinates. Some maker or unifier of the island-empire needed a more explicit method of conveying his commands to his lieutenants than the knotted cords which are used freely over most of the Caroline Islands. And when a monarch's needs are known they elicit invention as surely as the needs of a democratic people, though never so widely or so usefully. And nothing but the necessities of communication in an island-empire could have kept alive this script once it was put into form. And another five hundred miles further west there is an indication of a third organized archipelago that has gone down. One the east coast of the island of Yap there a village called Gatsepar, and its chief, though of no significance or power in his own island, has canoes come over hundreds of miles of sea to pay him annual tribute; when the tributors are asked why they do so to so powerless a chief, they say that if they did not keep paying the tribute, he would shake their islands with his earthquakes and the sea with his tempests.

"The meaning seems to be that his ancestors built an island-empire to the east of Yap, and when some intermediate islets had gone down the others continued still to look to the ruler in the west as the holder of all power natural and supernatural".

In another chapter, Brown, an expert linguist, discusses writing found in the Pacific, namely Rongo Rongo writing from Easter Island and the mysterious Yap writing. Just as fascinating as the mysterious Yap writing is his assertion that in the Society Islands, and well as the Caroline islands, messages were often sent in the form of knotted ropes. Brown was well aware that this was the way the Inca Empire of South America also sent messages. In South America these knotted ropes, called quipus, have ever been found, and they have never been deciphered.

I am tempted to fall back on my theories of a great Sun Empire of the Pacific, much as Brown believed in, and that, as Brown asserts, they must have had a way of transferring orders and knowledge other than word of mouth. A written language, and apparently even knotted ropes were used to serve this purpose. Perhaps modern day epigraphers can decipher this strange writing, giving us a hint to its origins.

§§§

In Guam, Mike and I stood about in the airport waiting for our luggage, wondering what to do next. Visions of vanishing islands, with our luggage on them, swam in my head as I watched the luggage carousel spin. For the many people who would like to retreat from the world at their own little South Sea Island, the idea that sometimes these islands go on trips of their own could be a little disconcerting. I stamped my foot on the ground, making sure I was on a solid surface, and that my island was not going anywhere.

"Ouch!" said a tanned, oriental, young lady with long black hair and a notebook in her hands. "That's my foot you just stepped on!"

"Oh, I'm sorry", I said, apologising. I didn't realize you were standing behind me".

"That's OK", she smiled. "I was going to ask you if you had a hotel. You see I work for the *Cocos Island Resort*, and I'm here to offer you a special deal".

Mike and I looked over her material. She offered us a special introductory rate, and we decided to accept it. Shortly, Mike and I were cruising south in a small Japanese van along the coast for Cocos Island Resort.

Coming from the sleepy islands to the south, our arrival in Guam was something of a shock. Suddenly, we were back in the world of metal and glass skyscrapers, traffic jams, Pizza Huts and McDonalds, neon signs everywhere, and hoards of tourists, most of them Japanese Honeymooners.

The island is like a giant footprint, actually created by two volcanoes, one at each end of the island. The entire northern half of the island is an American Military Base, the area in the center around the capital of Agana is a heavily built up tourist-commercial area, and so it is the more unspoiled southern area of the island that is most attractive to visitors.

Guam is actually an American Territory, like Puerto Rico, and has a flavor very similar to Honolulu. The island was first discovered in 1521 by Ferdinand Magellan on his first voyage around the world. It had been three and a half months since rounding Cape Horn at the bottom of South America, and he crossed the entire Pacific without sighting one island until he got to Guam (could it be that those islands did not want to be seen by Magellan?). His scurvy ridden and starving crew had been reduced to eating shoe leather and rats. Magellan named it the *Isle of Thieves* after a small skiff had been stolen by some islanders. He led a raid ashore to recapture his boat, killing 7 or 8 islanders and burning a village in the process. He was killed himself two months later in the Philippines after intervening in a local war.

Guam was officially declared for Spain in 1565, but missionaries did not arrive until 1668. Forced conversion to Catholicism and disease decimated the population from an estimated 80,000 to less than 5,000 by 1741. The survivors were mostly women and children who were then forced to intermarry with Spanish and Filipino troops. This is the ethnic population of Guam today.

Guam was an important stop-over in the Spanish trade route from Acapulco in Mexico to the Philippines for 200 years, ending when Mexico became independent of Spain. On June 20, 1898, during the Spanish-American War, the American warship USS Charleston entered Apra Harbor firing as she came. The Spanish governor sent word to the American commander that he was sorry he could not return the salute as he was out of gunpowder. The American captain informed the Spanish governor that their countries were at war, and the governor promptly surrendered. Guam has been an American Territory ever since (with the exception of Japanese occupation).

During our several days on Guam, Mike and I swam, explored the island, and

went scuba diving several times. There didn't appear to be any underwater ruins to explore, but one day we decided to do some wreck diving in Apra Harbor. Having gotten directions from a local dive shop to a sunken freighter in relatively shallow water, we set out on our adventure.

We climbed down a steep bank after parking our rented car, and entered the water. We swam down along the bottom until it dropped abruptly into the dark depths of the harbor. Following the directions from the dive shop, we swam across the great gulf until a dark patch loomed in the water ahead of us.

It looked rather ominous and a sinking feeling began deep in my stomach as we swam toward the large shape at a depth of about 90 feet. Below us was only the dark green depths of the ocean, and I kicked a little harder to cross the gulf. Mike was swimming steadily to my right, and we signaled each other that all was "OK". Suddenly, the outline of a huge ship was visible in front of us. It was gigantic—400 feet long and lying at an angle at the edge of a chasm.

We swam to the deck, which was about 65 feet from the surface at its highest point. Taking our time, we explored the ship from one end of the deck to the other. The holds of the ship were open and dark. Whatever lay inside the ship, we did not have the courage to discover. As I came around an airtube on the deck, large enough for a man to swim into, three poisonous lion fish swam out, their beautiful, but deadly spines waving as the they swam slowly about the hole. I backed away in surprise and fear, and then calmly watched them from a safe distance for a time.

We were both running out of air by the time we had traversed the deck a few times, and headed back, spanning the great gulf back to the shore, leaving the ghostly outline of the old freighter behind us.

Wreck diving was fun, but we had really come to Guam to investigate some curious megalithic remains that might be part of the vanished civilization of the Pacific. Called Latte Stones, these mysterious megaliths are tall stone columns found throughout the Marianas Islands. These tall stone columns with a "head" or capstone, making them look like mushrooms, were created in an age long gone by a people also long gone. The indigenous peoples of the Marianas, the Chomoro, ascribed the stones to the *taotaomona*, which means "spirits of the before-time people". Carbon dating indicates that the islands have been populated since at least 3,000 BC. The age of the Latte Stones has never been determined, however. They are thousands of years old, and apparently built by some other culture rather than the Chamoros.

The stones generally occur in double rows of 6 to 14 stones, each composed of *haligi* (pedestal) and *tasa* (cap). The tasa are natural coral heads placed atop the *haligi* with the spherical side down, so they look like giant mushrooms inverted. The stones are found throughout the Marianas, with the largest on the island of Tinian, to the north of Guam.

Some tourist material claims that the people of Guam lived in houses on top of the columns, like great stone stilts. The literature even gives the impression that islanders lived like this at the time of European discovery. That homes were built on top of the columns is a theory, but no person ever has actually seen them used as such, nor were they in use when the first explorers reached the islands. Islanders did often have huts near the columns. Yet, their own tradition is that the latte were created by another people—"spirits of before-time"!

One of the investigative articles on the mysterious latte stones appeared in the publication *Scientific Monthly* in 1927 (issue no. 25, pp 385-391) written by a P.J. Searles and entitled *Mystery Monuments of the Marianas*: "Dotting the islands here and there are found those magnificent structures, the Lat'te, erected unknown centuries ago by a lost race whose name even is forgotten. Massive and imposing even when partially laid low by the hand of time working through earthquakes and

typhoons, hid in the shadowy depths of the jungles, they convey an impression of high intelligence and skill on the part of their builders. Baffling to the scientist as well as to the layman, they represent an ancient epoch as mythical as Atlantis. What are they?

"A Lat'te is composed primarily of upright monoliths called 'halege', surmounted by hemispherical capitals called 'tasa'. The upright stones are usually placed in two parallel rows of from four to six stones in each row, the long axis of the Lat'te always being parallel with the line of the sea shore or a river bed. In Guam are found several different detailed forms. The uprights are sometimes slab-like, sometimes cut square; in fact, many shapes are extant. The capitals also vary in shape and size. Lat'te range from small crude structures constructed of natural boulders capped with coral heads, to massive stone columns, square in shape, fifteen or more feet in height and six feet in diameter, headed with enormous blocks of stone.

"The island of Tinian presents two of these largest of monuments carved by prehistoric man, part of the 'House of Taga'. the only standing survivors of ten original monoliths, these two shafts still rear their lofty heads on the south-western side of the island, very near the beach. Three others are completely shattered as if by earthquake, two have lost their capitals, and three have fallen but still retain the 'tasa' intact. They are all shaped like truncated pyramids, capped by hemispherical stones. The pillars are eighteen feet in circumference at the base and fifteen feet at the top. They are twelve feet high and support capitals five feet high and six feet in diameter. Each monolith weighs about thirty tons. The two parallel rows originally stood seven feet apart and form a group plan about fifty-five feet long by eleven feet wide. They are cut from a rough metamorphosed coral known in the Marianas as 'cascajo'.

"Don Felipe de la Corte de Calderon, Spanish governor of the Marianas from 1855 to 1866, in various manuscript reports to the Crown (not published), tells of the Lat'te:

> 'It should also be noticed that not only Guam but Rota, Tinian, and Saipan also possess ruins of houses of an architecture which tends to demonstrate the existence of a people gifted with certain ideas which showed them to be above the stage of the mere savage. All these ruins consist of pyramids finished at the top with semi spherical, carved stones, the semi sphere in some instances being built of small stones cemented together.
>
> 'In all the islands, at places formerly inhabited, are found certain monuments, which the natives call 'latde' (sic), or 'Houses of the Old People'. the consist invariably of a double row of rough stone pyramids or truncated cones supporting stone hemispheres, flat side up. These pyramids, similar in shape to the stone pillars called 'Guarda Cantones', which are often placed along the edges of royal highways in Spain, stand in two rows, like the pillars of a house; and even though we have no exact data on the subject, this position together with their native name makes us believe that formerly they served as supports for stringers on which rested rafters that reached to the ground; but if this is correct, the houses must have been very low. In early descriptions of the islands it is said that the natives buried their dead in the houses and even today the people have a superstitious fear of digging up or working the ground between these rows of stones. ...
>
> 'In Guam, Rota, and Saipan, the latde pillars consist of only two rough hewn stones, one cone shaped and the other a half sphere placed on top of it, both of them together not being higher than five feet from the ground;

> while in Tinian close to the Deputy Governor's house stands a group of these pillars, called 'House of Taga;— a chieftain famous in local history— which is comprised of twelve truncated pyramids four of five feet wide at the base and fifteen feet high, their squared tops measuring about two feet to a side. On them rest hemispheres from six to seven feet in diameter.
>
> 'These pillars, crowned with their hemispherical caps and standing in two files, distant from each other about four varas from center to center, constitute a monument worthy of special attention, not so much for its size as because it resembles nothing to be seen elsewhere outside of the Marianas; moreover, it is not unique, but represents a type repeated over and over again in the other islands of the group. If we knew more about these latde we might determine the true origin of these natives of whom it may be confidently asserted that they are not the descendants of primitive savages. This is proved not only by the labor and skill required to dress the stones, but also by their unvarying pyramidal and hemispherical character. It seems strange that the history of the first missionaries makes no mention of them, since one would think such pillars could not fail to attract attention when discovered among the thatched huts of naked Indians'.

"How the Lat'te were built is unknown. Tools, chipped and polished from basaltic rock, were the only implements the primitive people had, yet they formed blocks of fifty tons or more. The cultural level of the Egyptians was vastly superior to that of the ancient Polynesians, the Egyptian workmen knowing the use of bronze cutters set with diamonds and corundum, yet their pyramidal stones were not so large. Mr. Hornbosterl has advanced the interesting and plausible theory that the stones were shaped by the alternate use of fire and water, the fire to heat and the water to crack, the process continuing until huge monolith was fashioned from the rocky earth, later to be more carefully carved by the stone implements. By whatever means secured and erected, the Lat'te remain magnificent monuments to an ancient race, comparable, in size, skill and industry required, to the remains of Stonehenge, Easter Island or the Maya cities.

"Who built the Lat'te and when? This is a mystery which may never be solved. It was almost certainly not the Chamorros found in the Marianas by the Spanish discoverers and settlers. When the Spanish first arrived, the Lat'te were already partly in ruins, and the natives disclaimed all knowledge of the builders except that they were 'the people who came before'. Cannibalism was unknown and forgotten by the sixteenth century, yet remains of cannibal feasts are found in the Lat'te. Perhaps they are relics of ancestors of the Chamorros, ancestors long dead and forgotten. Perhaps they were erected by a race antedating the Chamorros and which has disappeared in the mists of the past. Nothing corresponding to the Lat'te is found in Polynesia, but archeologists hope that in Micronesia and Melanesia further study may give a clue. Were the Lat'te only part of dwellings (though this hardly seems possible), were they temples to the sun or were they religious structures dedicated to ancestral worship? Have they a relation to any Asiatic monuments or to the astounding and unique figures of Easter Island? These questions still remain to be answered. But there in the Marianas the Lat'te stand or lie fallen in the tangled jungles, hidden by the dense growth of vegetation, far from the ways of man; monuments to a people of genius, lost in antiquity, who perhaps with weird rites sacrificed to the blazing tropical sun at a time when Rome ruled the world and Christ taught in Jerusalem".[25]

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Mike and I visited the Latte Stone park in downtown Agana one afternoon to get

a close look at some of the stones. At the Latte Park are eight latte pillars, about twelve feet tall, small for latte stones. They were originally from Lake Fena in south-central Guam, re-erected here in the park in 1955.

As we walked about the stones, I mused about what little was known, particularly the *Scientific Monthly* article from 1927, probably the best researched article on the stones. First, I mused about what the actual purpose of the stones might be. That they were used for elevating houses was a natural and logical assumption. There are some problems to this theory, however. First of all, on Tinian and Saipan, some of these pillars are astonishingly high. Houses built on top of them would be some twenty feet or more above the ground. For what purpose? Protection from enemies? This seems like a natural conclusion, yet, one small torch tossed into a grass hut, even if twenty feet above the ground, would quickly nullify any conceived advantage.

It seemed more likely to me that they were columns that were used in a more conventional manner, namely supporting a roof, rather than a floor, as in the most popular conception of the stones, as proposed often carelessly in the tourist literature. Yet, even so, we are now talking about some pretty large and grandiose structures, long since vanished. Any way you look at it, this was megalithic construction on a major scale, similar to the massive building on Pohnpei, the Marquesas and Easter Island.

An interesting comment made by the author of the article, P.J. Searles, is that of evidence of cannibalism found among the latte stones. It is difficult to believe that the builders were in themselves cannibals. Cannibalism is generally a trait that indicates a collapse of civilization, a back-sliding of sorts. If the Chamoros were not cannibals at the time of European discovery, then we are speaking of some intermediate phase in the island's history.

Similarly, Searles mentions the concept of a "sun temple". How interesting! Were the Marianas part of the great Sun Empire of the Pacific, and were the latte pillars part of great temples to the sun, like Karnak at Luxor in Egypt (it is interesting that Searle draws comparisons to Egypt several times in his article)?

Looking over the stones in the Latte Park in Agana with Mike, I scraped one of the stones. The capping stone was hard, but was a conglomerate of sorts, bits of stone were pressed together, "metamorphosed coral" as Searle put it. Don Felipe de la Corte de Calderon called it "small stones cemented together".

While it is assumed that the stone is natural, I suddenly thought back to the cement columns at the Isle of Pines in New Caledonia. Were the latte stones cast like cement? Searle in his article also says, "Nothing corresponding to the Lat'te is found in Polynesia..". I thought about this for a moment. Indeed, to my own knowledge pillars like this were not found anywhere else in the Pacific. Wait, that was not true. Where else had I seen columns?

Suddenly, it hit me like a Spanish Galleon running aground. "Mike, Mike!" I shouted in excitement. "Where else have we seen strange columns?"

Mike thought for a moment and scratched his head. "Well, except for those underwater columns at Nan Modal..".

"Yes, yes, yes!" I shouted, leaping up and touching a pillar as high as I could jump. "Those crazy coral encrusted columns at Madolanym Harbor! That is the only other place in the Pacific where columns can be found!"

"Well, there are also those cement cylinders, maybe the base of columns, that you told me about in New Caledonia", said Mike, smiling at my antics.

"Yeah, yeah right", I said. "Maybe that's the solution to the mystery of the latte stones of the Marianas. First of all, there are columns in the harbor at Nan Modal, and secondly, there are the cement columns in New Caledonia. Maybe these pillars were poured like those at the Isle of Pines! Just like the Great Pyramid of Egypt was

poured into place like the latest theory! What do you think? Is it a crazy theory?"

"Well, you might be right", said Mike looking carefully at one of the pillars and scraping it with his thumb. "Well, maybe this is some ancient form of cement. Do you think this is from Lemuria?"

I looked at him. "Beats me!" We looked at each other for a moment. Somehow it seemed unlikely, though it was one strange megalithic monument.

We walked back through the park toward the museum. Finally I said, "Well, I doubt that these Latte stones are actually from a sunken continent. It seems impossible that any columns would still be standing after a cataclysmic upheaval like the one that would have theoretically sunk Lemuria. Yet they seem to have been created by a lost civilization that was pretty advanced. Can it be that they were part of a great Sun Worshipping Empire that flourished thousands of years ago? It is a theory that a number of researches have expounded".

"Maybe", said Mike, "during Atlantean times this was a major cultural center. Perhaps a ceremonial center or trading base in the western Pacific".

"Possibly", I said, taking one last look at the group of pillars in the park. "But not everything has to be from Atlantis or Lemuria. All sorts of ancient peoples could have come through here in the past, including Egyptians, Indians, Chinese, Mayans, even Greeks and Romans. The Atlantean League may have settled here and built great temples to the Sun. Probably, as Searle said, we will never know the answer".

I also had to think about the proximity of the Mariana Islands to Japan, which made me think of a curious book on Mu by a writer named Tony Earll. Published as an additional part of the James Churchward series on Mu by the Paperback Library in the late sixties. Called *Mu Revealed*,[201] the book was a cheap paperback purporting to reveal new information on Mu taken from tablets found in Mexico in 1959 as part of the William Niven find at the turn of the century. Niven features heavily in Churchward's books on Mu, and his work is very interesting and controversial. Niven discovered a city north of Mexico City which was under tons of boulders and debris from some cataclysmic upheaval.

Earll's book claims that documents relating to Mu were discovered and deciphered, and gave the genuine history of Mu. Niven's discoveries were genuine, while Tony Earll's claims in his book are of doubtful authenticity. It seems unlikely that ancient scrolls could be translated as easily as Earll maintains and provide such detailed as he relates in his book. Yet, certain portions of his book are of interest.

It is interesting to note that Earll claims that the scrolls gave the date of the submergence of Mu as 22,500 BC, a date that at least fits in well with similar dating as to the pole shift that theoretically sank the Pacific continent. According to Earll and his translated "text" the actual name of the civilization was "Muror", an unlikely name that would be difficult to gain from an unknown script. Earll presents a facsimile of the text in his book, though no actual photographs appear in the cheap pocket book.

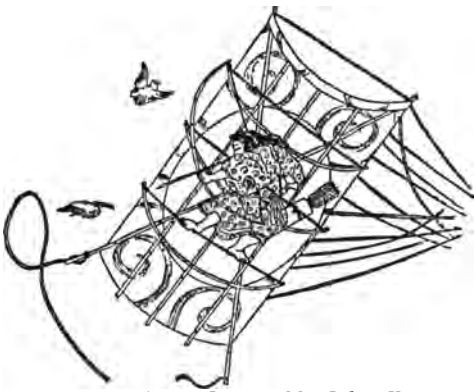
Earll's book has the people of Muror playing games on a ball court similar to those found in Mexico and Arizona, and using carts pulled by dogs. They also used long boats with oarsmen, similar to Viking or Roman ships.

I found the most interesting part of the book the assertion that "Murovians", as Earll calls them, used man-lifting kites for sport. Men were allegedly strapped to these giant kites, called "Supoegs" according to Earll and then flown high in the air, generally for recreation, sometimes for sport hunting. While Earll's book is of dubious authenticity, to say the least, this idea is intriguing. The Japanese used man-lifting kites in the past, and Tibetans were known to use them as well. Polynesians in Tahiti were also said to use man-lifting kites.

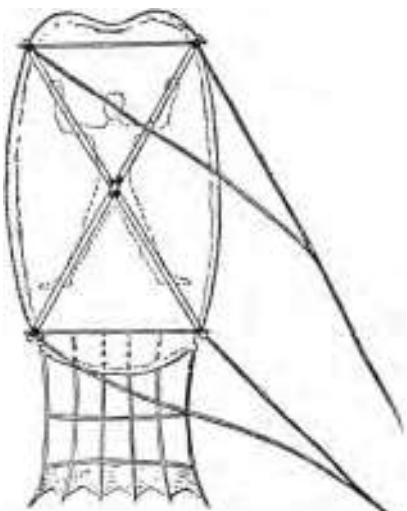
Was there a connection then between Japan and the ancient civilization of the

Pacific? Probably. Certainly there was a connection between the Mariana Islands and Japan, the Nampo Shoto islands of Japan are the next island group to the north of the Marianas.

Was it possible that during the "Golden Age" of Guam and the Marianas Islands the people used man-lifting kites for sport, as in Japan? "Why not?" I thought as the sun set off Cocos Island in southern Guam. It was a strange world, and there was more under the sun than even I imagined. Maybe even an ancient man-lifting kite or two. Me, I preferred to keep my feet on the ground, even if it was a ground that could vanish beneath me at any moment!



Ancient Japanese Man-Lifting Kite

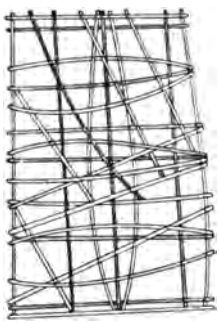


Reconstruction of Murovian Man-Lifting Kite, or "Supoeg"

Two illustrations from *Mu Revealed* by Tony Earll. Tibetans and Polynesians also are said to have used "man-lifting kites".

A 1944 drawing by Robert Ripley illustrates the unusual money stones of Yap.

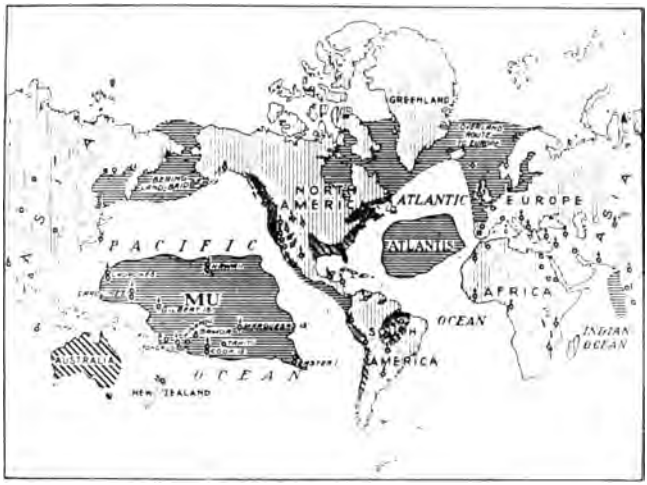
Writing collected at the island of Oleai in western Micronesia by John Macmillan Brown. This is perhaps the last written record of a vanished language of the Pacific. From *Riddle of the Pacific*.



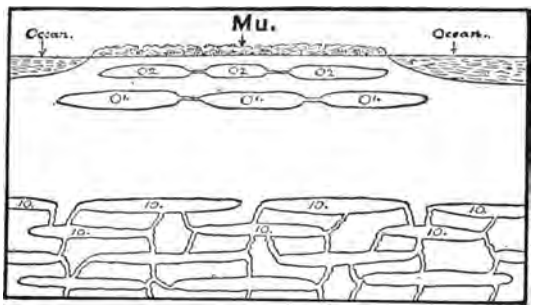
Micronesian stick-chart from the Marshall Islands. It was used for navigation between islands by observing wave action, currents and swells.

Andesite stone head, about five feet high, found at Babeldaob Island in Palau, Micronesia.

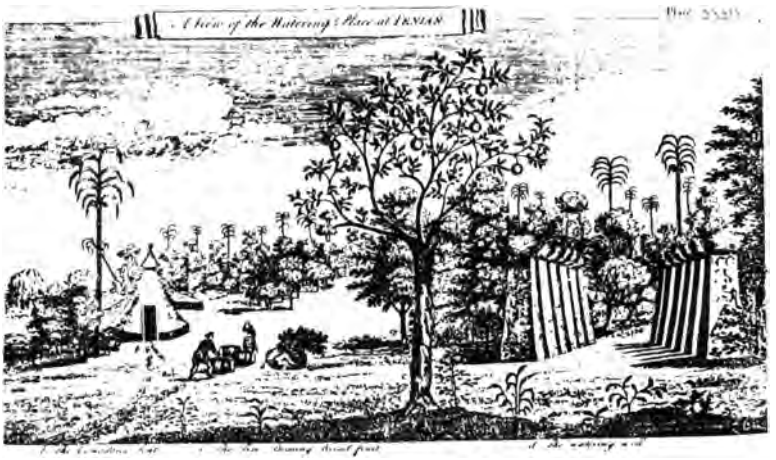
Prehistoric stones mysteriously aligned on Babeldaub Island of Palau. The builders, or purpose of these stones has never been discovered. Photo by George Gumerman.



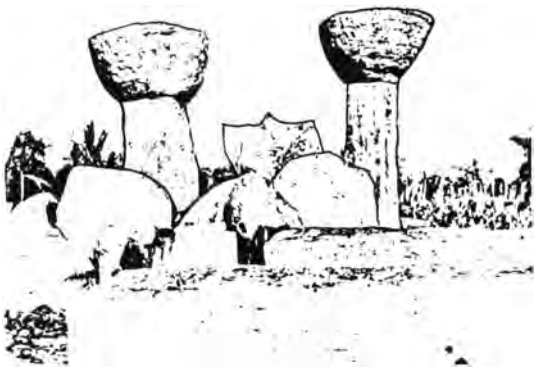
The Lost Continents of Mu, in the Pacific, and Atlantis, in the Atlantic, according to James Churchward.



Two drawings of Churchward's Mu. The upper is a map showing the relationship of Mu to the rest of the world, and various theoretical land bridges at the time. Below is Churchward's drawing of the gas belts beneath the continent just prior to the sinking of the continent. Surprisingly, this "gas belt" hypothesis is the latest in geological theories.

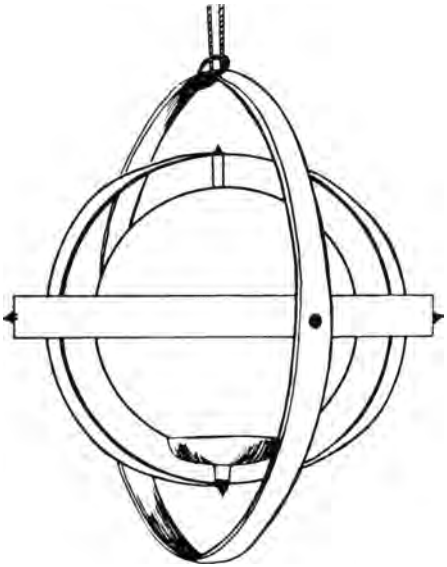


Incredibly tall Latte stones (at right) on the island of Tinian, drawn on George Anson's voyage of 1740-44. These latte are about twenty feet tall. Were they pillars of a temple?



Standing latte pillars with capstones at the house of Taga, Tinian. 5.5 meters high (18 feet), they tower above the native's grass huts. Old print by Thompson, 1932.

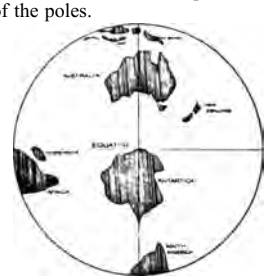
Another old print of the latte pillars of the Mariana Islands. While tourist literature claims that natives built houses on top of them, there actual purpose is unknown. Local tradition says that they were built by a vanished culture in the remote past.



THE DOOMSDAY TOY GLOBE

A small wooden globe representing the earth, with a small lead weight at one pivot representing an oversize polar ice cap at the South Pole, is supported in trunnions so that the globe may move in any direction. When a horizontal spinning motion is imparted to this laboratory model by the untwisting of the suspending cord, the lead weight promptly moves to a horizontal position, demonstrating the careening motion of the earth.

Hugh Auchincloss Brown's "Doomsday Device" demonstrating his theory of how the earth's crust could slip after an ice build up at one or both of the poles.



The earth after the next careen, Antarctica area. Careen assumed on 135° 6 E. longitude. The antarctic Ice Cap has moved to near the Equator and this hemisphere will become the land hemisphere, with emergence of more land.

Brown's drawing of the earth as he thinks it would appear after the next pole shift. This pole shift is generally predicted to occur around the year 2000.

The map of Mu (Muror) from Tony Earll's rare 1970 book, *Mu Revealed*. The map is reportedly from ancient tablets discovered in Mexico by the archaeologist William Niven. Niven was a friend of Churchward's, and though Niven's find are genuine, Earll's book is of doubtful authenticity. His date of 22,500 BC is consistent with other theories, however.

Another illustration from *Mu Revealed*. If these scrolls were authentic, why couldn't Earll have at least published a photo of them?

Chapter Twelve

The Society and Marquesas Islands: The Pyramids of Paradise

There is fine music everywhere,
between the moss-covered stones and foliage,
and the tinkling of a rivulet:
I mean music without sound.
Music beyond the eardrums.
We have had to create flutes and violins
to leave impressions deeper in the
eardrums where nature used to play.
—Thor Heyerdahl, Fatu Hiva

It is said that the sight of Bora Bora Island has caused people to die from the beautiful vision. I caught my breath and fought back the urge to expire as I saw the tall cliffs and lush green peaks of this lovely island. We were only passing by, though, and would be landing in Papeete in a few minutes.

Unfortunately, I was not the first explorer to see the Society Islands. They were first discovered by the British Captain Wallis on June 18, 1767 at sunset in the ship *Dolphin.* The *Dolphin* was actually on a mission to find a Pacific continent, *Terra Australis Incognita*, a great land mass that King George III and his geographers were convinced lay somewhere between New Zealand and South America, in balance of the Northern Hemisphere. When the mist cleared the next morning, the ship was surrounded by hundreds of native canoes. The canoes contained four thousand natives with fruit, pigs, fowl and other food. In the center of each canoe was a young girl naked to the waist, who did a strip tease with what little clothing she had left. As the sailors watched, the natives attacked, throwing fist-sized stones.

The *Dolphin* retaliated, firing the ship's cannons and killing fifty or so islanders and sinking a great number of canoes. After a second unsuccessful attack, the natives decided to be friendly. A landing party hoisted the Union Jack and named the island "King George's Island". The islanders traded hogs, fruit and fowl, wanting mostly nails. The beautiful women traded their sexual favors for nails, and the men were so captivated by these women that Captain Wallis had to order that men not go ashore except in strictly controlled parties for food or water, in an effort to keep the ship from being torn apart for the nails.

When Wallis announced that he was sailing in a week, Queen Oborea burst into tears like a child. Exploration teams found the island lush, the climate delightful and no dangerous animals or hazardous insects. Even the population was friendly and harmless. Paradise, as the British public was to be informed later, had been found!

A year later, unaware that the island had already been claimed by Britain, the French navigator Bougainville, who was also looking for the Pacific continent, claimed the island for France. In 1769, Captain Cook visited and named the group the

Society Islands in honor of the *Royal Society* which had dispatched him to Tahiti to observe the transit of Venus across the sun. Tahiti was visited in 1788 by Captain Bligh and the *Bounty*, where the crew became so enamoured with the women, and vice versa, they mutinied. In 1791, HMS *Pandora* came to Tahiti in search of the mutineers, capturing 14 of the 16 who were foolish enough to stay behind instead of going on to Pitcairn with Fletcher Christian.

It is interesting to note that Captain Cook took on board a high priest from the island of Raiatea named Tupaia. Tupaia's knowledge of existing archipelagos in the Pacific was quite astonishing. He named over 130 islands and drew a map for Cook that included the Tonga group, the Cook Islands, the Marquesas, and even tiny, uninhabited Pitcairn Island. Remarkably absent from Tupaia's map were three major areas: New Zealand, Hawaii, and Easter Island! The knowledge of these areas, even though settled by Polynesians (according to most historians) had vanished!

Staff of the *London Missionary Society* landed on Tahiti in 1797 and converted nearly the entire population to Protestantism. Therefore, when the first French Roman Catholic mission arrived in 1838, the "Protestant" natives threw them off the island, though it is unlikely that they really understood either religion. This action brought a French Admiral to the islands and through military threat, he forced the Tahitians into accepting France as its protector.

During the years of Tahiti as a French protectorate, most of the native court died or were dying of tuberculosis, the white man's scourge. One of the kings called himself King Pomare I, *pomare* meaning "night cough". Later, Queen Pomare IV's son took the throne and ceded his kingdom to France in 1880. It is today a state of France.

Fortunately, I was prepared for the shock as I arrived in Tahiti on that bright afternoon. Once a sleepy paradise, the capital of French Polynesia has changed a great deal since the airport was built in 1959. Papeete is a bustling, expensive, cosmopolitan city where radios blare, traffic jams are frequent, parking spaces few, motor cycles roar and electric rock bands can be heard pounding their beats from the many bars.

I had been warned to head straight for the other islands, but I wanted to visit what is said to be a still "living" tiki statue at the Gauguin Museum. Therefore, I took a bus from the airport into Papeete and checked into the *Territorial Guest House*, a series of small but clean bungalows on Boulevard Pomare. I lay back on my bed and rested for a moment, and then hit the streets of Papeete.

I wandered the busy streets, and had dinner in a Chinese restaurant. There I was fortunate enough to meet an American who had traveled a great deal in Tahiti over many years, and knew a lot of the history and mystery of the islands. His name was Carl, and he was a large, bearded man in his fifties, who owned a greeting card company in San Francisco. The company pretty much ran itself, with the help of his wife, so Carl had a great deal of free time to travel around the world. Tahiti and the South Pacific were his favorite haunts, he informed me.

Over a beer, Carl informed me, "Get out of Papeete as fast as you can. Go to Huahine. That's my favorite island".

I told Carl that I was researching lost civilizations of the Pacific.

"Then go to Huahine", he said. "There are pyramids and huge megalithic stones. At the *Marae Fare Miro*, a huge platform, are gigantic megalithic stones. You can't imagine how they moved them. The natives say that they flew through the air by magic".

"Really?" I said, remembering the same legend on Pohnpei.

"No kidding", said Carl, taking a sip of beer. "There is a pyramid mountain near there too, and at the top is a secret stone statue, a tiki. This tiki is special though, because it still has some of its vibration left. It's alive!"

"Have you been there?" I asked him.

"I was there with my wife Judy in 1983 the last time", he said. "That was the same year that a giant sea monster came out of the sea at Bora Bora. Let me see, that was September, I think. The papers couldn't stop talking about it. We were staying in the main town of Fare when I heard about this living tiki on a remote mountain of the island. I wanted to see it, so I left one morning before dawn, and started climbing up the mountain nearby. It took me several hours to climb to the top, straight up a steep hill.

"I was exhausted when I got to the top, and there—just like the lady at the guest house I was staying in had told me—was the tiki, a stone idol about five feet high, weighing probably a couple of tons. Looked just like those statues at Tiahuanaco in Bolivia. Have you ever been there?"

"Yeah, I've been there", I said. "What did you do next?"

"Well, I put three different native fruits in front of it as an offering, just like the woman at the guest house had told me to do. I felt that I shouldn't touch it; it did seem alive. In some ways I was afraid of it. I had a kind of religious experience up there. Hardly anyone knows about this tiki. It's sort of a secret. I really have to warn you though, what ever you do, don't touch it!"

"Why is that?" I asked, ordering us two more beers.

"Why? You'll die! That's why!" exclaimed Carl. "Look, David, I'm serious. Don't go around touching tikis that are still alive. I made that mistake once. I'm lucky to live to tell about it!"

Carl was really into what he was telling me, and deadly serious, I could see. "What happened when you touched the tiki?" I asked.

"Well, I was at the Gauguin Museum here in Papeete, down on the south part of the island. There at the museum is a live tiki. The natives won't touch it. Foolishly, when no one was looking, I stepped over the fence that surrounds it and touched it, just for the hell of it. Instantly, I was swirling down a whirlpool of energy. I was being sucked in, down, down, down, into a whirlpool. At the bottom of the whirlpool were beautiful greens and blues. As I descended deeper into it, I saw reds. It was like I was going into the center of the earth. Then I got sick to my stomach and thought I was going to vomit. That's when I let go. I had been touching it all this time.

"I felt dizzy, stepped back over the picket fence and told Judy I had to get back to the hotel. We both felt sick. I spent a very restless night, and was flying back to San Francisco the next day. I was so sick they had to take me off the plane in a wheel chair when we got to Los Angeles. I didn't eat for three days. I was sick for two weeks. I went to a doctor, and he couldn't find anything wrong with me. He said that he thought that I might have a sore throat. I was still sick for two more weeks after that. It was at least one month since I had touched the tiki that I began to feel all right again. That's the truth!"

I looked at Carl. He visibly paled while he was telling me the story, and I shivered at certain parts myself when he spoke. "Wow. That was quite the experience", I said with wide eyes.

"You aren't joking. I never want to go through that again! I have great respect for the magic of these islanders. Most of the tikis originally came from the Marquesas Islands. They say that if a tiki likes you, it will cover its mouth".

"Cover its mouth? How can a stone statue cover its mouth?" I asked.

"The statue doesn't cover its mouth", said Carl, "the spirit that lives in the statue covers its mouth. Back in 1984, Judy and I went to the Peabody Museum in Salem, Massachusetts (the Peabody Museum is a division of the Harvard Museum) to visit a tiki that is there. That tiki also has a live spirit inside it. That tiki is from Hawaii, and when the Hawaiian king Kanamea ordered all idols destroyed, local Hawaiians begged a sea captain to take the statue away so that it wouldn't be destroyed.

"On October 4, 1984, I took a photo of that tiki in the museum. Yet, when I developed the photo, there wasn't a photo of the statue, but of a smokey face with its hand over its mouth! No kidding. I have the photo right here".

Carl got out his wallet and produced a color photograph that was quite bizarre. It looked like a big cloud of cigarette smoke, yet it was quite thick, a sort of bluish-grey, and obviously in the form of a face. In fact a face with a sharp nose and high forehead, much like the statues of Easter Island. It seemed to have its hand over its mouth, just as Carl said. "This is a photo of a tiki spirit?" I asked.

"Yes", Carl said simply.

My first day in Tahiti was getting to be too much. I had already met this guy who showed me a photo of a tiki spirit, perhaps the only photo of its kind on earth. What was going to happen next?

"You seem to be pretty well informed about the mysteries of the islands, Carl", I said. "Have you ever heard about a lost continent?"

"Of course. There was a continent here in the Pacific once. Usually it is called Lemuria, or Mu. The Easter Islanders call it Hiva. That was a long time ago, though. There are some remains in the Marquesas that may be from the lost continent. Nothing here on Tahiti, though. There are pyramids, but they're more recent, last few thousand years or so, probably.

"There's a road in Easter Island that continues into the ocean. Scuba divers have followed it. There are these cement pillars in New Caledonia, too. They dated them, and they're like ten thousand years old! Maybe they're part of the lost continent".

"Yeah, I was just in New Caledonia a month or two ago. I tried to investigate those pillars as best I could", I said. "They're pretty mysterious".

"You bet", said Carl. "There are cement pipes in New Mexico that are thousands of years old, too. They were made by a technique of casting where a rod is inserted and removed from the cement. This technology is being used today but is only fifty years old. The U.S. Army found all these pipes a hundred years ago near Lordsburg, New Mexico and then used the pipes in their forts! Those pipes are the same stuff as the cement pillars in New Caledonia. How about that!"

"Wow, you're full of interesting information, Carl", I said. "What other strange things do you know about Tahiti?"

"Well, the last thing I could tell you before I go", he said, a twinkle in his eye at my enthusiasm, "is about the man-lifting kites of Polynesia. These kites were eight feet tall, and could lift a man high in the air. In the ancient days, brave men would be strapped to the kites and they'd fly them off the mountains. Several of the locals have told me that. Pretty wild, eh?"

"Yeah, supposedly the Japanese and Tibetans used large man-lifting kites like that too", I said.

"I guess", said Carl. "Well, Dave", he said, getting up and grabbing the bill that lay on the table, "I've got to go. It's been fun talking with you".

"Let me get that check", I begged.

"No way. Save your money. You'll need it. Tahiti is expensive. Take care". And with that, he was out the door. I sat at the table for several minutes, writing down some of the things he told me while my memory was still fresh. You meet the most interesting people when you travel sometimes...

§§§

The next day, after booking a ticket to the Marquesas, I left for the other side of the island to visit the Gauguin Museum. It was a nice day, and I decided to hitchhike, taking whatever lifts I could get. I got a lift in a delivery van out of the city, the driver was a young Tahitian male with long black hair and a wild look. He had a taste

for loud rock music that blared out of the radio. Noticing that every house along the road had a very large and long "mailbox" outside of it, I asked him if Tahitians really got so much mail.

"Oh, no", he said in French, laughing, "those are for bread! We eat more *baguettes* than the French!"

Later I rode in the back of a small pickup truck going to Toahutu. They dropped me off right in front of the museum.

I spent an hour or two walking through the museum. The exhibit tells the painter's life story and has paintings by other artists of Polynesia. The tiki on the museum grounds was most interesting, and the real reason that I had gone to the museum. It stands an impressive nine feet tall (officially 2.74 meters) and is made out of at least two tons of basalt. A plaque says that it is still imbued with the sacred *tapu* spell and is alive, just as Carl had told me. It was carved on Raivavae Island in the Austral Islands, 500 miles to the south, "hundreds of years ago" (no one really knows when). When it was moved from Papeete to the museum in 1965, no Tahitians would lift it, afraid, like Carl these days, to touch it. Instead, four Marquesans did the job. Carl told me that the reason why Marquesans had agreed to move the statue was that it was Marquesans who had originally carved it.

I wondered at the sight. The statue was huge. Personally, I thought it likely that it weighed more than two tons: basalt being very dense, hard to cut, and heavy. It was also a mystery to me how it was even transported from Raivavae Island. Did normal catamarans hold four thousand pounds? Maybe so.

After Carl's story, I had no desire to touch the statue, that was for sure. Instead, I was content to gaze at it from behind the fence, wondering what it was thinking.

I moved on, getting a ride with some tourists to Toahutu and back to to Papeete by way of the east coast, thereby circling the island counter-clockwise. Back in Papeete, I had dinner down by the yacht club and then ended up by myself in a night club along Rue des Ecoles, where I thought I might be able to afford one or two beers.

Sipping a brew, I looked around. There were a number of people in the bar, including some rather attractive women, although they seemed to have on a great deal of make-up. One asked me in French if she could sit at my table, and I replied that it was fine with me. We chatted in my best French for a bit, and then she suddenly put her hand on my knee under the table. A bit startled, I looked at her. I was even more startled as I got a good look at the friendly native and realized that she was a he! Unknown to me at the time, there are many transvestite bars in Papeete.

I left that bar and walked down to the beach. Papeete was too much; hardly the sort of place I was looking for. I needed to get to more unspoiled islands as soon as possible. I looked up at a sliver of a moon, and wondered about the strange customs and pyramids of this part of Polynesia. Throughout the Society Islands are *marae,* truncated, pyramidical platforms. What is their purpose?

W. H. R. Rivers has this to say on the subject in the *American Anthropologist*, (1915, volume 17, pages 431-445, only the last third of this article is reproduced here. This is the portion dealing with the megalithic remains in Oceania and their relation to a possible world-wide megalithic culture.): "The conclusion so far reached is that the secret rituals of Oceania which have the sun as their object belong to an immigrant culture which has come from a widely distant part of the world. I have now to consider whether it is possible that this same people may have been the architects of the stone buildings and images which form so great a mystery of the islands of the Pacific.

"Here again I will begin with eastern Polynesia. The Areoi societies held their celebrations in an enclosure called *marae* or *marai* at one end of which was situated a pyramidal structure with steps leading to a platform on which were placed the images of the gods during the religious celebrations of the people. The *marae* was used for

religious ceremonial unconnected with the Areoi societies, but there seems to be no doubt that the Areois were of especial importance in connection with it. In the pyramid of the *marae* we have one of the best examples of the megalithic architecture of Polynesia. One such pyramid in the western part of the island of the island of Tahiti was 267 feet in length and 87 feet in breadth at the base. All were built of large stones without cement, but so carefully shaped that they fitted together closely and formed durable structures.

"In the Marquesas, another home of the Areois, there were platforms similarly constructed a hundred yards in length, and many of them shaped and closely-fitted blocks of which these structures were composed were as much as eight feet in length. On these platforms were pyramidal 'altars' and they were surrounded by enormous upright stones. This association of the distribution of the Areois with the presence of megalithic structures suggests that the immigrants to whom I have ascribed the cult of the sun may also have been the people who introduced the art of building the stone structures which have so greatly excited the wonder of visitors to Polynesia.

"The part of the Pacific Ocean where these stone structures have reached their acme in size and complexity is the Caroline Islands. If there be anything in my hypothesis, we should expect here also to find manifestations of the religious ideas of those who founded the Areoi societies, and they are not lacking. In the Mariana or Ladrone islands there were associations of persons which seem to furnish an intermediate condition between the Areois of Tahiti and the occupants of the clubhouse of Melanesia. We know very little about these associations, but their relation to the Areois of the east is shown clearly by the name they bore, Urritois or Ulitaos, which is merely another form of the Tahitian word, Areoi, the latter word having suffered the elision of a consonant so frequent in Polynesia. Similar associations flourished in the Carolines, and though we know still less of them than of the Urritois of the Ladrones, we can be confident that they had a similar character. Societies very closely related to the Areois thus existed in this region in conjunction with stone structures similar to those of eastern Polynesia.

"There is a remarkable point of similarity between the traditions concerning the origins of these stone structures and of the Areoi societies of Tahiti. The ruins of Nan-Matal (sic) on the east coast of Ponape in the Carolines are reputed to have been built by two brothers, Olochipa and Olochopa. In the tradition of the foundation of the Areois of Tahiti, a very prominent part was taken by two brothers, Orotetefa and Urutetefa. The interchanges between r and l, t and ch and p and f are so frequent in Oceania as to suggest that these two pairs of names are variants of one original, so that we should have in the traditions of these two groups of islands nearly four thousand miles apart a most striking similarity of the names of pairs of brothers to whom prominent features of the culture are ascribed. In one case the brothers founded societies whose aim it was to celebrate the annual changes of the sun, while rude stone buildings were the handiwork of the others.

"A recent account by Hambruch shows that the resemblance between the Ponape and Tahiti names is not quite as close as would appear from previous records. Hambruch calls the two founders of the stone building, Sipe and Saupa but to put against this, he states that the place, Matolenim, where the structures were, was formerly called *sau nalan* which means "the sun".

"Though the resemblance in the names of the two culture heroes of Ponape and Tahiti is not as close as once seemed to be the case, it cannot be neglected. It may be that the two words have some meaning which would reduce the importance of the similarity, but taken in conjunction with the close resemblance of the names of the societies in the two places, it affords striking corroborative evidence supporting the conclusion suggested by the distribution of societies and monuments that both are the work of one people.

"If the stone monuments and secret societies of Polynesia have had a common source, we should expect to find an association between the two elements of culture in Melanesia, and so it is. We know of stone structures in several parts of Melanesia, viz., the northern New Hebrides, Santa Maria in the Banks islands, Loh in the Torres islands, Ysabel in the Solomons, and Fiji. The Banks and Torres islands and the northern New Hebrides are strongholds of the secret cults, and though the only island in the Solomons in which we know of the existence of secret societies is Florida, there is a definite tradition that this society came to Florida from Ysabel. The distribution of stone structures in Melanesia is just as it should be if the ghost societies and the stone buildings were the work of one and the same people.

"The evidence for the connection of stone structures with secret societies is even more definite in Fiji. The Nanga societies of Viti Levu take this name from their meeting places, oblong enclosures, consisting of two or more compartments, surrounded by stone walls. The resemblance of these enclosures to the *marae* of Polynesia has struck more than one observer and the similarity extends to detail. At one end of each main compartment of the *nanga* there were truncated pyramids which served as platforms, evidently representatives of the pyramids of the *marae* of Tahiti measured by Captain Cook. Further, both *marae* and *nanga* were oriented with their long axes east and west, though the two differ in that the pyramids were at the western end of the *marae* and at the eastern end of the *nanga*.

"There is thus a remarkable correspondence between the distribution of stone structures and secret societies in Oceania which points strongly, if not yet decisively, to the introducers of the secret cult of the sun having been the architects of the stone buildings which form one of the chief mysteries of the islands of the Pacific". It is even possible that we may have here the clue to the greatest mystery of all, the great stone statues of Easter Island. There is reason to suppose that these statues are not so unique as is often supposed. According to Moerenhout, similar statues, though not so large, exist in the islands of Pitcairn and Laivaiva. He believes that such colossal figures once existed in many other islands, but have been destroyed or have fallen into ruins. In the Marquesas and Society islands, also, stone figures in human form have been found which are sufficiently like those of the smaller and more eastward islands to suggest a common origin. Moerenhout believes that such stone figures and statues had a common meaning and were all representatives of beings called *titi* whose function it was to mark the limits of the sea and land, to maintain harmony between the two elements and prevent their encroachment upon one another. I venture, though very diffidently, to extend the comparison. At one end of a clubhouse of Santa Maria in the Banks islands there are ancient stone figures which, in one respect at least, resemble the colossal statues of Easter island. In each instance the head is covered. This head-covering is very frequent in one variety of the representations of the human figure found throughout Melanesia, and is almost certainly connected with the importance of head-coverings in the ritual of the secret societies. It is therefore of interest that a head-covering should be a prominent feature of the statues of Easter island. Such a point of resemblance standing alone would have little significance, but taken in conjunction with the other correspondences and similarities pointed out in this paper, we must not ignore the possibility that we may have here only another expression of the art of the people I suppose to have introduced the cult of the sun into Oceania.

"I cannot consider here how far it is possible to connect the stone work and sun-cult of Oceania with the megalithic monuments and sun-cults of other parts of the world. Megalithic monuments elsewhere are associated with a cult of the sun and the occurrence of this association in the islands of the Pacific Ocean must serve to strengthen the position of those who hold that the art of building megalithic monuments has spread from one source. I must be content here to mention certain

megalithic monuments of Polynesia which raise a difficulty.

"The island of the Pacific which holds examples of megalithic structures most closely resembling those of other parts of the world is Tongatabu, where there are trillithic monuments so like those of Europe that the idea of a common source must rise to the mind of even the most strenuous advocate of independent origin. It is not possible at present to bring these monuments into relation with those of other parts of Oceania by connecting them with a cult of the sun, but Hambruch tells us that tradition points to the builders of the stonework of Ponape having come from Tonga. It may be that Tongatabu forms the intermediate link between the stonework of the Carolines and the megalithic monuments of other parts of the world.

"I have dealt elsewhere with the relation between these Tongan monuments and the pyramids of other parts of Oceania, and have suggested that these two ancient forms of monument may be expressions of the ideas of two different streams of the megalithic culture. I cannot deal with this matter here; to do so would take me far beyond the relation of sun-cult and megaliths which is the subject of this article".[83]

The notion of a sun-worshipping religion—or even secret society—that existed throughout the Pacific was very intriguing. That an organized society of traders and navigators worshipped the sun and built great megalithic cities, pyramids, and platforms throughout the Pacific was an astounding thought! Who, then, would have been these "Vikings of the Sunrise", as Sir Peter S. Buck romantically called them? Dare I say that they had affinity with the sun-worshipping societies in India, the Middle East, Africa, Egypt and Peru? As tall, white navigators of the world, they were probably a combination of Egyptian, Libyan, Phoenician, Ethiopian, Greek and Celtic sailors from the Mediterranean area, formerly the theoretical "Osirian Empire".

There is another name for the collection of these people: they are often called "The Atlantean League", great sailors who sailed the world's oceans in search of suitable spots to settle and build their great cities in the aftermath of the wars and geological catastrophes which supposedly caused the collapse of Atlantis and Rama India. It was probably the Atlantean League, the very same people who carved an empire out of the Pacific Ocean, who mapped Antarctica in prehistoric times as witnessed by the famous Piri Reis map in the Topkapi Museum in Istanbul.

It is only a theory, I had to remind myself. Yet, it was one that struck deep into the mists of mystery that surround the ancient Pacific—a mystery which still needed a great deal of unraveling.

Maraes abound all throughout the Society Islands, there being at least thirteen marae-pyramids on Bora Bora, 28 on the island of Maeva, plus a number on both Huahine and Moorea. Unquestionably the most important island is that of Raiatea, the second largest of the group. By tradition it was the first island settled by the Polynesians, and it was from Raiatea that the great migrations traditionally set out from to the far corners of Polynesia, including Hawaii, Easter Island and New Zealand. For this reason, it is sometimes thought that the ancient and mysterious Havaiki was the island of Raiatea.

This is a controversial point, eloquently argued by Edward Dodd, in his book *Polynesia's Sacred Isle*.[215] Raiatea is the religious center of Polynesia and is unique for the sacred flower, the *tiare apetahi* which only grows on the slopes of the volcano Temehani. A white flower with five fragile petals, it cannot be transplanted and only grows at 2000 feet on the slopes of the volcano. Even efforts to transfer the flower by helicopter to a similar altitude on Tahiti have failed.

Also inexplicable is the fact that there are only two relatives of this strange and unique flower: the *apetahia longistigata* is also found at high altitudes of 3000 feet in the Marquesas, 500 miles to the northeast of Raiatea and *apetahia margaretae* occurring on the small island of Rapa (also called Rapa Iti) some 500 miles to the

southeast, a remote spot at the very southern end of the Tubuai (also called Austral) Island group.

In his book about the rare flower and Raiatea, Edward Dodd searches for the solution to the puzzle of the distribution of the strange, sacred plant. His answer is that in the remote geological past (millions of years ago, he surmises) the Pacific consisted of "land bridges" and "an erstwhile huge island that the Tuamotu archipelago must very probably have been some 60 million years ago. Those 80 odd atolls, great and small, must at one time have been lofty mountain peaks, very possibly joined together at their bases by valleys and ridges. The whole mass would have run a thousand miles in length, northwest to southeast and 3 hundred miles in breadth. Can one imagine the island of Madagascar, there in the middle of the ocean those millions of years ago? It would have been lavishly populated with plants and birds insects and surrounded by myriads of fish.

"Then it starts of sink, the whole of it (or rather the tectonic plate on which its volcanoes have erected themselves). Over the aeons it subsides until only the tips of the highest mountain peaks show above the level of the sea.

"...So the ancestress of our *Apetahia* could conceivably have evolved on the huge lost island of 'Tuamotua', dispersed her offspring as she sank below the waters to her younger neighbors, north, south and west before she slipped to her watery grave. They in turn would have adapted themselves differently to their different environments. Many cousins on in-between islands would have dropped out of the race...".[215]

And so Dodd finds the solution to the distribution of these three flowers to be, well, he won't quite say it, but his theory is a lost continent in the Pacific! He knew better than to mention a lost continent, this is the kiss of death in academic and scientific circles, as many authors have had the the misfortune to find out. Not being a geologist, he briefly discusses continental drift and the concept of Gondwanaland, but does not understand the subtle paradoxes in the changes of the earth. Indeed, Dodd's "lost island of Tuamotua" might well have gone down far more recently than millions of years ago. "Davis Land", a landmass stretching "as far as the eye could see" which was reported only a few hundred years ago, has vanished (if it ever existed), and it would have been just southeast of the Tuamotu group. Also Dodd must have been familiar with the Easter Island legend of the lost land of Hiva (more on Davis Land and Hiva in the next chapter).

Dodd also publishes an old drawing from the Tuamotus showing the Polynesian "creation of the world" (reproduced in this book). It is particularly interesting because it shows the world created in nine layers or "planes" of existence. Published in the *Journal of the Polynesian Society* (1869) it is curious for two reasons: the drawing is in shape of a pyramid and this is also the typical Hindu creation belief, of nine (or seven, or sometimes thirteen) planes of existence. Similarly, many Bible scholars feel that the statement in *Genesis* of God creating the world in seven days is referring to seven planes of existence. Egyptians also believed this, and such doctrine is generally thought to have arrived from even more ancient civilizations. Once again, we have a curious connection with both ancient Indian, Egyptian, and other esoteric belief.

It is also interesting to note Buck's chapter in his classic, *Vikings of the Pacific*[77] on Pitcairn Island. Entitled *The Mystery of Pitcairn*, Buck says that even though the island was uninhabited when Fletcher Christian and the Bounty arrived there in 1789, it had been inhabited once.

The mutineers found four quadrangular platforms, one overlooking the one usable harbor with a statue at each corner, its back to the sea. The mutineers and their offspring dismantled the temple and rolled the statues into the sea. In destroying the temple, a human skeleton was found with its head pillowed on a large pearl shell. The

pearl shell gave evidence of contact with Mangareva or some atoll in the Tuamotu archipelago.

Also found on the island while building houses were other human bones as well as stone adzes and gouges. Says Buck, "Some of the implements are well shaped and well ground, and others are peculiar for their large size. The implements are better made than those of neighbouring Mangareva". Later, one of the statues was rediscovered, having been used as part of the foundation of one of the homes. Although the head was missing, it was remarkably similar to Easter Island statues; the figure had no legs, and its hands were clasped in front of it. Easter Island statues also characteristically face inland like those at Pitcairn.

Buck concluded that a Mangarevan legend about an island civil war referred to Pitcairn Island, yet he could not understand why the island should have been abandoned. "The mystery of Pitcairn Island remains unsolved", he said. "We can readily understand why certain atolls were occupied for a time and then deserted for more attractive islands. Pitcairn, however, had all that an atoll lacked. It had basaltic rock, abundant vegetation, enough fresh water, and fertile soil which grew breadfruit, bananas, and other food plants".[77] Buck mentions that unusually large tools were found on the island—who would use unusually large tools, except unusually large people? Was the population wiped out by a marauding force, by disease, or did they leave for some other reason? We will probably never know. Pitcairn Island must remain another mystery of the Pacific.

One of the great treasures of the world, including about fourteen tons of gold, a chest of Spanish doubloons, plus several more chests of gold and jewels, lies buried on one of the uninhabited atolls of the Tuamotu Archipelago. Stolen from the church in Pisco, Peru during the "War of the Pacific" in 1859-60 by four mercenaries, it was buried on a small atoll near the island of Raraka, directly east of Tahiti.

Having convinced the local priests that their church treasure was in danger, four mercenaries, a Spaniard, an Englishman, an American and an Irishman, volunteered to guard the treasure that was to be taken by ship to safety at the port of Callao at Lima. Once the treasure was on board the ship, the four dispatched the crew and priests, and sailed into the South Pacific to hide the treasure. They buried most of it in a pool on the atoll, and then sailed onto Australia where they purposely wrecked the ship.

The four lived off a portion of the treasure for some years, planning to return to claim the bulk of it when all suspicion had died down. As is typical in many "pirate treasure" stories, the pirates, who had murdered quite a few people while gaining and burying the treasure, were never able to return for it. In an attempt to repair their fortunes, the four went to the Palmer Gold Fields in Australia to mine enough gold to charter a ship to return for their treasure. The Spaniard and the Englishmen were then killed by Aboriginals, and the American and Irishman were involved in a brawl that ended in a killing. Both were sentenced to twenty years in prison.

Only the Irishman was alive twenty years later, the American having died while in prison. The Irishman, too, died shortly after getting out of prison in a hospital in Sydney, but not before he told a fellow gold prospector named Charles Howe the location of the treasure. Howe checked the incredible story, found that it was true, and set off for Tahiti and the Tuamotus to search for the gold. He spent more than thirteen years searching on the wrong atoll from 1913 onward. Finally realizing his mistake, he returned from Tahiti to the correct atoll, near Raraka, where he found a portion of the treasure. After reburying two chests of doubloons and jewellery, he returned to Sydney to organize an expedition to retrieve the treasure in secret.

It was four years later, in 1932, that he finally found interested parties in London to finance his expedition. While waiting for all the details to come together, he decided to fill in his time prospecting out in the bush. He was never heard of again,

despite frantic efforts to contact him.

Instead, a party left without him in January, 1934 with enough clues, including the original treasure map, to find the treasure. They located the correct atoll, but could not find the reburied chests of gold and jewelry. However, they were aware that the bulk of the treasure lay buried in a pear-shaped pond that was about twelve feet deep.

A diver named George Hamilton dove down in the pool and shifted a number of coral blocks. He then drilled into the pool and struck something that was neither sand nor coral. Satisfied that they had found the treasure, they attempted to dig out the hole, but it filled with sand too quickly. After an attempt to make a dam failed, and Hamilton was attacked by both a giant octopus and the largest moray eel he had ever seen, the attempt to salvage the treasure was abandoned until more sophisticated equipment was brought in. They returned to Tahiti, but the London end of the expedition was exhausted, and that was the finish of the attempt.

Hamilton went on to write about the treasure and expedition in his obscure book, *Treasure of the Tuamotus* (London, 1937?), but he never revealed the name of the atoll. As far as is known, no one has yet to claim a treasure worth about 180 million dollars. With a little information and resolve, plus some of today's more sophisticated treasure hunting techniques and equipment, it should not be too difficult to recover this fantastic treasure (Readers can contact me for more information through AUP).

§§§

I mused over the idea of searching for the treasure myself, having discovered the correct name of the atoll through a series of strange coincidences. Yet, I would not only need a metal detector but I would need a yacht and some partners that I could trust. I had none of the above. Therefore, two days later I flew to Nuku Hiva in the Marquesas Islands.

The Marquesas are an island group of ancient megaliths and mystery for which there seem to be no real solutions. The Marquesas intrigued me for many reasons. For one thing, the name Hiva was a lost continent in the Pacific, according to legends still extant today in Easter Island. Today, the word "Hiva" in the Marquesas means "clan". Were the Marquesas once the vestige of a lost Pacific Continent? It was possible.

The Marquesas consist of 11 islands which are, to this day, wild with jungle-covered mountains and valleys. Steep cliffs and valleys lead up to high central ridges which section the islands off into a cartwheel of segments, inaccessible to one another except by the sea. Nuku Hiva, the largest of the islands, culminates in Mount Ketu at 3888 feet (1177 meters). Depopulation since the arrival of the Europeans has left these lush, once-teeming valleys almost empty. Rainfall in the Marquesas is lower than in the rest of Eastern Polynesia, and droughts have been known to occur.

It is believed by many anthropologists that the Marquesas were the main point of distribution for the Polynesian peoples throughout the Pacific. Others argue that point. Some theories even say that the Marquesas were populated from Mexico or South America, and then the rest of Polynesia. This is general Mormon belief from writings in the Book of Mormon, on which the Church of the Latter Day Saints (Mormons) is based. Thor Heyerdahl has also sought to prove this, or at least a similar theory. I should mention that he is a Mormon (I am not).

The Marquesas were the first of the Polynesian Islands to be discovered. They were first sighted by the Spanish navigator Alvaro Mendana de Neira on his second voyage from Lima, Peru, on July 21, 1595. He named them Las Marquesas de Mendoza after the current Viceroy of Peru. The island at first seemed deserted, but as the *San Jeronimo* sailed nearer the southern coast of one of the islands, scores of

outriggers appeared, paddled by about 400 athletic white-skinned natives. Their hair was long and loose, and they were naked and tattooed in blue patterns.

The natives boarded the ship, but when they became overly curious and bold, Mendana ordered a gun fired, and they jumped over the side. As a matter of caution, Mendana's men began casually shooting the natives on sight. Things actually got worse for the Marquesan Islanders—disease from later European contact decimated the population. From an estimated 50,000 at the beginning of the 19th century, the population was reduced to about 20,000 by 1842, and only 2,000 by 1926. Today, there are some 6,000 Marquesans in the group.

There was a very strong cult of the dead in the islands, and the mummification of the dead and preservation of skulls was very common. Some skulls were elongated, a process that is done to children at very early age. This curious custom is found in Peru as well as with the Flathead Indians of Montana. Cannibalism was popular and cannibal wars apparently constantly gripped the eleven islands, much like Fiji. Men's entire bodies were covered in tatoos. Some of the tatoos, it has been suggested, were a form of ancient script, but it has never been deciphered, and it seems likely that the Marquesans themselves were unaware of the meaning of the symbols by the time of the first Europeans.

The geography of the islands kept tribes apart, and therefore made warring amongst tribes all the more popular. The deep, high-walled valleys of each island were well isolated from each other by all routes except the sea, for the absence of coral reefs along the coast had prevented coastal flatlands from forming and the precipitous peaks surrounding most of the valleys on three sides made overland journeys very difficult. Therefore, the inhabitants of each Marquesan Valley almost perforce formed largely self-sufficient, politically-independent tribal groups. The tribes were generally named after some mythical ancestor of the tribal chief, some totem-like animal representing some legendary ancestor of the tribal chief, or some totem-like animal representing an apparition of a tribal deity. Thus, the tribe of Taiohae on Nuku Hiva was called Te'i'i after its mythical founder, Teiki nui ahaku (Te'i'i=Teiki=Tiki as in Heyerdahl's Kon Tiki), who, according to legend, had come from the east and divided the island between himself and his brother, Taipi'nui'avaku. On Nuku Hiva, this legendary division into halves was honored by military alliances, for tribes related to the Te'i'i would join forces to fight any of the Taipi descendants, although they fought among themselves at other times, as did the Taipi.

The priests of the Marquesans were called *tau'a*, and they were the mouthpiece of the tribal gods, transmitting their orders to the chief and his subjects. While the priest prayed and entered a trance state, his god descended from Hawaiki, the Polynesian spirit world and legendary ancient homeland of the Polynesians, and, entering the priest's stomach, spoke through his mouth in weird falsetto, demanding human sacrifices, informing the people of the existence of undiscovered lands far over the sea, and commanding them to go and settle them, or telling them of the secret war preparations of another tribe.[94] It seems the popular "channeling" of today was quite familiar to Marquesan cannibals.

If Tahiti and the Society Islands were a sort of Paradise of easy-going, well-fed, amicable people, the Marquesas were the opposite, with cannibal wars, black magic, and savage tribal raiding. Ritual cannibalism was quite common, and during war, it was the practice to partake of the dead man's strength and prowess by eating part of him. Eyes were often eaten raw if time did not allow for cooking; otherwise the victim was roasted like a pig or cubed and eaten with a minimum of searing. In cases where a victim was taken alive, parts of his body would often be carved, cooked, and eaten before his eyes.

A form of voodoo was even practised, known as *nanikaha*, or "binding the bait", a

method of enlisting supernatural help to obtain the demise of an adversary. Using a scrap of hair, a fingernail paring, the earth of a footprint, or even cast-off food or feces of the intended victim, a magical package was assembled, wrapped in leaves, and tied tightly. Within a short time the victim would be made to see that he was the object of someone's evil wishes, by means of a hint or a rumor carefully spread. The victim would then waste away psychologically—unless he could also bring "supernatural" forces to his own aid. He would refuse to eat or drink, his stomach and lips would swell, and in the final stages, he would fall into fever, before dying.[94]

Because the Spanish were afraid of British encroachment on their newly-discovered islands of the Marquesas, they kept them a secret for nearly 200 years until Captain Cook sailed into the islands in 1768 with the astronomers who were hoping to view the transit of Venus across the sun for *The Royal Astronomical Society* in London. While they got along well with the islanders initially, it was not long before some violence marred the visit. Shortly afterward, the the French explorer Etienne Marchand passed through the archipelago, and he was more tolerant with the islanders than his predecessors, allowing the islanders to steal what caught their eye, without attempting to punish the offenders or retrieve the item.

The many aspects of Polynesian love were discovered, and soon the ship was swarming with so many native girls trading their sexual favors for nails, beads and trinkets, that duties were nearly impossible to perform on the ship, and the women were forcibly ejected, to be allowed on board only at certain times. After 1790, Yankee American whalers began arriving at the islands in large numbers and used the Marquesas as their main supply headquarters in the south Pacific, obtaining fresh food and water. The Marquesan women were not to be overlooked, either, by men whose pleasures were few and far between.

The islands are full of gigantic platforms, called *ahus*, just like in Easter Island. Throughout the islands, mysterious ruins covered in jungle can be found, testifying to a great, and vanished civilization. Perhaps the best book written on the islands is by the American author Herman Melville, who wrote the classic *Moby Dick.*

In Herman Mellville's book, entitled, *Typee*,[98] a book about his own personal experiences as a castaway in the Marquesas Islands in 1842, we find interesting reference to the megalithic pyramids or platforms in the Marquesas: "One day in returning from this spring by a circuitous path, I came upon a scene which reminded me of Stonehenge and the architectural labors of the Druid.

"At the base of one of the mountains, and surrounded on all sides by dense groves, a series of vast terraces of stone rises, step by step, for a considerable distance up the hillside. These terraces cannot be less than one hundred yards in length and twenty in width. Their magnitude, however, is less striking than the immense size of the blocks composing them. Some of the stones, of an oblong shape, are from ten to fifteen feet in length, and five or six feet thick. Their sides are quite smooth, but though square, and of pretty regular formation, they bear no mark of the chisel. They are laid together without cement, and here and there show gaps between. The topmost terrace and the lower one are somewhat peculiar in their construction. They have both a quadrangular depression in the center, leaving the rest of the terrace elevated several feet above it. In the intervals of the stones immense trees have taken root, and their broad boughs stretching far over, and interlacing together, support a canopy almost impenetrable to the sun. Overgrowing the greater part of them, and climbing from one to another, is a wilderness of vines, in whose sinewy embrace many of the stones lie half hidden, while in some places a thick growth of bushes entirely covers them. There is a wild pathway which obliquely crosses two of these terraces; and so profound is the shade, so dense the vegetation, that a stranger to the place might pass along it without being aware of their existence.

"These structures bear every indication of a very high antiquity, and Kory-Kory,

who was my authority in all matters of scientific research, gave me to understand that they were coeval with the creation of the world; that the great gods themselves were the builders; and that they would endure until time shall be no more. Kory-Kory's explanation, and his attributing the work to a divine origin, at once convinced me that neither he nor his countrymen knew anything about them".[98]

Melville then goes on to offer his opinion that these and other megalithic remains on the island are the work of an ancient and extinct race, and are not the work of the Marquesas Islanders that we know today. He even hints at the submergence of lost lands in far antiquity.

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I got a small room at *Becfin's Guest House* on Nuku Hiva and then, after buying a loaf of French bread, set off to discover the island. I headed up a mountain trail from Taiohae over the mountains for Taipivai, an ancient ceremonial center. Passing a spectacular waterfall, I reached the ancient center where a monstrous platform had been built. In the dense jungle around the platform were gigantic tikis, bug-eyed like those I had seen at Tiahuanaco in Bolivia.

The platform, like Melville had described, was incredible. Enormous blocks of basalt weighing many tons each were fitted together with great care to create a gigantic terrace upon which houses, indeed, whole villages, had formerly stood. I gazed in wonder at the effort and megalithic construction. How had it been created, and how old were these platforms?

The only real archaeological expeditions that have taken place in the Marquesas were those done in the 1950's by the American archaeologist Robert Suggs. Suggs' expeditions and discoveries are related in his 1962 book, *The Hidden Worlds of Polynesia*.[94]

Suggs was particularly interested in dating Marquesan civilization, and was able to utilize carbon dating methods for the first time in any Marquesan archaeology. Suggs believes that the Marquesas were occupied as early as 120 BC, while the conventional date is usually around AD 300. Suggs believes that the Marquesas were settled from a well-equipped expedition from Tonga or Samoa.

The typical goggle-headed Marquesan statue has often been compared with Chinese Bronze-Age statues. Suggs felt the statues were far more recent, and rejected any connection. He was also opposed to Thor Heyerdahl's theories of diffusion from South America, saying that no Peruvian pottery or tools have ever been found in Polynesia.

Suggs' most interesting discovery was made on Nuku Hiva in 1956 at Hikouku'a in the Hatiheu Valley on the northern coast. It was two large stone statues, and a massive platform called a *tohua*, or ceremonial plaza. They were constructed of coarse, dull red volcanic tuff. The site, sacred to Marquesans, had long been concealed from western visitors. Suggs and his crew made several trenches in the platform to find datable artifacts that would help identify what period they were built.

Suggs found graves with bones, charcoal, and even such artifacts as a Civil War musket, a French Brandy bottle, and a glass bowl manufactured in Philadelphia in the late 1700s. All of these things indicated to Suggs that the platforms had been constructed since the arrival of Europeans to the Marquesas.

Looking at the platforms, I was amazed at the thought. Were these massive platforms built just a few hundred years ago? Suggs estimated that they began construction about the year 1400 and continued up to late 1800s. This would be termed the "classical period" by Suggs.

This didn't quite make sense to me, as Melville had clearly described the massive platforms as something that were not newly built, but of such antiquity that his

Marquesan guide described them as being "coeval with the creation of the world". These were ancient edifices built by the Gods of yore, and Melville seemed tempted to believe this story.

Suggs, on the other hand, was convinced that these platforms had just been constructed, and even, because of the American Civil War musket, that they were still in the process of being constructed in the mid 1800s! Melville's book was actually published in 1846, almost two decades before the American Civil War!

Who then is right, Melville and his guides, or Suggs and his muskets? I had to go with Melville. It would seem that Suggs has fallen into the trap of other archaeologists in that after finding "datable objects" around clearly undatable megaliths, he was tempted to date the megaliths by those objects. It does not seem to occur to Suggs that the objects, clearly of recent European or American manufacture, had been placed in the platforms during recent burials. It is an amusing thought to think that one of the artifacts may possibly have even been Melvilles!

That the platforms may have actually been constructed hundreds, if not thousands of years before, is not even suggested in his book. Suggs at least admits that the actual construction of the blocks is a mystery. Says he, "It would naturally have been impossible for us to have completely excavated and dismantled so huge a terrace, which supported the remains of about twenty buildings, all of them constructed of massive stones".[94]

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I turned away from the strange statues and the awesome platform. It would be dark soon, and I had a long walk back over the mountains to my guest house. Munching on a piece of French Bread, I thought about two books that I had been reading on the subject of Lemuria.

One of them was the *Legend of Altazar*[209] by Nani Sheppard. Written as a story, possibly for teenagers, it purports to be "A fragment of the true history of Planet Earth". An interesting book, it is essentially the story of a love affair between a priest of ancient Lemuria named Altazar and a woman from Atlantis named Diandra.

They meet in Lemuria, fall in love, but Diandra must return to Atlantis. In the most interesting part of the book, Altazar is on Easter Island, called Rapan-Nui in the book, when Lemuria sinks in a cataclysm brought on by "the piercing of the Mother Egg".

Trapped on Easter Island, Altazar makes his way by reed boat to South America and wanders through the ancient kingdom of *An*. Later, Altazar and a companion named Solana are captured by "the alien Mu'Ra (one of the Andean tribes is named Aymara, or Ay-Mu-Ra?) and to Ti-wa-ku (Tiahuanaco). Diandra later rescues Altazar, who is then reincarnated into a jungle tribe....

It is an entertaining book, with some curious aspects that at least mimic reality, such as Easter Island legends of the sinking of the ancient land of Hiva, the use of reed boats, and the mysterious connections between Tiahuanaco and the Pacific.

A more meaty book is *Christ Conciousness*[212] by Norman Paulsen. Paulsen was a young student of the Indian messenger Yogananda, popular author of *Autobiography of a Yogi.* Several chapters of Paulsen's autobiographical book contain information on Lemuria that is well thought out and documented.

Paulsen's story of Lemuria is pretty much of the *Chariots of the Gods* variety, in so much as it has a great deal to do with the colonization of Earth by a group of space people called "The Builders". Arriving in giant spaceships called "Mus" (one Mu, two Mus), "The Builders" set up the first civilization on earth— yep, you guessed it—"Mu"!

Paulsen's Mu "consisted of three land masses or island continents...The far

southeastern island continent lay just eight hundred miles to the west of Easter Island. The continental shoreline from this point stretched for more than five thousand miles to the northeast and the island continent was an average of two thousand miles in width. The middle, or northerly island continent of Mu began along the east coast of the Gilbert Islands. The coastline reached south to include the Fiji and New Hebrides Islands, and north to include the Wake and Marshall Islands. The northern coastline of Mu's middle island continent ran northwesterly along the northern coast of the Caroline Islands, finally turning to the south in the Mariana Trench. Of the three original continents, only one remains — Australia, with New Guinea on the same continental shelf. New Zealand was once a part of Mu's colonial empire, but it was never developed beyond a nature preserve".[212]

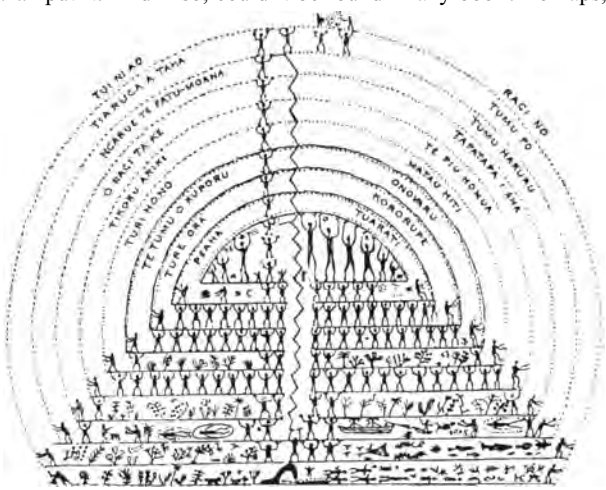
According to Paulsen, the first great empire was constructed around 500,000 BC and around 12,000 BC horrible wars between "The Builders" and the "Fallen Angels" brought about the destruction of Mu, which was helped along by a torrential shower of meteorites.

Paulsen, when discussing Mu, leans heavily on Churchward's material, and like many advocates of Mu, finds most of the megaliths in the Pacific evidence for his lost continent of space people.

As the sun was setting on the beach at Nuku Hiva, I thought about the many theories on Mu, the Marquesas, and the mysteries of the Pacific. These theories wax and wane from Suggs' belief that Marquesan megaliths were actually constructed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which seems nearly impossible, to Paulsen's assertions that they are the remains of aliens who began building up their civilization 500,000 years ago.

Like Buddha, I strode the "middle-way", not taking either view too seriously, nor discarding either. I liked Suggs book, it is full of fun, adventure, and serious scientific exploration. I also liked Paulsen's book, full of wild conjecture and inspirational tidbits. His book is well done, and rehashes a great deal of "lost Pacific Continent" material in a thorough and entertaining way.

As the waves rushed up to my feet, and the stars twinkled down from the heavens above, I wondered if there really was a "true history of the Planet Earth" as the *Legend of Altazar* put it. And if so, could it be found in any book? Perhaps, I would never know.



An unusual drawing from *The Journal of the Polynesian Society* in 1869 by J.L. Young illustrating the creation of the world in 8 levels of existence, much like the Hindu concept of 7 planes of existence.

A man from the Marquesas with a full body tattoo. Portions of the man look like he is a living board-game, his forehead appears almost like a star-chart or map of sorts. A good example of the complexity of Marquesan tattooing.

Portrait of a Marquesan chief of the island of Tahuata. Drawn in 1784 by the artist Hodges on one of Cook's voyages, the tattooing on the face suggests a script, not unlike shorthand!

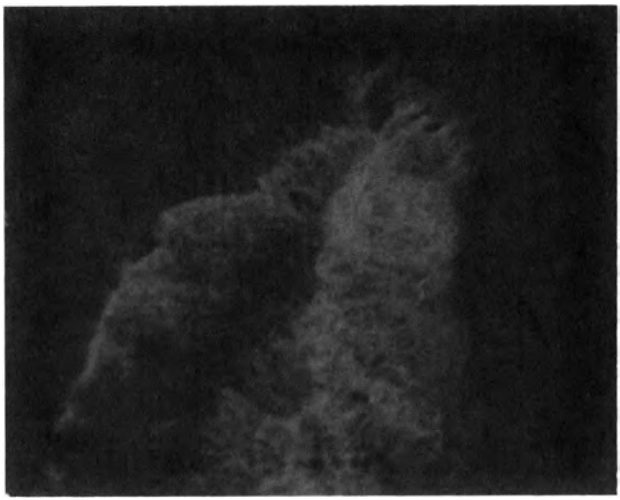
Marquesan megalithic architecture. Wall of the great *paepae* on the ceremonial plaza of Vahangeku'a, Taipivai, Nuku Hiva. This platform supported the house of a chief or high priest. *Courtesy of Bernice P. Bishop Museum.*

A large stone image at a temple site on the island of Raïvavaé in the Austral Islands, French Polynesia *Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.*

Two views of Tahitian canoes. Above by William Hodges, Captain Cook's artist on his second voyage, 1772-1775. Below by Parkinson, showing life in the lagoon at Raiatea. Both illustrations give a certain Egyptian-like feel to Tahitian canoes and life-style.

Petroglyph's on the island of Raiatea at the Haapapara Waterfall. The carving on the left seems to be of a shark or whale, while the one on the right is apparently of an Egyptian scarab! These petroglyphs are traditionally said to have been carved before the coming of the Polynesians to the islands.

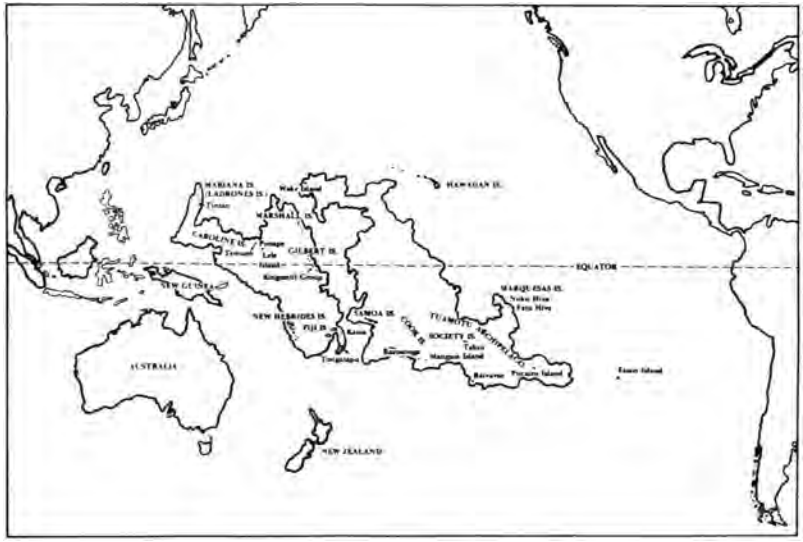
A *marae* or pyramid of Tahiti as drawn in the 1799 book, *The Voyage of McDuff*.



The incredible photo of a "Tiki Spirit" taken by Carl of the Hawaiian Tiki statute now at Harvard's Peabody Museum. Apparently, it has its hand over its mouth. Carl believes that the Tiki is unhappy and should be returned to Hawaii.

Massive stones in the wall of the altar of *Marae* Tai Nu'u, Te Vai Toa, Raïateá *Courtesy of Bernice P. Bishop Museum.*

Two photos of pyramid mountains on the remote island of Rapa Iti in the Austral (Tubuai) group. These artificial hill tops were first explored by Thor Heyerdahl in the 1950s and their purpose or who constructed them is still a mystery. Photos by Thor Heyerdahl.



Norm Paulsen's map of Lemuria from his book, *Christ Consciousness.*

Chapter Thirteen

Easter Island:
The Lost Continent of Hiva

The Ancient Masters were subtle,
mysterious, profound, responsive.
The depth of their knowledge is unfathomable.
Because it is unfathomable,
All we can do is describe their appearance.
Watchful, like men crossing a winter stream.
Alert, like men aware of danger.
Courteous, like visiting guests.
Yielding, like ice about to melt.
Simple, like uncarved blocks of wood.
—Lao Tzu, Tao te Ching

Looking out the window of the plane, I saw a small, brown speck appear out of the Pacific and grow larger as the Lan Chile jet approached the small, triangular, volcanic rock. Tahiti lay behind me as I landed at Rapa Nui Airport on Easter Island. Here, perhaps I would finally find the answer to some of the riddles I sought to solve concerning the mysteries of the Pacific. Easter Island is actually south of the tropic of Capricorn, and has therefore a more seasonal climate and a winter, much like the South Island of New Zealand. It is desolate and windswept with not a wisp of tropical forest to be found anywhere on its rocky terrain.

The events leading up to the discovery of Easter Island are fitting for a book dealing with mysteries of the Pacific. A buccaneer named John Davis, a Dutchman who captained the English ship *The Bachelor's Delight*, was returning from raids in Panama and headed for Cape Horn, when they sighted land in 1687. The lieutenant of the ship, Mr. Wafer described the sighting in a book published in 1688 in London entitled, *Description of the Isthmus of Darien*: "...we came to latitude 27° 20' south when about two hours before day we fell in with a low sandy island and heard a great roaring noise like that of sea beating upon the shore ahead of the ship... so we plied off till day then stood in again with the land, which proved to be a small flat island without the guard of any rocks... To the westward about twelve leagues by judgment we saw a range of high land which we took to be islands; for there were several partitions in the prospect. This land seemed to reach about fourteen or fifteen leagues in a range, and there came thence great flocks of fowls". Captain Davis would not allow the men to go ashore. "The small island bears from the Galapagos under the line six hundred leagues".

The *Bachelor's Delight* had actually been "pitchforked" further out into the unexplored south Pacific by a gigantic tsunami wave generated by the great earthquake of Callao (Lima's port on the coast of Peru) in 1687. They kept steering south and headed back east to Chile. John Macmillan Brown in *The Riddle of the*

Pacific[69] (from which Wafer is quoted) also quotes the navigator Dampier from his two volumes of voyages (London, 1699): "Captain Davis told me lately that... about five hundred leagues from Copaype on the coast of Chili in latitude 27° S. he saw a small sandy island just by him; and that they saw to the westward of it a long tract of pretty high land tending away to the north-west out of sight".

This mysterious land, "stretching to the north-west out of sight", was to be named "Davis Land" and it added to the popular belief that a great southern continent existed in the South Pacific. Indeed, in 1576, the Spanish navigator Juan Fernandez was sailing from Callao to Valparaiso in Chile and had voyaged far out into the Pacific to avoid the strong current and wind that came up from the south along the coast, and reported seeing after a month's sailing "the mouths of very large rivers, from whence and from what the natives intimated and because they were people so white and well-clad and in everything so different from those of Chili and all Peru".

Fernandez had no doubt that he had discovered the "great Southern Continent" but had been in a small ship, and resolved to return "properly fitted" but died before he could do so. A book called *Southsea Voyages* written by one Dalrymple just prior to Captain Cook's voyages in the South Pacific quotes from Fernandez's journal.

It was thirty-five years later that Easter Island was discovered on Easter Day, 1722, by the Dutch navigator Jacob Roggeveen. He was searching for "Davis Land" but all he could find was this tiny speck of an island. "Davis Land", if it had ever existed, had disappeared! The large land mass, nor the small sandy island, could not be Easter Island as some claimed, there is hardly a bit of sandy beach on the entire island, nor does it stretch for many leagues "out of sight".

Suddenly we have the elements of a lost continent in the Pacific which is not thousands of years old, but was submerged only recently! Says Brown, "And yet no one who has visited Easter Island but must deny its identity with either of the lands that Davis saw, either the low, flat, sandy island or the long, partitioned range of land stretching away to the north-west over the horizon. If we have any respect for a sailor's evidence on a sailor's question, we must accept the existence of both lands in 1687 and their non-existence in 1722 when Roggewein (sic, usually spelled Roggeveen) sailed along the latitude in search of them. In other words, land of considerable extent, probably archipelagic, has gone down in the south-east Pacific away to the east of Easter Island". "...we cannot entirely reject his evidence that considerable tracts of land in the south-east Pacific have gone down".[69]

And such is the astonishing historical background to the discovery of Easter Island, the reports of a long archipelagic land mass in the Pacific that had vanished. Easter Islanders themselves were to tell a similar tale, and the French researcher Maziere was to propose an identical solution; that of a long, narrow land mass that stretched from near Easter Island for thousands of miles to the north-east towards the Galapagos Islands.

Roggeveen landed on an island inhabited by Polynesians, some of whom had light skins, red hair and looked like Europeans. He assessed the total population at about 5,000; they wore the simplest of clothes and lived in reed huts.

The first contact with the newcomers was unfortunately marked by a bloodthirsty incident. Roggeveen, at the head of 150 of his men, was alarmed at the excessive curiosity and outright thievery of the islanders. As they closed in on his men—apparently out of curiosity, rather than meaning harm—Roggeveen ordered his men to fire on the crowd, killing some of the natives. They dispersed, chiefly frightened by the noise, and later came back with gifts from the bounty of the island. They also offered their wives and daughters for sex. Easter Islanders certainly knew the value of fresh blood, and it became common in early contacts for women to swim out to arriving ships and board them, and then dance and have sex with the sailors. The men

would wait on shore to steal what they could when the strangers arrived on the island to visit.

After this first meeting, the Dutch were allowed to roam freely throughout the island and saw for the first time the gigantic statues, which were apparently already toppled and lying on the ground. Some of the statues at the quarry of Rano Raraku were still standing. Roggeveen was unable to believe that the great figures could have been carved from rock, and thought they were made of clay and filled with stones. The islanders he found inhabited thatched huts and eked out a meager living from the sparsely-vegetated soil. Roggeveen described them as being heavily tattooed, with their earlobes pierced and hanging down to their shoulders.

Easter Island was not visited again until fifty years later in 1770 by two Spanish ships and then three years later by Captain Cook who wrote compassionately about the island—which he saw as arid and windswept—and the people—as poor as the earth on which they lived. Yet, he was amazed at the enormous statues, and awed by the implication of a civilization that had made them.

In 1786, a French expedition under the Comte de La Perouse stopped for a short time on the island and was quick to note the thieving propensities of the islanders. However, the Comte generously informed the crew that any clothing stolen would be replaced, and he even distributed presents among the eager population. After his short stay, the expedition sailed away, leaving the people of this strange, solitary region with pleasant memories.

History took a turn for the worse when the whaling and sealing ship *Nancy* arrived from America in 1805. Needing workers on the ship, they decided to take a few cheap slaves, kidnapping twelve men and ten women in a bloody battle. After letting them out on deck after three days at sea, the entire lot leaped overboard and began swimming back towards the island. They could not be coerced back into boats lowered to get them and so were left in the ocean. Perhaps they made it back to their beloved island, but it is doubtful.

More and more ships began calling at the remote island and in 1862 twelve Peruvian ships arrived with the intention of taking as many slaves from the island as possible. These same slaving ships had just attempted a raid in the Tuamotu archipelago, but they had been pursued by a French guardship, and one of them had been captured. They badly needed labor for the guano deposits of the Chincho Islands off Peru and lured nearly the entire population of the island to a beach near their ship with trinkets and then opened fire on them. They killed a number of islanders and took more than a thousand of them prisoner, including King Kai Mako'i and his son Maurata. They then succeeded in embarking with perhaps one quarter of the native population, including possibly one of the last persons who could read the famous Rongo Rongo tablets: King Kai Mako'i (Maziere in *Mysteries of Easter Island* gives his name as King Maurata).[95]

The survivors fled to the volcanic crater at Rano-Kau, pursued by the Peruvians who killed more inside the crater. With their bitter cargo, the slavers set sail for the isle of Rapa in the Tubuai Islands. The Rapa islanders defended themselves bravely and even captured one of the ships, taking the prisoners to Tahiti where a French court imprisoned them. Hatred of Peruvians still runs high in Easter Island to this day.

The Archbishop of Tahiti, Monseigneur Jaussen, pleaded to the French and British governments to pressure the Peruvians into releasing the islanders. Peru shortly afterwards ordered the prisoners released, but most had died from disease, homesickness and bad treatment. A hundred-odd survivors were taken back to Easter Island, but nearly all died of smallpox during the trip and only fifteen survived to be returned to their tiny homeland. Since these survivors were now contaminated with

smallpox and tuberculosis, an epidemic swept through the island until only 111 inhabitants remained.

Missionaries began to arrive on the island from Chile and Tahiti, and in April of 1868 the French adventurer and nobleman Jean Dutrou-Bornier arrived at the island with cattle and agricultural equipment to begin a ranch. No sooner had he unloaded the machinery, supplies, cattle, horses and other livestock from Tahiti than his ship was destroyed in a storm that night off Anakena Beach.

Now a prisoner of the island, he married a native woman who was supposed to be the descendant of the King and claimed to the be the Queen of the island. He tried to get France to give the island protection, which never happened, but he flew the French flag anyway. His cattle ranch did well, but he died mysteriously, possibly assassinated, though it was claimed that he had a fatal fall off his horse.

In 1870 the Chilean corvette *O'Higgins* called in on the island and did the first topographic survey and scientific description of the island. Then in 1888 the Chilean Navy arrived and claimed possession of this island which no other government would claim as its own. Thenceforth the island was Chilean territory, currently part of the Province of Valparaiso.

With the horrible raid on the island by slavers, much of the valuable knowledge passed down for centuries on the island was lost. Probably the most important knowledge lost forever is the meaning of the enigmatic writing known as Rongo-Rongo script.

Probably the first foreigner to see this writing in modern times was Frere Eyraud, who sent some specimens to the Archbishop of Tahiti. He recognized the significance of a written language being developed on a tiny, remote island in the south Pacific—it was against all accepted theories at the time. It was generally thought that only peoples with contact with different cultures could rise to a high level of civilization. Here at Easter Island, it was then surmised, was a culture that had independently of the rest of the world developed writing, art, megalithic construction and more. That a few hundred people should create all that without the outside world was astounding, and still is. This is still the accepted anthropological theory on the island's development.

Then, a Hungarian named de Hevseg made a comparison of the writing on Easter Island and that found at the Indus Valley civilization cities of Mohenjo Daro and Harappa. These cities existed at about 4,000 BC if not earlier, and the culture literally vanished about 3,500 BC. These cities are said to be part of the semi-mythical Rama Empire (see Chapter Four, and my book, *Lost Cities of China, Central Asia and India*). That Rongo-Rongo writing is very similar, if not identical, to this ancient, undeciphered language, is extraordinary. They are precisely on opposite sides of the earth: Mohenjo Daro is located at 27° 23' North and about 69° East; Easter Island is at 27° 08' South and 109° 23' West. No other land area could be further away from the Indus Valley cities as Easter Island.

The script at Mohenjo Daro is now believed to be related to ancient Dravidian, the fragments of this language still existing in southern India in the language of Tamil. An article in *Scientific American* (vol. 248, No. 3, March 1983) by Walter Fairservis, Jr. entitled *The Script of the Indus Valley Civilization,* describes the author's attempts to decipher the writing. A fairly dry article, it makes no reference to the similarity of Rongo Rongo script, but does say he believes that a form of Dravidian was the spoken language. Significantly, Fairservis does say that there are 419 "signs" and that the script is neither alphabetic (as in Sanskrit or English) or logographic (as in Chinese) but rather logo-syllabic, meaning that some signs represent words and others serve purely for their symbolic value or sounds. The author says that other examples of such a writing are Egyptian hieroglyphs, early

Sumerian ideographs and modern Japanese.

Perhaps with the deciphering of the Indus Valley script with the use of Dravidian, we may be able to decipher the Rongo Rongo tablets. Rongo Rongo script has also been compared with ancient Chinese; perhaps all three languages are linked. Can there perhaps be some relationship between all these languages and the original language of "Mu"? Chinese tradition mentions such an ancient land, and in a personal communication sent to me by Reverend Olympia Freeman of Black Mountain, North Carolina, she said that she believes the *I Ching* originally came from Mu.

John MacMillian Brown was inspired to write his book, *The Riddle of the Pacific*,[69] after living on Easter Island for some years in the early 1920s. His title probably sums up his feelings toward the island, the basic theme of his book. Indeed, Easter Island poses more questions than there are answers, though there are some who find no mystery in the island, and chalk it all up to some wayward islanders living in isolation with nothing to do but carve giant statues.

§§§

It was warm and sunny with a breeze as I gathered my luggage and looked around the airport. I had met a young Belgian traveler named Jo on the plane, and we talked about cheap hotels on the island. Several people casually approached us about guest houses and we discussed prices and amenities with several of them. I settled on the small guest house of a part-French, part-Rapa Nui man named Emilio. Emilio and I struck a deal for a room, with two meals a day at his family's house, and we drove the short distance from the airport to the semi-modern guest house. Jo found another guesthouse down the street, and took a bed there.

Hanga Roa is the current administrative center on the island and the only town. Not only is the town quite small, but the island is small enough to walk across in seven hours. The islanders are very fond of their Japanese vans or trucks that drive about the streets of Hanga Roa, though everyplace is easily accessible by foot, including the airport.

I walked immediately down to the town to the shore for sunset, and was greeted by four *Moai,* re-erected statues on an ahu-platform. This ahu is called Ahu Tepeu, and stands on the shore west of the town. The sun was just going down to the west and an orange backdrop glowed behind the giant figures. These were an odd bunch of Moais, rather squat and old; one's head was half gone. All the Moai that once stood around the island, looking into the interior, had been pushed over and lay in ruins when Europeans first visited the islands. Over the two hundred years since their rediscovery, some of the Moai have been re-erected.

It had been a long day, and I sighed as I looked out over the water with the statues silhouetted on the orange skyline. The statues were silent and cold. They would not yield their secrets easily—that I knew for sure.

I slept well that night, and when I woke up the next morning it was raining. I lay in bed and read for awhile. While the rain tapped gently on the roof, I read the Chilean government tourist brochure. To my surprise, it related the legends of Easter Island and the tradition of a sunken continent: "According to one legend going back 1,500 years, a group of courageous Polynesian seafarers, making use of primitive boats, guided by the stars, currents and winds, were the first to set foot on Easter Island.

"Others believe that the first boats to arrive drifted away from the coast of South America, right out into the Pacific Ocean. After a long solitary voyage, they reached an island of extinguished volcanoes, today transformed into green and grassy hillsides.

"The natives, however, say that in the 15th Century Hotu Matu'a, leading a

memorable expedition from Marae Renga island, set foot on Easter Island. His voyage from Hiva—Maori land—denoted the beginning of this cultural treat: Easter Island".

The next section was *The Legend of Hotu Matu'a*:

"One day, starting from far-distant, enraged Uoke stirred up the bottom of the Polynesian seas, destroying islands and rousing storms and earthquakes. Using a gigantic lever he lifted chunks of earth and later dropped them back into the sea. But the lever broke just before reaching the shores of Rapa Nui, and Easter Island was thus saved from destruction. At the same time, warned by a certain Hau Maka's dreams, King Hotu Matu'a, together with his wife Vakai, relatives and many friends were running away from this cataclysm in two boats. One early morning they found themselves sailing in the calm waters surrounding the small island of Motu Nui. While looking for a good landing place, they reached the beautiful beach of Hanga Morie Roa. Today known as Anakena, its clear waters are ideal for swimming. Wearing their multicolored robes and feather capes, they leapt with delight from their hundred-foot boats onto the white sand of the beach. Singing and dancing, they carried with them tools, household goods, and baskets full of plants like taro, ti, sweet potatoes, bananas and sugar cane. They also brought flowers and fowl".

I thought about this information and wondered about how factual it was. Two contradictions in the story immediately come up. In the third paragraph it says that the Easter Islanders came from "Hiva—Maori land". Yet, in the fourth paragraph they speak of a cataclysmic re-apportionment and sinking of a beloved homeland. In Easter Island mythology, this sunken continent and homeland is called Hiva. Hiva is a land now gone, beneath the Pacific Ocean, according to Easter Islanders and their legends. Some anthropologists believe, however, that Easter Islanders (Rapa Nuians) are from New Zealand, hence the idea that Hiva is Maori land. New Zealand is very much above the ocean, however, and tradition seems to place Hiva elsewhere.

It is generally said that Easter Island was uninhabited until the twelfth century when the Polynesians and their legendary king Hota Matu'a arrived. However, recent excavations carried out in 1987 by Thor Heyerdahl and reported in Rapa Nui Notes, Number 4, Summer 1987 (Rapa Nui Notes, P.O. Box 1275, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406) indicated a "buried structure with vertical stonework and a pavement which dates (C-14) to AD 1100; an earlier occupation dates to AD 800". Therefore, it has now been scientifically established that the island was inhabited 300 years before Hota Matu'a is said to have arrived.

In his fascinating and, in some ways, definitive work, *Mysteries of Easter Island*,[95] Francis Mazier explores the legends of the lost land of Hiva. Mazier was able to talk with a dying leper named Gabriel Veriveri who was allegedly the last initiate of the secrets of Easter Island. Said Veriveri to Mazerier, "King Hotu-Matua came to Easter Island in two canoes. He landed at Hangaroa, but he gave the bay the name of Anakena, because it was the month of July". Mazier notes that the winds from Polynesia to Easter Island blow in July and August.

"King Hout-Matua's country was called Maori (in the Maori dialect of New Zealand, the word maori means "ordinary people"), and it was *on the continent of Hiva*. The place where he lived was called Marae-Rena...the king saw that the land was slowly sinking in the sea. The king therefore called all his people together, men, women, children and the aged, and he put them into two great canoes. The king saw that the disaster was at hand, and when the two canoes had reached the horizon he observed that the whole of the land had sunk, except for a small part called Maori".[95]

Says Maziere, "The tradition is clear: there was a cataclysm; and it appears that this continent lay in the vast hinterland that reaches to the Tuamotu archipelago (what is largely today French Polynesia) to the north-west of Easter Island.

"Another legend, handed on by Aure Auviri Porotu, the last of the island's learned men, says this: 'Easter Island was a much larger country, but because of the sins of its people Uoke tipped it up and broke it with a crowbar..'. Here too we have a cataclysm.

"A more important point is that according to tradition Sala-y-Gomez, an islet some hundred miles from Easter Island, was formerly part of it, and its name, Motu Motiro Hiva, means 'small island near Hiva'.

"We have three signs pointing to this cataclysm. Yet generally accepted geology does not acknowledge any vast upheaval in this part of the world, at least not within the period of human existence. However, there are two recently discovered facts that make the possibility of a sunken continent seem reasonable. When the American submarine *Nautilus* made her voyage round the world she called attention to the presence of an exceedingly lofty and still unidentified underwater peak close to Easter Island. And secondly, during his recent studies carried out for the Institute of Marine Resources and the University of California, Professor H.W. Menard not only speaks of an exceedingly important fracture-zone in the neighbourhood of Easter Island, a zone parallel to that of the Marquesas archipelago, but also of the discovery of an immense bank or ridge of sediment".[95]

Mazier's book came out in 1965 in France, four years before the revolutionary geological theory of tectonic plates changed geology forever. It was certainly true then, and seemingly so today, that geologists generally do not acknowledge a cataclysmic upheaval (or downheaval as the case may be!) in this part of the world. Yet, Mazier sought to make sense out of the legends of the Easter Islanders. Were they just talk? Traditional anthropologists typically ignored the natives' own legends, and said that they came by way of Tahiti, possibly after some war, a few hundred years before Europeans first visited them. Such mysteries as Rongo-Rongo writing and the incredible stone platform at Vinapu are ignored.

Maziere favored the existence of an archipelago and even a long, thin "continent" extending south and north of Easter Island between the Marquesas Islands and the Galapagos Islands. Easter Island was the last peak (along with Sala-y-Gomez) of this former continent not "wrent beneath the sea by Uoke's crowbar": "Apart from preserving the memory of these upheavals, tradition also states that King Hotu-Matua came from the west. Now in Easter Island on the Ahu A'Tiu there are seven statues and they are the only ones on the island that look towards the sea, and more exactly, the western sea. Their precise placing might well fix the area of the cataclysm, which would thus lie between the Marquesas and the Gambier islands. It seems probable that during one of those sub-oceanic upheavals still so frequent in the zone between the Cordillera of the Andes and the New Hebrides, an archipelago—I do not presume to say a continent—may have sunk or been altered. Moreover, according to Professor Metraux's findings, it seems possible that King Hotu-Matua's men emigrated from this area of the Marquesas; the reasons for believing this are based on linguistics—the use of Hiva is an example—and many points of ethnological agreement. The date of this migration, according to the genealogies that we collected, would be towards the end of the twelfth century.

"This settlement in no way excludes the possibility of other contacts at far earlier periods—contacts that we shall speak of later".[95] Maziere then goes on to discuss the legend of seven explorers first sent out to find "the navel of the world" and then to return and guide the two giant canoes to safety on Rapa Nui. He finds it odd that in the Marquesas, where some of the islands actually have the name of Hiva in them, there is really no legend of a sunken continent. He then says that the footless, handless old leper Veriveri told him of a legend he had learned that the island was inhabited already when Hotu-Matua came by "very big men, but not giants, who lived on the

island well before the coming of Hotu-Matua".[95]

It seems very clear to me that this is a legend, based on a great deal of analogy and mythos. It also seems to have some basis in fact. There is one level of Hiva being an allegory for a spirit world where one goes upon transition, much as the City of the Gods in Pohnpei, or even that of Hawaiki. On the other hand, the legend seems to be of a physical place, an ancient homeland that went down in a catastrophe. Is this event then the actual sinking of the Pacific continent many thousands of years ago? Or, rather, is it the final subsidence, perhaps only a few thousand years ago, of the last large area that remained above the surface?

According to Hugh Auchincloss Brown's cataclysmic pole shift theory, there are pole shifts every seven to ten thousand years, depending on ice buildup at one or both poles. If that is the case, then there would have been at least two pole shifts since the theoretical date of 24,000 BC for the main submergence of Pacifica. Perhaps the last pole shift was the cause of the submergence of Hiva.

I walked around town between rains, visiting some of the gift shops and the Hotel Hangaroa, the only first class hotel on the island. I was fortunate to meet another American, Jim, from Taos, New Mexico, who was on the island to visit his friend, Marcos, a dancer and the "unofficial cultural minister" of the island.

Jim invited me to come by Marco's place, where he was staying, and ask him questions about Easter Island. Marcos was a large man—in his thirties I guessed—with a big bushy shock of black hair, a mustache and that special Easter Island grin. His English was not very good, but we spoke Spanish together. I spoke as best as I could, and Jim helped me translate. Naturally, I first asked him about the history of the island, and especially about the stories of two races on the island.

"There were originally two tribes on Rapa Nui", said Marcos in Spanish, "First there was the *Ha-nau-aa-ape*, the long ears. They were tall, with white skin and red hair. In our tradition they were about two and half meters (about eight feet) tall. In ancient times, according to our tradition, all people were tall. The other tribe was the *Ha-nau-mo-moko*, or the short ears. The long-eared persons controlled the island. They did not work, the short-eared people did all the work. Then one day the short ears rebelled".

"Was this when the statues were toppled along the coast?" I asked.

"No one knows why or when the Moai were toppled over, but all were pushed over. Maybe it was before the war between the long-ears and the short-ears. Maybe not. Another legend about the destruction of the statues has it that when the Bird Cult people arrived in Easter Island, they wanted to destroy the statues, maybe to instill a new religion. In that legend, the bird people placed a rock on the ground so that when they pushed over each statue, it would hit the rock just right and break the statue's neck. Some statues are broken this way".

"How were the statues moved? Usually it is thought this was done by rocking them or using wooden rollers", I said.

"The people never used rollers to move these statues". said Marcos. "These statues walked to where they stand now. They walked by using the power of 'mana'. 'Mana' is mental power. These statues just walked. No tools or other methods were needed, only the ancient power of 'mana'".

"Really?" I asked. "Are you sure?"

"Yes", he replied tersely. "On the crater of Rano Kau, on the cliff facing the sea, high up on the wall is an *ahu*. There was a *moai* there which is now in the ocean. How could a *moai* be moved up there? Not by means of a roller. It had to be moved up a steep crater and then down the other side. It was done with the power of 'mana'.

"All statues along the shore are facing inland", he went on. "This is to protect the island from the ocean. These statues protected the land so that the ocean would not

take it, like it took ancient Hiva. Spirits protect all of the ancient things on our island. If you remove sacred things from the island, calamity will follow you".

"Where are the people from who came to Isla de Pascua (the Spanish name for Easter Island)?" I asked.

"Hiva is the land of origin of the people of our island", he said.

"Where is Hiva?" I asked.

"Hiva is a land that is gone. Now it is below the Pacific Ocean".

"Was Isla de Pascua part of Hiva?" I asked.

"Yes, when we came here, it was from another part of Hiva. No one lived here when the first men arrived after the cataclysm".

"Are there any underwater structures or sunken remains around the island that you know of?" I asked.

"There are secret caves that you must enter from beneath the ocean", replied Marcos. "There are also *moai* found in the ocean, pushed over from their Ahu-platforms along the shore".

Just then a little girl burst in saying that the Belgian, Jo, had had an accident at Anakena Beach on the other side of island and had to go to the hospital. She said he might have fallen off a horse, but was now O.K. and back at the guest house. Information travels quickly on the island. This news cut my interview with Marcos short, and I went by Jo's guest house to see how he was.

He was lying in a bed, his face bandaged. "What happened?" I exclaimed.

"Oh, I was climbing on a rock wall and slipped on a rock. I came down, hit my chin, and knocked some teeth out. It's very painful!"

"Wow, too bad", I said. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, I'll be all right. There is no dentist on the island, I'll have to wait until I get to Santiago. I'll just rest awhile", he replied.

I left him, went back to Emilio's guest house for dinner and decided to read before I went to bed.

§§§

When I woke up, the day was sunny and bright. Feeling that today might be a break between the rains, I decided I should take a three or four day hike around the island. It was almost noon when I finally got going, but Easter Island is so small that I could get anyplace within half a day or so. The island is a triangle with a volcanic crater at each corner. A fourth crater is in the interior, and this is where the statues were carved and moved about the island. The sides of the triangle are 10, 11, and 15 miles long respectively, making an total area of 45.5 square miles. There is an ancient trail that goes around the entire island, sometimes merging with the dirt roads that cross certain areas. I planned to head out to the north along the coast and follow a trail around the crater of Rano-A-Roi to the beach at Anakena where I would spend the night.

With a few days worth of food, a tent, a sleeping bag and some clothes, I headed out of town. I stopped by Marcos' souvenir shop and bought a good topographic map of the island, printed in Spain. Within a mile, I was beyond the last houses of Hanga Roa, the island's only town, and into the grassy hills of the island.

My first stop was the *Siete Moais* (Seven Moais). This platform is reconstructed and is unusual for several reasons. First of all, there are seven moais standing together, and second, they are facing the sea rather than looking into the center of the island. (Editor's Note: These statues appear on the cover of this book).

Seven is a sacred number in local mythology, and we have the legend of the seven explorers who came to the island before king Hotu Matua. Are they looking out over

the western ocean because it was once the ancient land of Hiva, or because west is the direction that these people (the short ears) originally came from? Could both possibilities be true, or neither? Perhaps the seven explorers were from another land to the west, a land of white-skinned, red-haired, tall sailors with long earlobes who liked to erect megaliths wherever they went.

I put down my pack and walked around the statues. My face was a bit flushed and my mouth agape as I circled around the seven gigantic fellows that stared silently out over the water. Thousands of miles across a cold and stormy ocean lay New Zealand. Perhaps this was the land they faced.

But perhaps they had some other purpose. Were they looking west to a shorter destination; a sunken island, perhaps? Or a further destination: India or Egypt perhaps? Still, Hiva is explicitly a sunken land, gone beneath waves. Yet, where had it been?

These guys weren't telling, I decided after I had taken a few photographs. I sat down on a stone wall and enjoyed their regal presence. They were pretty much uniform and each stood about fifteen feet high, probably weighing about twenty tons. Each had a high forehead, sharp nose, and a chin. Originally most of the moai around the edge of the island had eyes inlaid in the now-empty sockets. No moai has been restored with the original eyes, as far as I know. The stone was a volcanic conglomerate that was quite unusual, but not a particularly hard stone, it could be easily carved with the most basic stone tools.

Marcos had said that the purpose of the statues was to protect the island. Francis Maziere was told, "...the island was different once. There was no rain but the water welled up from the ground. The climate was very hot and huge plants grew on it.[95]

Maziere was told that the statues "spoke" to the people, and in some way "energized" the island. The Australian researcher Mark Balfour believes that the statues interacted with the earth's electro-magnetic field, protecting and energizing the island. He mentions that on the back of the statues there is a circle at the base of the spine. This point is known as the "Sacrum". In Chinese it is called the "Door of Life". In India it is known as the "Kundalini" (Life Force) and is closely associated with the Hindu word "mana". The Kundalini, according to Indian esoteric knowledge, lies like a coiled serpent awaiting ascent along the spine. The ascent is hastened and the potency of the energy amplified by the discipline of Kundalini Yoga.

Balfour believes the statues, in essence, are blueprints in stone of the human entity, their dimensions constructed in exact proportions to that of the human being. When man lived close to the forces of nature, he understood that those forces could be harnessed by strictly designed megalithic structures, says Balfour.

The initiate Veriveri told Maziere that, "All the Moai that look towards the South are different. They hold the force of the Antarctic winds and they transmit their powers to a huge red volcanic rock that marks the end of the Triangle of the Pacific Islands". In another statement, he told Maziere that "the dead power of the island has been given to another island to keep".[95] Balfour believes that island to be one of the Fijian group.

Balfour believes that the statues are linked to the giant rock that is Easter Island by resonance. According to him, they were great batteries and transmitters of energy aligned with the energy grid surrounding the earth. It is possible that a small shift in the earth's pole could have influenced Telluric currents on Easter Island. Mana, the power of the statues, died on the island when the magnetic field shifted. No longer could they transmit or "hold back the force of the Antarctic winds". The sudden ceasing of the work on the statues could be due to this cutting off of vital telluric energy by a change in the magnetic field. Then, the purpose of the moai could no longer be fulfilled.

§§§

Beyond the seven statues, I took off over a field and up to a trail in the tall grass that led up onto the slopes of the Rano-A-Roi crater, the largest on the island. There is no road around this part of the island, only a horse trail that traverses the high slope several hundred feet above the ocean.

I stopped at some old ruins and had lunch. I had a good view of the ocean, and wondered about the ancient wall I sat on. It had apparently been part of a house or something. It was too far inland to be an ahu, a platform for one of the moai that stare inland guarding the island. There was little left but a mass of large stone blocks piled up and crumbling. It had the appearance of being many hundreds, even thousands, of years old.

As I walked along the slopes of the crater, heading north, I pulled out my trusty Swedish *orienteering* compass to check out my direction on the map, and was amazed to find that it had gone haywire! The needle of the compass moved in a very odd fashion, spinning about and eventually pointing in a direction that was definitely not north, according to my orientation. I got out my Spanish topographical map of the island to see my position and while studying the map noticed some words in Spanish on the map. They said that in the area next to the volcano that I was on there were "magnetic anomalies".

These "magnetic anomalies" appeared to be a mass of magnetic, volcanic rock somewhere on the volcano. This anomaly was very real, as my compass told me. I looked up at the volcano several hundred feet above me. There were no large outcrops of rock, only rocky, grassy slopes. Whatever was causing the magnetic anomaly was inside the volcano or beneath the earth at my feet.

I wandered along in the sunny afternoon watching the sea and the lava-strewn trail. At one point I noticed some caves to the right of the trail in a ravine, and then some ruins by the trail to the left. Investigating the ruins, I was astonished to find what seemed like a fused road of stones, polygonal in fashion, like the megalithic ruins of Sacsayhuaman or Ollantaytambo in Peru. I looked around me and saw more fused stone. I was standing on as smooth a road as could be, though it was obviously fused. Yet, on closer examination, it appeared to be a natural lava flow that had crystallized and cracked.

Getting out my map, I discovered that this site was called Ana Hu, just off to the west side of the trail. My initial shock at finding what seemed to be vitrified rock of a man-made structure, faded away as I increasingly suspected the formation to be natural. Yet, nearby were honest ruins of a platform or a building. They showed no sign of being vitrified. The incredible science-fiction atomic battles of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana never quite reached this area of the world. . .or did they?

The afternoon was getting on, so I headed on around the volcano, eventually turning east to get to Anakena Beach. On the way I passed a water windmill for pumping fresh water into a tank along the arid coast (all of the island is arid, and water is very rare). Then a local man came along on a horse. He was a Polynesian with a cowboy hat and inquiring smile. We chatted briefly and I told him I was on my way to Anakena Beach. He said he was riding back to Hanga Roa. I asked him if I could take his photo and he agreed.

It was another hour to Anakena, and I arrived just before sunset. I plopped down on the white, deserted beach and stared at the five moais that stared back at me from their platform. I lay on the grass where it met the sand, and looked out over the measureless ocean rippling in the liquid orange of the sunset. I watched in awe until I pitched my tent on the beach in the last of twilight, and then sat before the shore

eating bread, sardines and cheese. This was the main—indeed, practically the only—beach on the whole island. It was here that Roggeveen first set foot on the island in 1722, and here that nearly every other ship anchored off shore. Today only a solitary park ranger lives in a small cabin in the brief woods near the beach.

As I tired, I lay back in the sand and grass by my tent and looked at the bay. In the dim moonlight that shone down on the beach, I imagined a Maori long canoe, or Viking long boat, or a reed boat from India or Peru landing on the beach. Here it was, at the navel of the world, that the ancient sea trading cultures may have met. Or perhaps, for the great Sun Empire of the Pacific, this was the last stop on the way to South America, or the first stop on the way to Tahiti or New Zealand. What ancient ghosts walked the sands of Anakena Beach?

The next morning I was up with the sun, enjoying the early morning light and exploring the beach. I discovered that there were two large moai platforms with a total of seven statues erected. Not only were the statues fifteen or twenty feet tall, but the platforms were constructed with huge, cut stone blocks. They did not fit perfectly together, but were crudely stacked in a wall.

One statue, alone and closer to the beach, had a plaque on it stating that it had been erected in 1956 by an expedition led by the Norwegian archaeologist Thor Heyerdahl.

The moai on the main platform were curious because on their back sides was a clear carving of a spiral design that Mark Balfour believes represents the kundalini energy. What was particularly interesting to me was that the design was identical to an Egyptian Ankh, the cross which symbolizes eternal life.

Elsewhere around the beach and nearby, I discovered gigantic cut-stone blocks that were easily several tons in weight. These seemed scattered about the area, and were not part of any structure. They appeared to be the leftovers of some other construction long since vanished.

Could it be, I wondered, that these were the left over stones of some ancient structure that was destroyed to build the ahu (platform) that the moais stood on? This could explain why cut stone blocks of megalithic proportions were placed in less-than-perfect fashion on the platform as well as why other blocks were left standing alone in the grass. The platform at Vinapu on the other side of the island was supposedly perfectly-fitted megalithic construction as found at Tiahuanaco, Cuzco, Ollantaytambo and Machu Picchu. What gigantic stone structure had stood here and has since been dismantled, I wondered?

Just then the Ranger who is in charge of Anakena Beach walked up behind me. “Is this your tent?” he asked me in Spanish.

“Yes, I arrived here last night after sunset”, I told him.

“Well, you cannot camp here”, he said, gesturing to my tent near the beach. “You’ll have to move your tent”.

“Where should I move it, sir?” I asked.

“Over there by the Eucalyptus trees”, he said and I nodded.

Later, I took down my tent and packed my backpack, leaving it by a palm tree near the beach, one of a handful on the whole island. I then walked back to the ranger’s cabin and had a cup of tea with him. We talked about Anakena Beach and his life as a ranger there. It was a little lonely, he said, but he was an artist who liked some time to draw, and he had a wife in Hanga Roa. After the cup of tea, I returned to the beach to get my pack.

As I walked out of Anakena with my trusty pack on my back, I looked back at the solitary moai with the plaque commemorating Thor Heyerdahl’s visit in 1956.

Born in Larvik, Norway in 1914, Thor Heyerdahl was to become an adventurer and explorer whose theories would rock the scientific world and ultimately make him

rich. Shortly after finishing his studies in zoology at the University of Oslo he fled from civilization with his wife to live on an isolated island in the Marquesas. From 1936 to 1937 they lived on the remote island of Fatu Hiva where an old man called Tei Teua told them a legend of how the first inhabitants of those islands had come from a land to the east, on the other edge of the sea, under the command of a divine king called Tiki". Heyerdahl then set off on a ten-year study of American Indian and Pacific literature for some evidence of New World—Pacific contacts.

Among Peruvian legends dating from before the Inca empire, he found an account of a certain Kon Tiki, a name which signified "Tiki of the Sun", who ruled a domain in the vicinity of Lake Titicaca. Kon Tiki was defeated in battle and fled with some loyal companions to the Peruvian coast. There he built a raft and sailed west. Heyerdahl believed that this might be the same Tiki as in the Marquesan legend. He then found evidence that peoples in the central Andean coastal region had been capable of making ocean-going rafts.

Heyerdahl and four companions set off to Ecuador after World War II to build a raft using ancient techniques and sail it to Polynesia. They cut balsa logs from the interior, floated them to the coast and constructed a raft with a large square sail and peculiar Peruvian centerboards made of vertical planks passed downward between the logs.

He named the vessel *Kon-Tiki* and on April 28, 1947, he and his companions sailed westward from Lima. Using the prevailing southeasterly winds and the westward drift of the Humboldt current, they arrived at Raroia in the Tuamotu Archipelago after 101 days. Being unable to maneuver the raft to an opening in the reef, they ran it over the sharp coral, destroying the ship.

Heyerdahl found later that if had known how to operate the center boards correctly, by lowering one and raising others, the ship would have been a great deal more maneuverable, and could have sailed surprisingly close to the wind. The ship was more suited to ocean crossings than even Heyerdahl had imagined![102]

Certainly Heyerdahl proved that such an ocean crossing was possible, yet of course, he did little to persuade the academics that anyone ever did make such a crossing. After all, it is "scientific fact" that man crossed the Bering Strait in 10,000 BC and walked down to South America. What more need be said, and why was this annoying Norwegian sailing around the world to prove his crazy ideas?

Heyerdahl became even more annoying when, in 1952, he published his book called *American Indians in the Pacific*.[103] The book *Kon-Tiki* published two years earlier, had earned him enough money that he could continue his investigations independently. In 1953, accompanied by two archaeologists, he carried out excavations on the Galapagos Islands which proved that someone was living on the island in prehistory. They discovered over 2,000 pieces of pottery which were later dated as being about 2,000 years old.[104] This is interesting, as the pottery discovered at Nan Modal is of a similar age.

It was in 1955 and 1956 that Heyerdahl led his important expedition to Easter Island. This culminated in his best-selling book *Aku-Aku*.[100] Accompanied by five archaeologists, the group worked on Easter Island for over five months, completing detailed excavations of religious structures, villages, caves, the great statue quarry at Rano Raraku, and various other sites to add to our knowledge of the mysterious past of the island. The expedition later visited Pitcairn Island, Mangareva, Rapa Iti, Tubuai, Raivavae, the Marquesas and other islands.

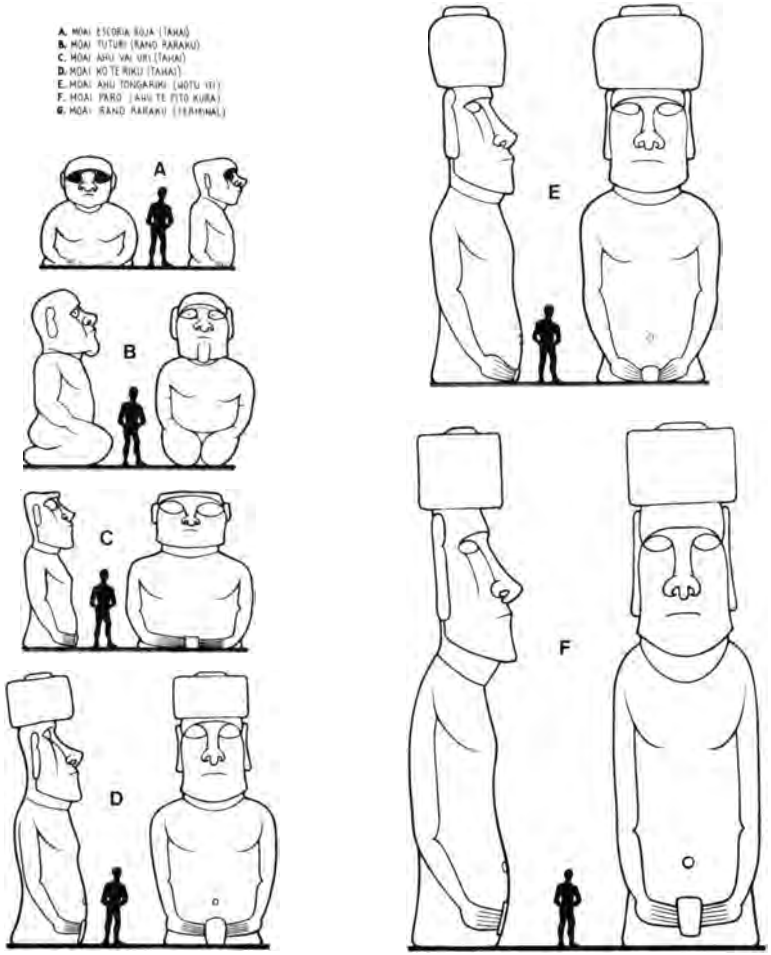
Father Sebastian Englert, a German priest who lived on Easter Island from 1935 to 1969, comments on Heyerdahl's theories in his book *Island At the Center of the World*:[101] "Heyerdahl's views, in the terms in which he has presented them, have found few supporters among anthropologists. Yet he has contributed a great service

by the investigations he has made possible and in calling attention to the possibility of New World influences, at least on eastern Polynesia. Even Buck (Peter Buck, author of *Vikings of the Pacific*,[77] the classic text on the origin of Polynesians) could not ignore such American plants as the bottle gourd and the sweet potato which must have been introduced by man. Other plants are equally suggestive, though evidence for their origin is not so clear. Among these are Hawaiian cotton and the totora reed, which grows in the crater lakes of Easter Island".[101]

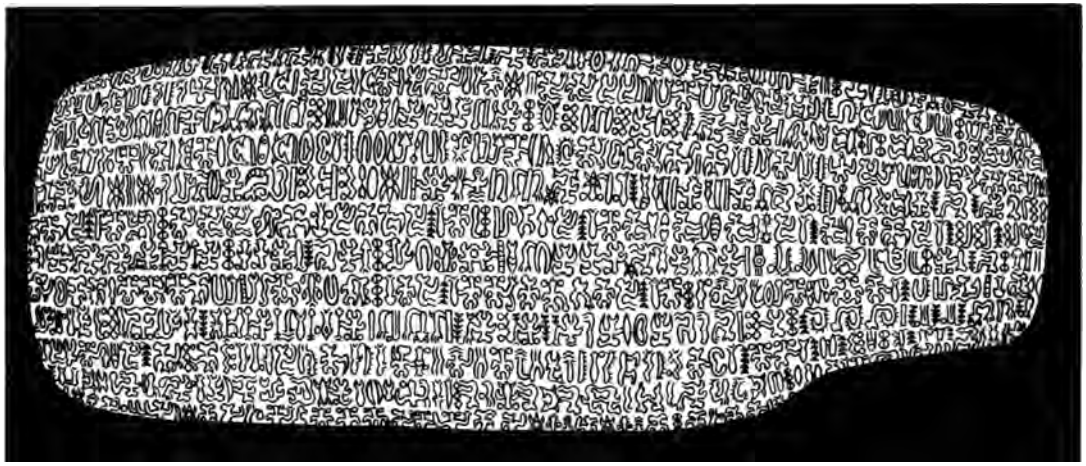
Englert also mentions the stonemasonry at Vinapu as possible proof of South American involvement, as it is identical to stone construction in Peru. Linguistically, it is interesting to note the word *tiki*, a prevalent word in Polynesian, usually referring to statues that are remarkably similar to statues found at Tiahuanaco (Heyerdahl noted this in *American Indians in the Pacific*). Also the word *mana* is used in ancient Sanskrit, and its meaning is identical on Easter Island; a mental, mystical power made manifest in physical form.

A recent article in *Discover* magazine (May, 1987) seeks to disprove Heyerdahl. An archaeologist from UCLA named Jo Anne Van Tilburg, who participated in a survey of the statues by the University of Chile, was quoted as saying that Heyerdahl's theories were "unfounded" and that Easter Island "can be placed squarely in the school of traditional Oceanian sculpture".

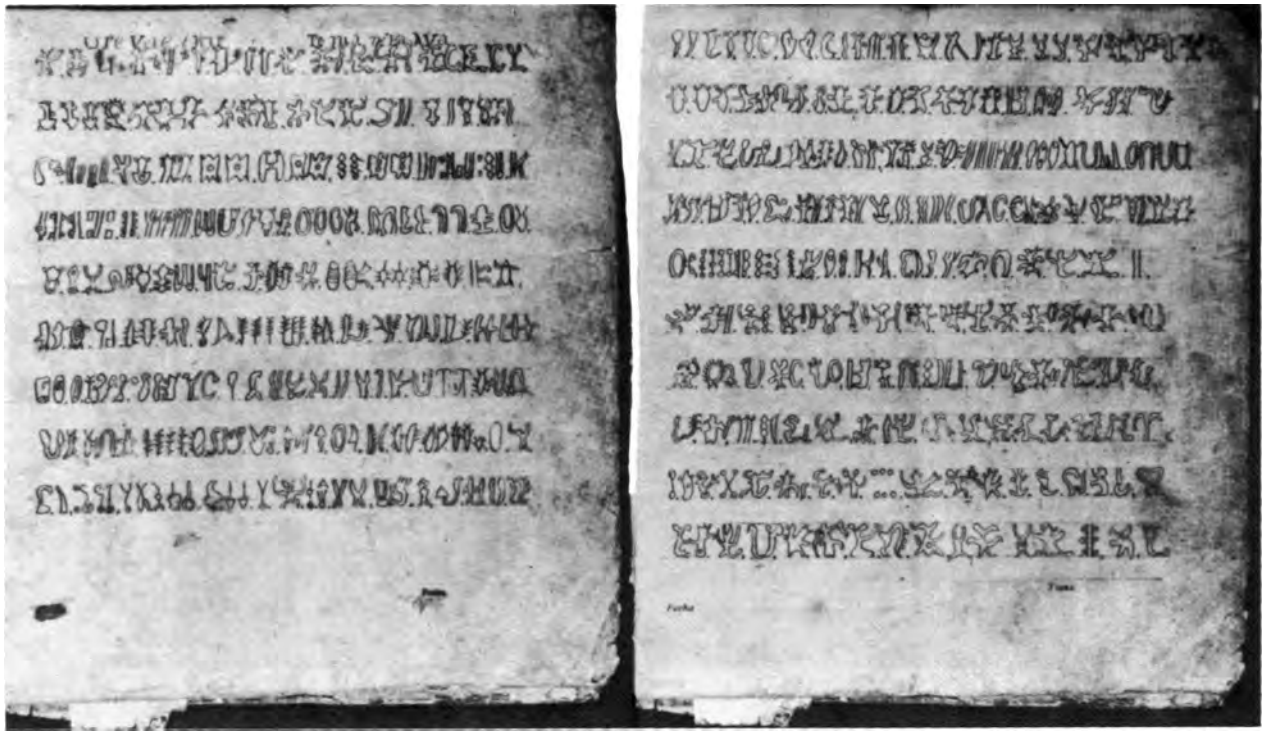
The article really says nothing new, it seems more of a cheap shot at Heyerdahl, commenting at the end that Heyerdahl at recent conferences continues to promote his ideas, "while presenting no compelling new evidence on their behalf". Not only do those "experts" not seem to understand Heyerdahl's theories, which is really that ancient seafarers traveled all over the world, and not just about an isolated voyage from Peru to Easter Island, but they refuse to recognise that any evidence even exists! It is the paradox of "experts": some, like Heyerdahl feel that evidence is overwhelming on behalf of their theories, while others cannot see even a shred of proof. Ironically, the "real" truth seems to be far more astonishing than either will acknowledge.



Various types of statues, or Moai, on Easter Island. Some of these statues are unique, such as B, a bearded, kneeling statue identical to statues found at Mohenjo Daro in Pakistan and at Tiahuanaco in Bolivia. The astounding size of some of the statues found at Rano Raraku Crater can be seen in E and F.



Drawing of a Rongo Rongo tablet (Talking Board). This writing has been compared to writing at Mohenjo Daro and Harappa in Pakistan. Both scripts are currently undeciphered. Lines were alternately "upside-down" so the board had to be turned after each line.

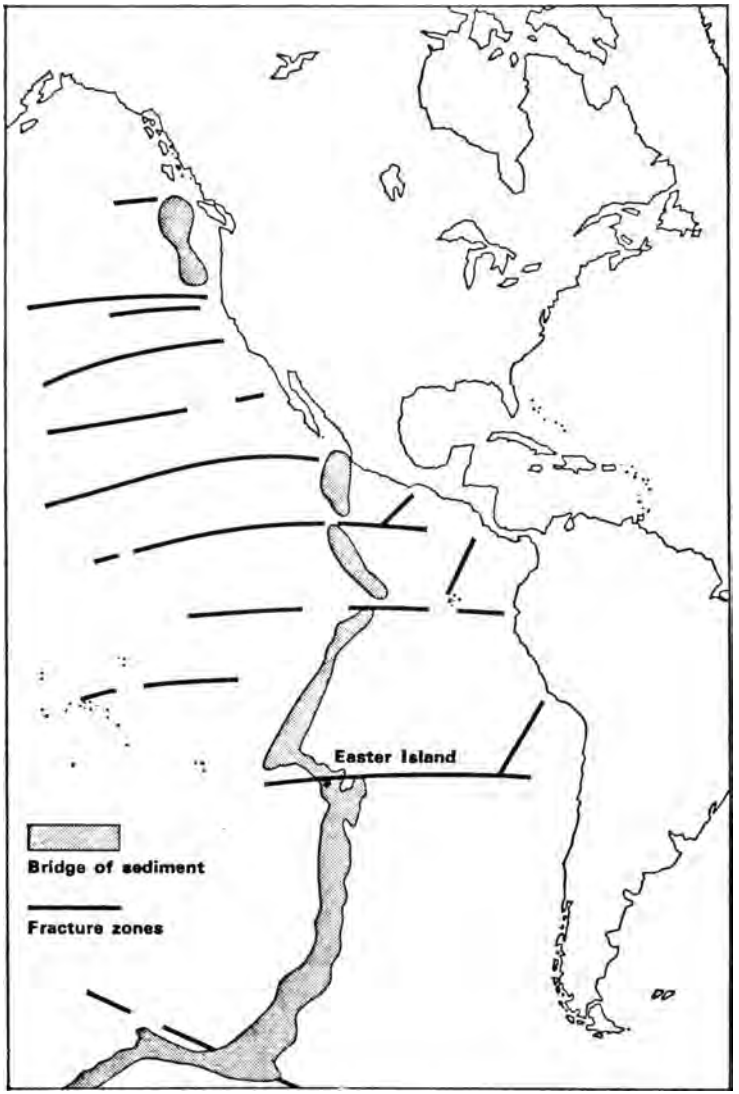


Pages from the notebook of RONGO-RONGO *writing used for Dr. Schwartzs translations. This unique notebook was given to Tila Mazière by Veriveri, the last initiate of the Island of Silence,* PHOTOGRAPHY F. MAZIÈRE.

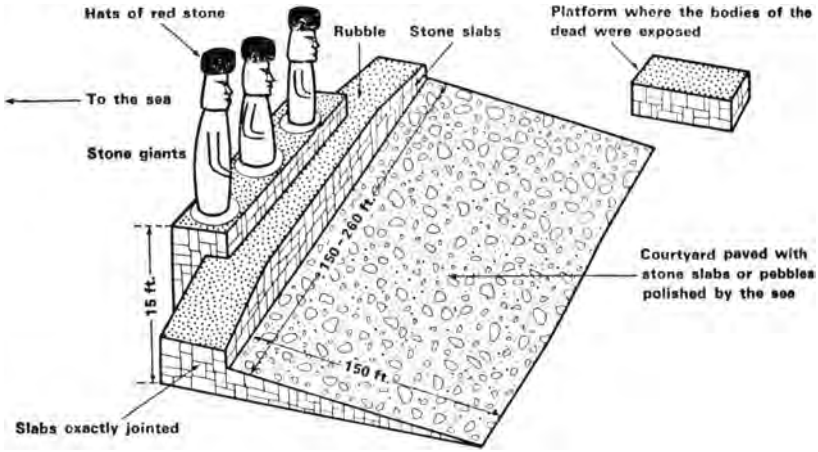
A comparison of a few of the many Easter Island written symbols with similar Indus Valley signs.

Early drawing of Easter Island statues. Note the long ears and a native stealing a hat. From *Charts and Plates to La Perouse's Voyage*.

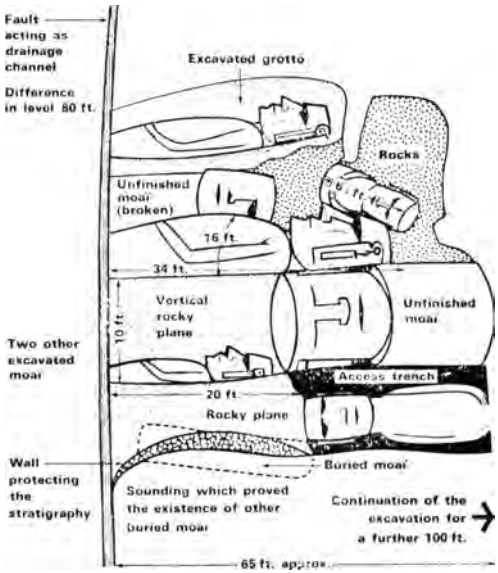
Gabriel Veriveri, the last initiate of the Island of Silence. He died of leprosy, PHOTOGRAPH F. MAZIÈRE.



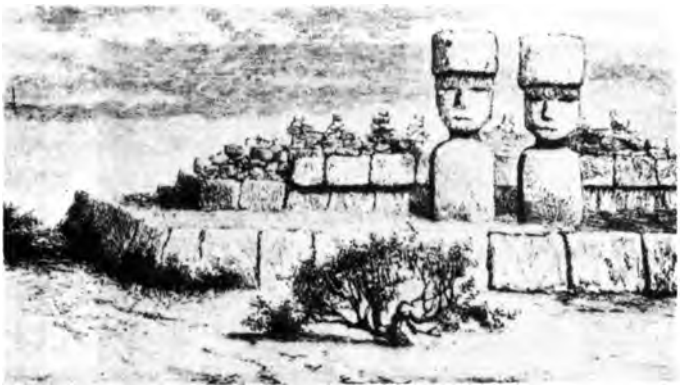
Maziere's idea of the lost continent of Hiva according to Easter Island mythology. He believed it to be a long, continental ridge, of which only Easter Island remains.



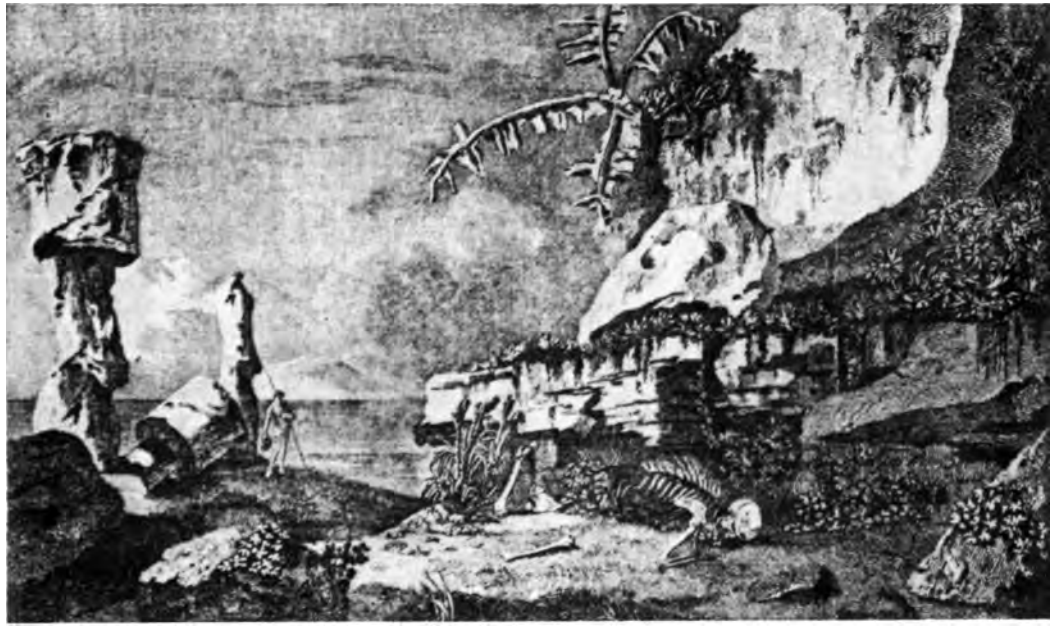
Plan of ahu-moai, the stone platform on which the giant statues were set up.



Drawings from Francis Maziere's *Mystery of Easter Island*.



Two unusual early drawings of Moai. The upper drawing illustrates squared blocks and pyramidical nature of the platform. Contrast the statues with those in the bottom picture.



This early print of Easter Island attempts to show the great antiquity of the statues and platforms of the island. Actually, all statues along the coast were toppled over at an unknown time for an unknown reason. Statues at Rano Raraku were still, though buried up to their chins in sediment, as many are today. Easter Islanders cremated their dead originally, but when wood became scarce, the dead were interred in family caves, used as crude crypts.

Chapter Fourteen

EASTER ISLAND (TWO): AND THE STATUES WALK...

Rano Raraku remains one of the greatest
and strangest monuments of all creation;
the memorial to a lost period of which
we know nothing and a warning
regarding the transiency of the future.
—Thor Heyerdahl

Continuing my trek around the island, I headed out of Anakena Beach, and walked east along the coast. I stopped at the only other beach on the island, Playa de Ovahe. Just before the beach there was a massive stone wall with small rocks piled up behind it. Was it an Ahu? The wall seemed too long and narrow to actually be a platform for a moai. I passed several towers which were twelve feet tall with a low door. I crawled inside one to find a vaulted dome about ten feet high. It gave me the impression of an artificial cave.

I was heading for Rano Raraku, thinking I would spend the night there, when I saw a large wall and decided to have lunch there. Looking at the massive stones, I was amazed to find inside the walls a strange pile of volcanic stones that seemed to be fused together. Why should they be enclosed in wall?

I was sitting by the wall having a lunch of bread and cheese when I noticed some people by a small corrugated iron hut down by the shore. The people also noticed me and waved for me to come and join them. I stumbled over the volcanic rock and reached the hut where a half-dozen men, women and children were eating lunch around a fire. An old station wagon was parked by the hut.

A native woman with long black hair and brown skin asked me in perfect English if I would like some fish and tea. Even though I had just eaten, I replied that I would enjoy both. As I ate some boiled fresh fish, most of the people left in the station wagon, and I was left talking with an Easter Island woman with long black hair whose name was Monica.

I guessed Monica was in her forties. She had married an American radar operator back in the late sixties, she told me when the American military had a satellite tracking station on the island. She had lived with her husband all over the world, in Ethiopia, Iran, Mauritius and back in Virginia for many years. As we both drank a cup of tea she told me that she had a twenty-year-old son in Virginia, but she had divorced her husband a few years ago and moved back to Easter Island.

It was rare to find someone on the island who spoke such good English and who had traveled the world as she had. She struck me immediately as a very interesting and energetic woman, though she seemed a bit at a loss for what to do on this tiny island of Rapa Nui. She was bored with life in Hanga Roa, so she preferred to live here in this fisherman's shack, "camping" as she put it.

I was just finishing the tea when she mentioned some caves in the interior of the

island that she wanted to explore, but couldn't as she didn't have a flashlight.

"I have a flashlight", I said. In fact, I had two!

"Do you want to explore one of the caves?" she asked.

"Sure", I said remembering Thor Heyerdahl's adventures in the caves, related in *Aku-Aku*. The family caves were sacred, and most islanders were afraid to go in them. Within these caves, the famous rongo-rongo tablets had been found, as well as many interesting relics from the history of the island, including statues of men with beards who look like Vikings. Neither Polynesians nor American Indians have very thick beards.

Thor Heyerdahl describes his discoveries of the caves in an article in *Realities* magazine (Jan-Feb, 1980): "I knew that visitors to Easter Island had always been told of secret family caves containing heirlooms stored away and protected by guardian spirits. The promise of great rewards tempted many natives to take such visitors into their hidden caverns, but invariably the fear of supernatural punishment made the natives lose courage at the last moment, and the entrances remained hidden from outsiders. With the 20th century rise of prices, the temptation for the cave owners increased.

"Father Sebastian Englert, a Capuchin missionary from Chile, had spent twenty years on the island and knew it better than any other foreigner. He had spoken to islanders and recorded how they made a ceremonial earth oven, termed *umu takapu*, in which they baked chicken and sweet potatoes as an offering to the *aku-aku* guarding the cave before they dared remove the stones concealing the entrance. He had recorded how the bodies of twentieth-century natives had been removed from the Christian cemetery at night, to disappear forever in some occult family cave. Old people had even offered sculptures from their secret caves to relatives in return for help to get inside and die there among the pagan objects, with the entrance sealed behind them.

"My guide, Lazaro, who had been calm, grew visibly nervous as we neared our destination. He whipped his horse and begged me to quicken my pace. When we came to the cliffs, he jumped off hurriedly, tied up his horse, and made signs for me to do the same. He tore off his shirt and trousers and, naked except for his shorts, ran down the slope toward the edge of the precipice. He implored me to strip and follow him quickly with the hen that he had brought and already baked. Barefooted and also stripped except for shorts, I hurried after him, just in time to catch up as he was about to vanish over the edge of the cliff. He mumbled a snappish and nervous order: eat the tail of the chicken and give him a bit, which I did. Nervously looking left and right, he gulped it down almost like a wild beast, and we maneuvered over the edge. Pressed motionless against the vertical rock, we barely had space to stand side by side. In this awkward position, Lazaro solemnly demanded that I give him my hand and promise not to tell anyone what we were up to. He triumphantly stated that nobody could reach or even see the cave opening unless they knew exactly what to do from that point; whereupon he demonstrated a series of steps and half-turns, ending by first kneeling and then stretching out in a prone position on a narrow shelf below.

"The hole into the rock was so rugged and narrow that it was difficult even to worm ahead without getting scratched. When the passage began to widen a little, a dim light from the other end made the contours of two stone figurines visible. The one on the right proved to be a small stone bust of the conventional Easter Island type, but distinguishable from the normal tourist fakes by its superior workmanship and genuine patina. The one on the left was of a completely aberrant type, representing two mating turtles.

"A bit further in, the ceiling rose enough for a person to sit upright. In the oblong cave dimly illuminated through a small crack in the wall lay the crumbling remains of two human skeletons. Their naturally outstretched arms did not exclude the

possibility of their having been entombed alive.

"Blocking further advance was a stone plaque placed upright in the center. It showed a straddling male figure carved in high relief with pendant genitalia, raised arms, and all four limbs bent at right angles. On each side of this menacing figure, masses of stone sculptures (the moai maea, sacred family stone images) were placed unsystematically on the irregular floor.

"Lazaro entered the cave with an expression of abhorrence rather than worship. We could talk aloud and freely although it seemed natural to subdue our voices in these surroundings. Lazaro later remarked that there were no evil aku-aku in the cave because he had 'said the words' when alone ahead of me. He pointed out the big squatting figure as the "most important" of the sculptures: it was the "chief" of the others and represented a former 'king'. The sculpture of mating turtles, he insisted, helped bring that species to the local shores and increase its fertility.

"Removing the sculptures from the cave without scratching them proved to be an extremely difficult task. It was necessary for me to wriggle back and forth through the entrance tunnel with only one sculpture at a time, keeping a flashlight in one hand and the carving in the other, while pushing cautiously ahead on my elbows in order not to cut myself or bump the figure against the floor, walls, or ceiling. The moon had risen but the maneuvers were so difficult and time-consuming that we gave up after extracting eight carvings. We returned with a larger and better-equipped expedition team next morning and extracted from this cave a total of 95 sculptures..".

Monica, her cousin—a tall, handsome young man who had studied in Chile for several years—and I took off into the interior of the island to find the cave. The ground was rough and strewn everywhere with volcanic rock. One thing that struck me on this venture into the interior was that Easter Island was anything but a flat grassy plain. The theory that the statues had been moved to their places by the use of wooden rollers or sleds has some problems: one was that the island is so rocky, it would have been impossible to roll any logs across it, with or without statues on them.

Jean-Michel Schwartz says in *The Mysteries of Easter Island*[97] that he believes the statues were not moved by wooden rollers or sleds but rather by using ropes around the statues which "walked" the statues in the same way as one might walk a refrigerator; by tilting it first to one side, shifting the airborne portion forward, and setting it down again. By this method, the statues would truly walk in a waddle fashion around the island.

Later, a Czech mechanical engineer named Pavel recreated this method along with Thor Heyerdahl. With twenty other men, they tied ropes around the statue and leaned it from side to side while pulling it forward with the rope, a slight variation on Schartz's method. The method worked, but was excruciatingly slow. It is an ingenious theory which takes into account the legends of the walking statues, but was it the actual method used?

We passed by one small cave that entered onto a lava slab. Next we came to a stack of stones where Monica's cousin showed us what appeared to be the skull of a child inside, and then went on to a mass of lava flows in the interior of the island. Her cousin stopped and looked around. The cave was right around here, he said.

I looked around. There were no cliffs or such where one might expect to find a cave. "Is he sure this is the spot?" I asked Monica.

It was, she announced, and then suddenly her cousin found it. It was a small hole at the end of a lava slab by which we were standing. The entrance was just large enough for a person to crawl through. I gave Monica a flashlight, and she bravely went first. I offered her cousin the chance to go next, but he refused.

"He's afraid", called Monica from inside. "You come!"

Indeed, her cousin would not enter the cave. With my flashlight firmly in my

hand, I dropped down into the hole. It was wet and muddy inside because of the recent rains, and just large enough to crawl around in. The ceiling was only two feet high, but the first room was very large, about twenty feet in diameter. It went quite far back and other passageways could be seen going back further underground.

In the center of the room were some human bones and a skull. Lying on my side, I took a couple of photos with a flash. I crawled on my stomach to the center of the room where both Monica and I could just barely crouch. Monica suggested that we explore other rooms. Looking back I could see her cousin crouched at the entrance, having dropped down from the surface.

"He won't come inside", said Monica as we crawled toward one of the passageways. "He is afraid of the Aku-Aku. The spirit of the cave. Aku-Aku means at the same time 'forbidden' and 'guardian spirit'. If this was his family's cave, he would not be afraid, but it is not. Come on! Crawl on your stomach like scorpion".

There was nothing in the next room, so we squeezed back through the passage into the main room. On my belly, I decided to explore the other passageway that seemed more promising on the other side of cave. I squeezed, barely, through a long thin passage into a larger, but not higher, room. I crawled on, hardly able to move in the cramped conditions. I lost sight of Monica in the main room, and moved on to try and reach the end. This was certainly no place for someone with claustrophobia.

I shone my flashlight in a far corner, searching for some statue or even a rongo-rongo tablet. Monica became frightened as I moved back further into the cave and called, "David! Come back! We must get out of this cave!"

Just then my flashlight shone on a skull and some bones. Why was she suddenly so scared? Did she now know something that I didn't? Unlike Heyerdahl's guide, I was not aware of Monica taking any precautions against "protecting spirits". Taking a deep breath so as to remain steady and calm, I turned around with great effort inside the tiny area. In some places the ceiling was so low I could barely pass under it. Monica and her cousin were waiting outside for me when I finally emerged back in the sunshine.

I breathed the clean air and took off my muddy shirt. Beneath it was a clean T-shirt. "Quite an adventure", I said to her.

She and her cousin nodded. We walked back toward her little shack, stopping at a fallen moai on the way. This moai was huge, twenty-five feet or more in length, and was still propped up at an angle. Stone walls had been built around it, turning the fallen statue into a small cave-house. The house was obviously quite old, and seemed to indicate that the toppling of the statues was an act of great antiquity.

It was nearly dark when we got back to the hut. It had two rooms and a bunk bed, plus boxes and a table and some of Monica's things. Her cousin and a woman with two little girls lived in the second room. "Camping out", said Monica. We cooked some soup, and I lay in the bottom bunk beneath my sleeping bag while it started to rain outside. Monica was telling a long story about her life with her American husband in Virginia, or Iran, or something, and I drifted away, listening to the wind howl outside and the rain clatter noisily on the corrugated tin roof.

I fell asleep as Monica talked. I think that it was therapeutic for her to speak in English to me about her life with her ex-husband and the many adventures and travels she had had. I had been to all the places that she spoke about, so I was able to ask her things that her friends could not.

Suddenly, in the middle of the night, I woke up to an absolutely raging storm outside. It might well have been a typhoon, it seemed so violent. The wind tore at the hut, and the corrugated sheets flapped in the strong gale. I thought the roof would be torn off. The hut shook violently and pouring rain battered the plywood of the west wall. Was this the Aku-Aku spirit of the cave that we had entered, I wondered seriously as I sat up in bed?

I was genuinely worried that the cabin would be blown away when an extremely violent gust of wind hit the west wall and threatened to blow the cabin over. Monica was awake too, and exclaimed, "I never saw such a storm!"

I still had my clothes on and I leapt out of the bunk to the wall, throwing my body against it in order to keep it up. The wind was very strong and the plywood bent inward. I struggled to hold it up and keep the hut from literally being blown to pieces. Rain was coming in from the makeshift door, and Monica stuffed a towel into the crack at the bottom. "I'm sorry that I entered your cave", I said silently to myself, my superstitious nature rising to the occasion. "I didn't take anything!"

Though it was only a storm, and a brief and violent one at that, after I had consciously considered the possibility of an Aku-Aku attack, and apologized, the wind suddenly died down. At least I can honestly say that I respect the traditions and customs of all people, and attempt, in my own way, to abide by them. Since the people of Rapa Nui genuinely believe in the protecting Aku-Aku spirits, therefore, it was also a consideration of mine. Mind power, or as the Rapa Nui people say, 'mana', can work in strange ways.

As the wind settled down, I went back to the bunk and listened to the rain beat steadily against the roof. My mind wandered to the fantastic adventures I had had. I realized how genuinely fortunate I was. Not only was I alive and healthy, I had been blessed with many unusual learning experiences. I thought of the ancient Masters of whom Lao Tzu had spoken. Deep in my heart I believed in these people. Were they from ancient Lemuria? Perhaps they were indeed the "Thirteenth School" of Elders which *The Lemurian Fellowship* spoke of as having relocated their headquarters to an area of Central Asia before the sinking of the great Pacific Continent. Generally, this ruling body of these ancient ones is known as the "Council of Seven".

Grateful for my many blessings, I gave thanks to the Ancient Masters and Melchizedek, the Archangelic Host, according to Nestorian Christians. Perhaps the Council of Seven would give me a sign, I thought, as I drifted back to sleep. . .

§§§

It was later that morning that I woke up again. The sun was shining and the air was still. Monica was already up, making tea.

"I never saw a storm like that one before", she said, fiddling with a kerosene stove. "I thought it would tear down my camping place. Good thing that you held up the walls last night".

"I didn't hold up the walls last night", I replied. "In that strong wind it would have been impossible".

After a cup of tea, I packed my pack and then walked around outside. The little girls were playing down by the shore, and Monica's cousin was mending some fishing line. A very old and small rowboat was on the rocks by the shore, perhaps what he used for fishing. I thanked Monica for her hospitality, and told her that I was shortly going to walk to Rano Raraku, a few hours away.

"I'll go with you", she said. "I want to go back to Hanga Roa. Maybe I can get a lift with someone we meet on the road". That was fine with me, and together we started out over the volcanic rock for the caldera in the distance.

Near Monica's "camping place" is the unique and odd artifact called Te Pito Kura. It is a perfectly round sphere about two and half feet in diameter, sitting near the shore. Monica, and later Marcos, told me that the Masters of the island would use the stone to focus their "mana" power, and so command the statues to walk.

It took us an hour to reach Rano Raraku, the famous quarry of the statues of the island. We stopped at the ranger's hut there as we arrived. There was a brief shower and the skies cleared again. We then walked up onto the spectacular slopes of the

volcano.

Every book and paper on Easter Island must highlight this wonder of wonders. It is truly one of the mysteries of the world. All around the grassy crater, inside and outside, are gigantic carved statues from an age gone by. Half sunken in the infertile soil or lying down, there are an estimated 276 statues around the crater, 193 complete and 83 in the initial stages of carving. It is not the difficulty in carving the statues that is astonishing to most people, it is the size. Most statues are at least 40 feet tall and weigh an estimated 200 to 300 tons! The largest is more than 70 feet tall and weighs an estimated 400 tons!

The material is not basalt, as is sometimes stated. It is a thick conglomerate of sand and volcanic ash called “lapilli”. It is not a particularly hard stone, and can be worked fairly easily with stone tools, especially obsidian or basalt chisels and hammers. It is conservatively estimated that it took many months to carve one statue. Father Sebastian Englert estimated that if several groups of sculptors worked at the same time, all the statues could theoretically have been made in one century.

There are many different types of moais to found in the quarry and all over Easter Island. Many statues are completed, but were never moved. Some lie on their backs; others are standing chest deep or even up to their mouths in the soil.

Monica and I walked around the outside of the crater on a small trail and looked at the statues. They stood twenty feet tall around us, and were buried up to their waists or chests. One moai that Heyerdahl excavated in 1956 has a masted ship on its stomach. Heyerdahl believed that this was an ancient sailing ship used by explorers who came from Peru. Others say that the ship is an early carving of a European ship that visited the island. The only problem with this explanation is that the carving was only discovered after Heyerdahl had dug the soil around it away. It seems likely that the several feet of soil that had amassed over the drawing would have taken hundreds of years to accumulate.

The statues seem originally to have been standing on the slope just as they are found today and were typically forty to fifty feet tall. Indeed, some stood as tall as a seven-story building, and the largest, still in the quarry, was more than seventy feet tall. Therefore, it would seem that the carving of the ship on the belly of one of the statues would be far older than the discovery of the island in 1722. The statue itself must be centuries older than that.

I was immediately struck by the fact that the crater and the statues around it were quite different than the moais and ruins around the rest of the island. While the moais that were erected on platforms around the edge of the island were put there to protect the island, the purpose of these statues around the crater was something else. Many researchers believe that these statues around the crater were just waiting to be moved out, to “walk” as it were, to their ahu-platform somewhere on the island. Looking around, I thought not.

Something else that immediately came to my attention as I wondered at the gigantic statues around me were the large lichen spots on all of the statues. Lichen eats living rock and grows very slowly—fractions of an inch over hundreds of years. Ages of rocks are sometimes estimated by how large the lichen patches on them are. A large lichen patch would suggest that these statues were thousands of years old. In an effort to check this out, I measured lichen patches on uncut rock. They were only slightly larger than those on the statues themselves.

Monica stood by me and said, “How do you suppose these statues were moved? I’ll tell you. The ancients of our island said to them, ‘Walk!’, and they walked! That is how they moved these statues, with the power of the mind!”

Monica showed me a fallen moai nearby that had markings on it similar to Maori tatoos. And then around a corner of the slope we came to an unusual, in fact unique, statue that stood some fifteen feet high, very small for one of the statues. What is

particularly different is that the statue is of a bearded man kneeling and is of a completely different style than other statues.

The name of this statue is Tukutui, and it was only discovered in 1956 by Thor Heyerdahl's expedition. It was nearly entirely buried in soil and lying on its back when excavated and erected by the Norwegian team. It is also the complete body of a man, while the other statues are only busts, gigantic ones at that, from about the waist up. Today it only adds to the mystery of the island. I noticed a large lichen spot over one eye, indicating great age.

Father Englert notes that the kneeling posture is typical of a position called "tuku turi" which Rapa Nui dancers sometimes use during "riu" festivals. I had seen the exact statue in two other places, one at the Tiahuanaco park in La Paz, Bolivia, and the other at the ruins of Mohenjo Daro in Pakistan. Was there then a connection between the ancient "Indus Valley Civilization" which readers of this book will remember as the ancient "Rama Empire" of Indian mythology and Tiahuanaco? Was Easter Island some sort of station between India and the Andes?

Monica and I walked up a trail that took us to the top of the crater where we could look down into the lake. Monica stayed by the rim and I walked around the lake, several hundred yards across, filled with totora reeds and with two small reed islands in the center. These are the same reeds that can be found at Lake Titicaca high in the Andes.

Were these reeds planted here by seafarers to repair and build more reed boats for their voyages? Again, I thought of the reed boats used at Lothal in India and the sun temples that Thor Heyerdahl had recently discovered in the Maldives. Heyerdahl believes that a race of seafarers that used reed boats and worshipped the sun once ranged the entire world. He cites such reed boat centers as Tiahuanaco and Chan Chan in South America, Easter Island, Lothal and the coastal cities of the Indus Valley Civilization, Mesopotamia, Egypt and Morocco as centers for this world-wide trading culture.

Perhaps we might call them the Atlantean League? Are these the same people that created what is called the great Sun Empire of the Pacific? An empire that apparently fell apart about two thousand years ago?

These and other thoughts were on my mind as I walked around the lake and reached the east side of the crater where scores of gigantic heads stood on the slopes half buried in the soil. Like the others, they had large lichen patches on them, but unlike other statues on the outside of the crater, they all were standing, and each looked down at the lake.

As I reached the first of the statues, I looked up at the rocky cliffs at the top of the crater. I could see areas that had been cut. I climbed to the top, below the cliffs, and discovered an area that had been cut away in a big rectangular block. Probably a moai had been removed from the space. The wall was carved in such a way that there were seven clearly identified seats along the bench. The seats looked down into the crater at the lake, just as each of the statues did. A tall "guardpost" was located at the southern end of the seats.

The whole scene gave me the impression of a natural amphitheater. My feeling was that this was a ceremonial center where a council sat in the seven seats. Others assembled on the slopes, everyone looking down to the shore of the reed lake.

As I sat in the middle seat, the largest of all, and looked out over the crater, I was reminded of a similar place called Samaipata, in the jungles of Bolivia. I had been to this remote lost city in my travels in South America twice. It too had a natural amphitheater with many seats, many of them quite large, carved into the rock of a high mountain. It is an ancient city, thousands of years old and partly covered with volcanic ash. The entrance to a tunnel system can be found here as well (See my book, *Lost Cities & Ancient Mysteries of South America*).

I looked out over the reed lake and marveled at the natural beauty of it all. The two reed islands were yellowish-green against the yellow hills and birds cried out as they flew overhead.

Was this some sort of council spot for the Atlantean League? Why were there seats for seven people? Since Easter Island was called the "Navel of the World", was this one of the reasons for using Easter Island as a world-wide meeting place? Perhaps Easter Island was an important power spot on the world grid of telluric energies, like Mark Balfour believes. In the alternative history of oceans being virtual highways to world travel instead of impassable barriers, Easter Island might well have been a meeting place for seafarers, those that belonged to the secret brotherhood of the Sun, from all over the world. It was a fantastic thought!

I walked down to the lake and looked up. Fifty or more solemn faces stared down at me. "What is this place supposed to be?" I asked out loud. No one said a word. If this was some sort of ceremonial spot, it might be that the statues were originally part of the annual, monthly or daily activities held here in the crater. Later, when it was no longer used as a ceremonial spot, possibly because of the destruction of the Sun Empire of the Pacific, Atlantis, India or the general crumbling of many nations, the natives of the island began to erect statues, perhaps making new ones, on ahus, around the edge of the island. The statues in this crater appeared to have been placed there purposely. They belonged right where they were, and were not eventually destined for some platform along the shore. Or were they?

I walked back with Monica down to the ranger station. It was starting to get late, and we had seen no cars all day. "Maybe one will come tomorrow", said the ranger.

"I have some friends who live in a house just over there", said Monica, "We can stay with them". Sure enough, a half mile away was a small clump of trees and a house. We walked along an ancient road winding out of the crater towards Hanga Roa. Several large statues, some broken, had fallen down and lay on the ground along the trail.

"This is the road that all the statues took when they walked. These statues must have tripped and fallen on their way as they walked", said Monica as we passed them. Shortly we came to the house, and a strikingly beautiful woman in her late fifties came out to greet us. She seemed pleased to see Monica—and they chatted in the local language for a bit, and we were invited in.

The woman's husband was inside. He too was fairly old for the island, perhaps in his sixties or even seventies. He had bushy grey eyebrows and a weathered face. He was friendly, and I watched him in fascination, though he hardly said anything the whole evening. We had some soup and noodles for dinner, and then watched the sunset over the crater. Later, while Monica and the woman chatted, I wrote in my journal and then fell asleep in my sleeping bag on a mattress in the living room.

That night I had a strange dream. I dreamed that men came to the island and there were many boats. They landed the boats at Anakena Beach and then moved on to the crater at Rano Raraku. There in the crater torches were lit, and there were men seemingly from all over the world.

Suddenly I was standing among them, by the edge of the reed lake. Everyone looked down at me, and I stared up at the giant statues and up the slope. There in the seven seats were seven men. The men were dressed in white robes and were each of a different race. In the center was an oriental man. Everyone was looking at me.

Though no words were spoken, it seemed as if I was being asked some questions. Was this part of some initiation, I wondered? Why was I here in the crater? Who were these seven men? What did they want with me, I asked them? At that point I woke up. I lay in the dark room and listened for some time to the wind outside the house. In time, I fell asleep again.

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In the morning we had breakfast of freshly-fried sopapillas, with bananas and coffee. I packed up, thanked the family for their gracious hospitality, and then Monica and I began walking toward Hanga Roa. We trekked along the trail from the volcano, passing four large statues who had never finished their walk lying face down on the ancient road.

"This is the way that the statues walked when they left the crater. They all had to walk on this road", said Monica. She was often very comical, though a bit too talkative, really. "Moai, walk!" she commanded one of the statues. It did not move. "They are deaf now, they cannot hear", she said.

When Jacques Cousteau came to Easter Island, he performed several important investigations. One was diving around the island searching for statues and other possible artifacts in the ocean. The presence of statues in the ocean, he believed, would prove the theory that the statues had been moved around the island using rafts. He found none. The only unusual feature he discovered were underwater tunnels, which he theorized to be volcanic in origin.

He mentions that the oldest carbon date on the island is AD 690 at a "well developed site" indicating actual habitation must be older. He also noted the songs of the island were "reminiscent of the Epic songs of India and China", and that the islanders at one point used cremation on the dead until wood became too scarce. Other ancient cultures that cremated the dead were Hindus, Atonists of Egypt, and Nestorian Christians.

It was about an hour to the famous stone ruins of Vinapu. I'd heard about this site, and I had hoped it would be a key clue in the unraveling of the mystery of Easter Island.

Vinapu consists of a partially-destroyed wall with megalithic construction that is basically unique to the island, but not unique in the world. The main wall consists of enormous slabs very skilfully laid. I stood in front of the wall and was genuinely amazed at the construction which was not just similar, but identical to that at Cuzco, Machu Picchu, Sacsayhuaman and Ollantaytambo in the high Andes of Peru.

Like those constructions, the wall at Vinapu is perfectly fitted together with irregularly-shaped stones, and has rounded edges, and small triangular stones filling in gaps. One would describe the construction in the Andes the same way; polygonal blocks that were smoothed and rounded, perfectly cut and fitted together, with small keystones placed in the wall to help make it earthquake proof. It is the most sophisticated construction technique in the world, essentially unduplicated today. It is often said that the construction at Vinapu is identical to that of Tiahuanaco. This is not true, as anyone who has visited all of the sites I am mentioning would know.

While the construction at Tiahuanaco is massive and megalithic, no walls like Vinapu can be found. Rather, they are found in the area around Cuzco. However, they can also be found at the ruins of Sillustani near Lake Titicaca, which are sometimes said to be of Tiahuanacan origin.

Probably the confusion arises from the general consensus that Tiahuanaco is of pre-Incan construction and is thousands of years old. The massive ruins found in Peru, many in the vicinity of Cuzco, a still-living city, are usually said by academics to have been built by the Incas a few hundred years ago. That the ruins at Vinapu on Easter Island are identical in construction then raises the unlikely notion that the Incas built the platform. Since most researchers, myself included, do not believe this, the comparison in the construction is then made with Tiahuanaco, a known pre-Inca culture, rather than with the ruins around Cuzco.

The answer is simpler than might be thought. While the Incas did indeed construct large cities and were excellent stone masons, their construction is with

small rectangular blocks that are perfectly fitted together. This construction can be seen in Cuzco and elsewhere on top of the earlier and larger, polygonal construction. The construction therefore that I am speaking about, found at Easter Island and the Peruvian Andes around Cuzco—both places called "the navel of the world" (coincidentally?)—are apparently built by the same mysterious people, and are pre-Incan. Considering the lichen growth on the wall at Vinapu, I would venture to say they lived thousands of years ago.

The Incas undoubtedly inhabited those ancient cities high in the Andes. They are still inhabited today, but not by the Incas. Construction of this type is so solid, it will easily outlast most empires and civilizations. When a wandering culture happens to discover the gigantic walls of an uninhabited city still standing, it seems only natural to move in, put a roof over the structures, and call them home. This, say many archaeologists, especially Peruvian ones, is what happened with the Incas. The many phases of construction are obvious, and the most superior is the oldest.

I walked around the wall and examined the construction. It was not until I had looked at each wall carefully that I noticed something that confirmed my suspicions about the builders of this wonderful, ancient structure. At Ollantaytambo, Sillustani, Cuzco and other sites in the Andes, many of the large polygonal blocks have strange knobs on them, the function of which has never been understood. Here, on the southeast corner of the wall was a knob, just like the ones in the Andes! The corner, too, was rounded, and in fact, so was the entire face of the wall, again just like in the Andes. The wall even faced South America. Every other ahu-platform is square or rectangular, not to mention that they represent a different construction technique.

The upper levels of the platform and a portion of the center had been torn down. It was obvious that it had been used as a moai platform at one time, and one moai was toppled over on the top. The stones around the statue were of cruder construction, identical to that on the rest of the island. I concluded, as I sat in the grass and looked at the wall, that it was much older than the rest of the platforms on the island, and was not originally constructed to be an ahu-platform for a moai. What then was its purpose?

I surmised that Vinapu was part of the original purpose of Easter Island, along with the gigantic statues in Rano Raraku and the ceremonial site there. The other moais and platforms were built later, possibly in an effort to call back the ancients who had abandoned the island, or just to protect the island as legend said.

I thought back at the legends of Atlantis and the Rama Empire. Rongo Rongo writing has been shown to be identical to Indus Valley writing found at the ancient Rama Empire cities of Mohenjo Daro, Harappa, and Lothal. They have even the same word for mental powers, "mana". Meanwhile we have the tales of fantastic battles, flying machines and a technology and culture that in some ways surpasses our own. Just as we do today, these cultures had the ability to travel all over the world, by air and by sea. It seems likely, therefore, that they did so.

Vimanas were said to take off and land vertically, as a hovercraft, Zeppelin or "flying saucer" might. In the strange book, *A Dweller On Two Planets*,[205] written in 1894 by Frederick Spencer Oliver it is said that an ancient vimana platform can be found somewhere near the summit of Grand Teton mountain in Wyoming! While I have never seen any structures there myself, I have been told by various people that ancient ruins do indeed exist high on the mountain (perhaps some of my readers have more information on this?).

Whether this is true, I do not know. However, the thought of a world-wide network of "vimana landing pads" stretching from ancient India to the massive platform of Baalbek in Lebanon (here are found the largest cut blocks of stone in the world, estimated to weigh 500 tons or more) to Abydos in Egypt to Grand Teton, the Yucatan, and Sacsayhuaman in Pera, to, dare I say, Easter Island! Could the platform

at Vinapu be what is left of an ancient vimana landing pad? The idea seemed incredible! The wall even faces Peru. I also thought of the strange vitrified areas of the island. Were they from the horrible war between Atlantis and Rama that *The Lemurian Fellowship* spoke about? More likely they were natural. I should also note that at ancient Tiahuanaco was a flat-topped pyramid—this might well have also served as a vimana station. I do not even dare to discuss such aerial enigmas as the Nazca Plain, the Candlestick of the Andes and other gigantic ground drawings found in Chile, California, Ohio, Wyoming, Australia, England... which are best seen, or only seen, from the air.

As Monica and I headed over the hill on our way back to Hanga Roa I could hear a voice over a P.A. system at Mohenjo Daro announcing, "Rama Airways flight 007 to Bali, Nan Modal, Malden Island, Easter Island and Tiahuanaco is now boarding. Please have your tickets ready as you enter the vimana..".

Shortly we came to the airstrip that extends across the island from Hanga Roa to Vinapu. We found a gate, and since there weren't any flights that day, we walked along the black tarmac toward town. After half an hour of walking, I commented to Monica that it was an awfully long runway.

"The Americans paid 250 million dollars to have this runway extended so that it could be an emergency landing spot for the Space Shuttle", she said. The work was already completed, and I could see the new part of the runway. This was therefore one of the longest runways in the world!

"Can you believe", said Monica, her eyes wide, "that the Americans will come from the moon, and land here at Easter Island? Can you believe that?"

It was strange, I had to admit. Stranger than ancient Indians landing here from Mohenjo Daro? The coincidence struck me as amusing. Why would the Americans choose isolated Easter Island for their emergency landing spot? Why would the Rama Empire choose isolated Easter Island for a landing spot? Was there something about the location of this island as a power spot on the earth's electro-magnetic grid that made it special? Was this why Easter Island was "the navel of the world"? It seemed that the more I knew about Easter Island, the more mysterious it got.

§§§

Monica and I walked through the airport terminal and were then out in the streets of the outskirts of Hanga Roa. I thanked her for her excellent company, hospitality and conversation and we said goodbye. Emilio was glad to see me at the guest house, and I quickly took a shower. It was nearly dusk, and I went down to the house of Marcos to ask him some more questions.

Marcos was at his house and invited me to come in and speak with him in his living room. Jim was there too, and joined us as our translator. I told them about my trip around the island, exploring the cave with Monica, and the great time I had had. I also told them about the magnetic disturbance I had discovered on Rano Aroi. The topic turned to Rano Raraku volcano. "I think that Rano Raraku was a ceremonial site", I said. "It is a natural amplitheater".

"Yes, I agree with you, it is a place of many ancient ceremonies", said Marcos.

"What about the seven seats at the top of the crater?" I asked.

"This is where the seven Masters sat to make the statues walk with the power of 'mana'", said Marcos. "They sat facing the magnetic anomaly on Rano Aroi, and made the statues walk. All of the moais had to walk in the same direction. As they came out of the crater, they began walking in a clockwise direction around the island. There was no other way for them to go. You can see the ancient road that they walked on", he said.

"But, if that is true", I exclaimed, "then for a moai to reach a spot just north of the

crater, it would first have to walk all the way around the island, more than a hundred times the distance!"

"Yes, that is true. But that is how the statues walked. In a clockwise spiral around the island. This is the legend of my people!" stated Marcos.

My head was spinning as I left Marcos' place and headed back to the guest house. If what Marcos said was true, then there was certainly something more than moving statues on sleds, or even walking them with ropes. Even mental power would not have to conform to such a strange law as would have the statues walk in a clockwise spiral around the island.

If what Marcos said was true, the only explanation that made even reasonable sense to me was that the statues were somehow moved using the natural earth energies and possibly the magnetic anomaly in the crater of Rano Aroi. Therefore, in this theory, the ancients used some sort of natural "anti-gravity" much like that used on the stones of Nan Modal, according to legend.

The French researcher Alfred Metraux states, "When the Easter Islanders of today are asked about the means by which the statues were transported they only say 'King Tuo-Ko-Ihu', the great magician, used to move them with the words of his mouth".

Sound, vibration, gravity, electricity, magnetism and nuclear energy are all manifestations of the same force, said Einstein. He called this force "The Unified Field". Einstein believed that equations for electro-gravity and magneto-gravity were possible. Einstein died in 1955 while allegedly still working on his "Unified Field Equation". That was about the last that anyone ever heard of it, until it surfaced again recently in "alternative" science books. Some physicists believe that gravity is the zero point of magnetism known as a "Bloch Wall". On our planet the "Bloch Wall" has a frequency of 10^{12} hertz, the wavelength between Short radio waves and Infrared radiation.[92] If this is true, an artificial gravity bubble may be literally "tuned into" much as one tunes a radio. Crystals, sound, music, ultra-sounds, tuning forks and resonant vibrations are then part of "anti-gravity devices".

Egyptians were said to use vibrations to levitate stones, and the Swedish aircraft pioneer Henry Kjellson gave a firsthand report of seeing Tibetan monks levitate stones to the top of a cliff by the use of long horns in the 1950s.

In his book, *How To Build A Flying Saucer*,[105] author T.B. Pawlicki wrote a chapter titled "Megalithic Engineering", which gives his own explanation for the transportation of giant blocks of stone used in building various megalithic structures around the world: "I believe the way the ancients transported megaliths for their monuments was to attach a small tuning fork to each stone causing the block to levitate when the properly tuned vibration was sounded. When a monolith is set to resounding, its vibrations keep it in the air most of the time. During the greater part of the wave cycle when the mass is floating, a light touch will move it in any direction. I believe the ancient engineers used this technology because the ancient myths describe it. This application of musical theory is far too sophisticated for a 'stone age' people to incorporate in their myths unless the authors actually witnessed the technology in operation".[105]

Was this the method that was used in moving the statues about the island, also making use of the natural earth energies of the planet? It is interesting to note that in the northern hemisphere, currents and winds move in a clockwise direction, while in the southern hemisphere currents and winds move in a counter-clockwise motion. Therefore, the clockwise movement of the statues around the island is opposite to that of the natural movement of earth energies. What does this signify?

I had a good night's rest at the guest house and then hiked up to the top of Rano Kao the next day to see the ceremonial site of Orongo. At the summit of the volcano, on cliffs overlooking the southern coast of the island, are the ruins of Orongo. They

consist of flat stones stacked up together to create small buildings or artificial caves. The rocks around the site are carved in a variety of designs, many of them "bird men".

From the top of the cliff, on which Orongo sits, I got a very good view of the seas of the east and south—Antarctica was out there somewhere—and of the three small islets of Motu Kao Kao, Motu Iti, and Motu Nui. The last, Motu Nui, is where birds nest every year, and this is part of an important festival on the island.

Once a year, at the beginning of the Spring of the Southern Hemisphere between August and October, the entire population of the island, with chiefs and priests at the lead, assembled at Orongo to perpetuate the worship of the God Make Make, creator of the world.

Legend has it that one day at Tonga-Riki Bay, a priestess was watching over a sacred skull when a wave washed it into the ocean. She dived in after it, but the skull outdistanced her. She continued swimming after it and after some days arrived at the island of Motiro Hiva, the name for Sala-y-Gomez, the closest island to Easter Island, and towards South America. When she arrived at the island, she was told by the God Haua that the skull was actually the God Make Make. She stayed on the island with the "Gods" until one day the God Make Make said to the God Haua, "I have come here in search of birds. Supposing we chased them before us as far as the island the old priestess comes from?"

The God Huau replied, "Very well. Tell the old woman to get ready to leave for that island. There she can tell the inhabitants about us and teach them how to worship us".

They returned the old woman to Rapa Nui, and she instructed the people in the way to worship the Gods, and waited for the first birds to show up on the little islets beneath the cliffs. Each chief of the island then appointed an athlete to compete for the procuring of the first egg laid on the island of Motu-Nui. The athletes climbed down the cliffs and then swam through a mile of rough, shark-infested waters to reach the island. There was almost always some tragedy associated with the race, a swimmer drowning or being attacked by sharks.

The men would then live in small caves on the island, watching the birds, sometimes for days or weeks, until one was able to snatch the first egg. He shouted the name of his master and, tying the egg to his forehead, he swam back to the main island. According to legend, he was now protected by the Gods, and no accident was ever reported concerning a returning "bird man".

When he reached the tops of the cliffs, he presented the egg to the head of his tribe and was proclaimed "Tangata-Manu"—the "Bird Man". After shaving his head he traveled triumphantly about the island holding the egg in one hand and the symbol of his tribe in the other. For one year he was "tapu", a sacred person, and had to live for at least six months in strict isolation in a hut at the foot of Rano Raraku crater.[106]

I looked down at the islands and at the carvings of the "bird men" on the rocks. They were indeed strange, a sort of cross between a man and a bird. The ranger who lives up at Orongo showed me around a bit and told me that there were a total of 74 buildings at the site. I noticed another pile of vitrified rocks near the site, but again they could have been natural. The construction at Orongo was certainly a far cry from the impressive polygonal, megalithic construction of Vinapu, or even the massive platforms around Anakena Beach.

I wondered at the strange legend of the Bird Men. Make Make is generally said to be the Creator God and Haua, Make Make's companion, is said to make the rain. Other deities, Tive and Raraira Hoa, are thought to be a personification of the moon. I found two bits of information in the legend interesting. First is the association of the gods with the island of Sala-y-Gomez, indicating that Easter Islanders, even though they did not have oceangoing canoes when Europeans first arrived, had at one

time made frequent trips to the island (uninhabited in those days). Furthermore, this island was for some reason the home of the gods. Why? Maybe because it was the only other speck of land they were aware of. Also, Sala-y-Gomez is called Motiro Hiva, "small island near Hiva". Was Sala-y-Gomez the home of the Gods because it was part of or near the ancient lost land of Hiva? This perhaps lends some credence to Maziere's theory of the lost continent of Hiva was what is known today as the East Pacific Rise.

Secondly, the importance of the first egg and the "bird man" motif, wherein a man is part bird and part man. Was there some ancient significance to flight here, possibly human flight? Certainly in antiquity, just as today, the easiest way to reach Easter Island is to fly there. Does this lend evidence to the vimana theory of Easter Island as an ancient airport? Not necessarily.

I also thought again about the enigmatic Rongo Rongo tablets. They were used in the Bird Man ceremonies. An Easter Island native told Francis Maziere: "The first race invented the Rongo Rongo writing. They wrote it in stone. Of the four parts of the world that were inhabited by the first race it is only in Asia that the writing still exists". The native was apparently speaking of the Indus Valley culture and the writing at Mohenjo Daro and other cities.

Said the native, "The island's first race was once to be found on two Polynesian Islands, in one part of Asia and one part of Africa where there are live volcanoes".[95] Today, the only active volcanoes in Africa exist along the great Rift Valley at the borders of Zaire, Rwanda and Burundi. There are two volcanoes; Nyiragongo and Nyamulgira. The Australian researcher Mark Balfour suggests that this legend may have something to do with the "Kaunitoni Theory" of migration of Fijians from central Africa to Fiji, as taught in Fijian schools.

I also scanned the cliffs to the south along Rano Kau for the elusive ahu and statues of Rikiriki ("very small, very little" in Rapa Nuian). In 1889, William Judah Thomson visited Easter Island for the Smithsonian Institution and wrote in the *Smithsonian Institute Annual Report of the National Museum for 1889* that Ahu Rikiriki was at the extreme southwest end of the island, remarkably placed midway between the sea and the top, on the face of a perpendicular cliff nearly 1000 feet high. He states that 16 small statues are lying on this platform and seem to be in excellent condition. "We could find no way of reaching the narrow ledge upon which this platform stands. No roads lead down from the top; it cannot be approached from either side, and from below it is a straight up and down wall against which the sea dashes continually. It is hardly probable that the images were lowered from the top by ropes, and the natural conclusion is, that a roadway once existed..".

That statues had "walked" or even rolled to such a position seems incredible. Yet, more mysteriously, no trace of this platform or the statues has been found since, although the British traveler Kathrine Routledge reported in 1919 that the statues were now lying at the floor of the cliff, presumably in the water. However, many researchers now question whether this remarkable ahu ever existed.

Back in Hanga Roa later that afternoon, I just had time to visit the museum at the far end of town. I noted, while there, that the area of the strong magnetic disturbance at Rano Aroi was a basalt formation on a geological map of the island. This made sense since basalt becomes permanently magnetised by the earth's magnetic field as it cools. The gigantic building blocks at Nan Modal are magnetized basalt crystals.

I also noted a very Negroid head found in 1973 at Rano Raraku titled a "Moai Maea" head. It was much smaller than most moai, and its features were indeed very different and African looking. Similar heads have been found in Mexico. Could this be evidence of possible Fijian exploration and visitations to the island?

The museum also has a display on the four different kinds of ahu-platforms; semi-pyramidical (smaller ones), Ahu Poepoe (larger, rectangular ones), Ahu

Avanga (large stones, rectangular with a sepulchre and entrance), and Ahu Moai (rectangular, perpendicular to the sea with a flat top for a moai statue).

But the most interesting display by far were the *kava kava* statues. These are small wooden carvings, hundreds of years old and traditionally of what appears to be an emaciated man, a virtual living skeleton. In island legend, the king was walking one night in the island and saw two kava kava men lying on the ground in a vision. They appeared to the king just as they are drawn today. A kava kava is generally said to be a kind of spirit.

Looking at the shrunken, almost mutated figure, I could not help but think that they bore a striking resemblance to someone dying of radiation sickness. I was then reminded of the startling tales of nuclear war in the Mahabharata, the ancient Dravidian text of pre-Aryan India. With the possible link to the Rama Empire with Rongo Rongo writing, the platform of Vinapu and even Indo-Dravidian words like "mana", was it possible that this was some sort of bizarre memory of radiation victims from that global war of pre-history? If the king was psychic, maybe he somehow saw the "spirit" (after all, a kava kava is a spirit, according to the islanders) of one of these victims. Suddenly, I wondered again about all those vitrified masses of rock around the island, particularly the one near Anakena Beach that I had seen which was surrounded by a massive wall. Was a major battle in the supposed war between Atlantis and Rama fought on Easter Island?

I watched the sunset at Ahu Tahai, a slow orange glow fading into the starry night. The four moai on their platform were silhouetted against the golden glow. After dinner at the guest house, I took a nap, and then, just before midnight, I walked down through town to the island disco where I told some friends I would meet them.

The streets were dark and silent. Hanga Roa was like a ghost town. I thought I might even meet a kava kava spirit on the way. When I got to the disco down by the shore, however, the place was packed and alive. I walked in and immediately saw some friends, including Jo, the Belgian who had hit his chin and chipped some teeth while climbing a wall at Anakena. He was sitting with some island gals, and we all had a few beers and danced.

Hanga Roa could be a pretty swinging place, I discovered. Dancing to a reggae tune with a beautiful, brown-skinned island woman with long black hair, I realized that there was little else to do on this island but party. At least, that is what the young people believed. I also realized that while I knew hardly anyone, they all knew who I was. Some of the women seemed to fancy me, and asked me to dance. Unfortunately, I was supposed to reciprocate by buying them a beer, which could be rather expensive on this remote island where everything was imported and cost three or four times as much as it did in Santiago.

I decided to save my money, and my reputation, by stepping outside by myself and looking up at the stars.

I sat on the steps and looked up at the constellations. To the south was the Southern Cross, pointing the way to Antarctica, the next stop directly south. Had ancient voyagers stopped at Easter Island on their way to the lands of the pole? Someone had mapped that continent in pre-history, as evidenced by the Piri Reis map in the Topkapi Museum in Istanbul.

Easter Island undeniably was a culture in decline at the time of European discovery. When the first explorers reached the island the natives were living in reed huts. Yet, someone had constructed megalithic stones blocks of incredible perfection as witnessed at Vinapu. Why were houses not built in the same method? Perhaps they were, but were later destroyed. Were they now vitrified masses of rock, Vinapu being the last remnant?

There is enough literature and archaeological evidence, many researchers believe, to "prove" the existence of an ancient Indian Empire of surprising

sophistication which once influenced a large portion of the world, particularly Asia. It seemed likely to me that Easter Island was at one point an island outpost of this great civilization of remote antiquity, now only preserved in the great Indian Epics and ancient cities in the Pakistani and Indian deserts.

Heyerdahl's theories of trans-Pacific and trans-world migrations and exploration were largely correct, as far as I was concerned. Ancient seafarers were bold and courageous, as well as excellent sailors. There is no reason why they could not and did not sail literally everywhere in their great ships made out of reeds, wood or metal.

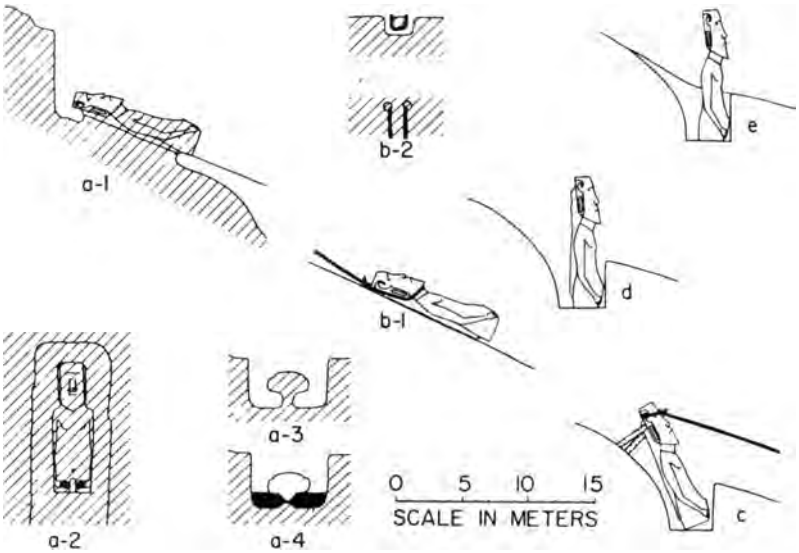
The great Sun Empire of the Pacific was also a very real possibility, and it seemed only logical that Easter Island was part of it. The fact that at least one tribe of Easter Island was Polynesian in origin seemed to indicate that. Who were the tall, red haired giants? Possibly part of the Atlantean League.

The next morning I was at the airport, catching a Lan Chile flight back to Tahiti. As the jet rumbled down the "Space Shuttle runway" to take off, I glanced out the window at the brown earth below. Many of the statues had been re-erected in the last few hundred years. I hoped they would protect the island for centuries to come. Easter Island is one big archaeological treasure, and it not only belongs to the whole world today, it belongs to the children of the future as well.

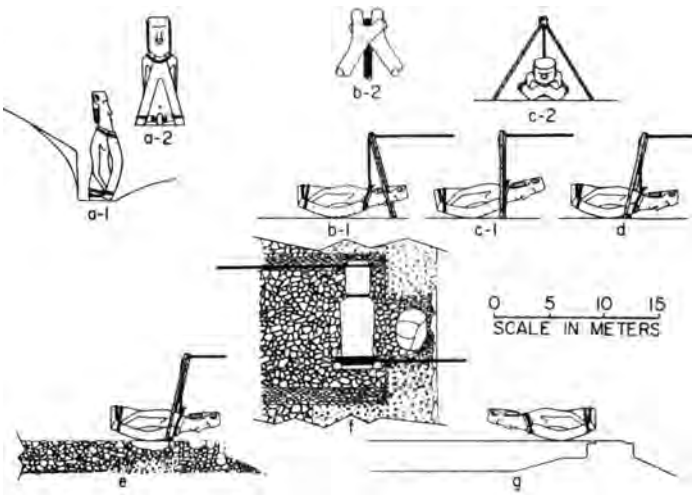
From an old drawing of an Easter Island native with topknot and full beard. He came swimming on a small reed *pora* to visit the ship of Petit-Thouar, one of the early European visitors.

Giant, half-buried heads at the quarry of Rano-Raraku crater. Two-thirds of the statues still lie buried in the ground, they are so old. When eyes were added to the statues, legend says that they were charged with *mana*, an occult energy that radiated over the island, protecting and revitalizing it.

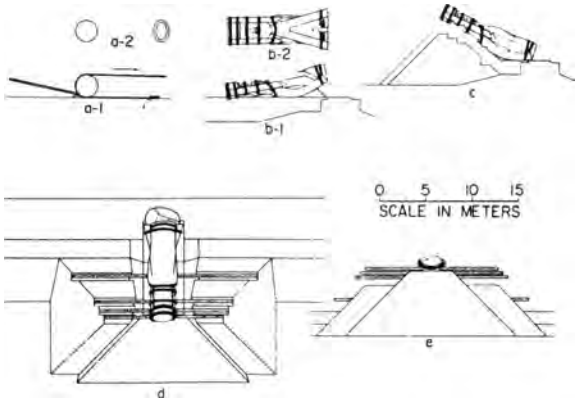
A speculative reconstruction of techniques for carving, transporting, and erecting Easter Island statues by William Mulloy. *Reprinted by permission from Archaeology & Physical Anthropology in Oceania*, *vol. 5, no. 1* (*April 1970*). *Drawings by William Mulloy*



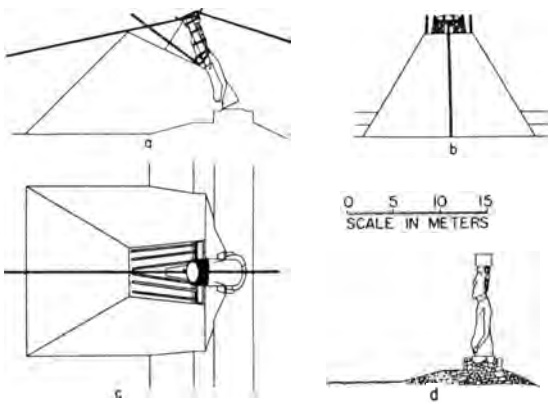
Details of carving and lowering statue to foot of talus. a-1, statue attached to living rock by longitudinal keel; a-2, channel carved around statue; a-3, 4, technique of severing keel; b-1, lowering statue with restraint by cable; b-2, snubbing device; c, d, e, erection of statue in pit at foot at talus.



Transportation of statue. a-1, 2, attachment of fork sledge; b-d, transportation with bipod; e, position of statue at arrival at ahu; f, reversal of position; g, statue ready for adjustment of topknot and erection.

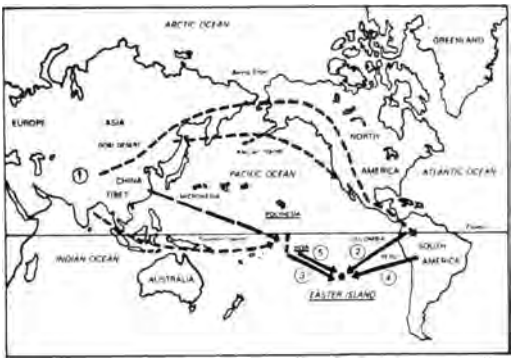


Transportation and adjustment of topknot and construction for first phase of erection of statue. *a-1*, transportation of statue with lever and par-buckle; *a-2*, section of topknot as transported and after recarving and cutting mortise; *b-1*, *2*, attachment of topknot and tilting of statue to receive it; c, lateral view of masonry for first phase of erection; *d*, *e*, front and overhead views of same.



Second phase of erection of statue. a-c, lateral, front, and overhead views of erection masonry; d, erected statue with masonry platform removed.

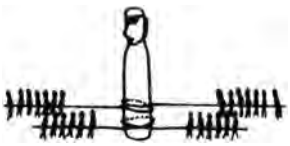
More of Mulloy's concepts of the erection of the statues. His platforms nicely illustrated the pyramidical nature of these *ahus*.



1. Departure from a common center in Asia: Indus Valley? 2. San Agustin: earliest period. 3. Hiva: "Asian" period. 4. Tiahuanaco: first period. 5. Hotu Matua: second period.

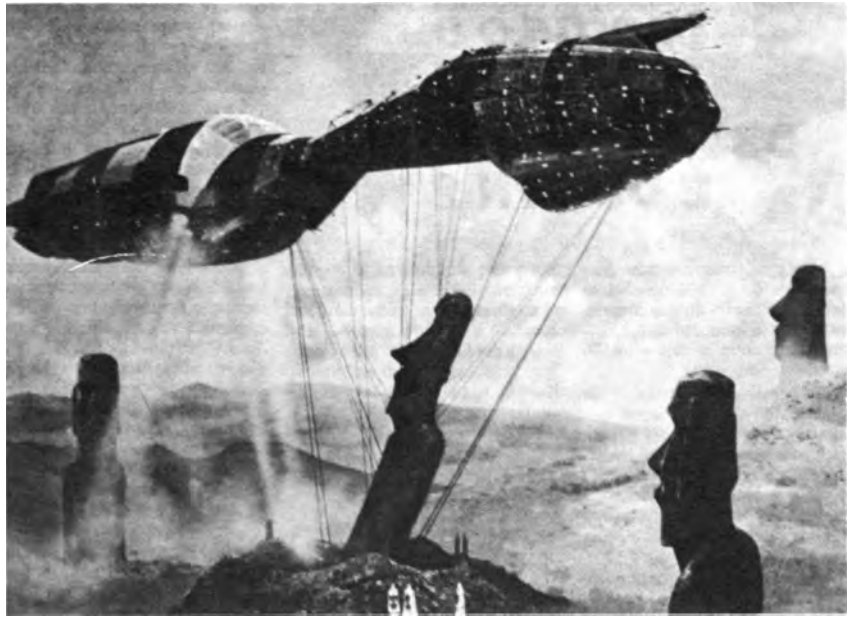
TRANSPORTING THE STATUES

Rope on one side. *Rope on the other side.*

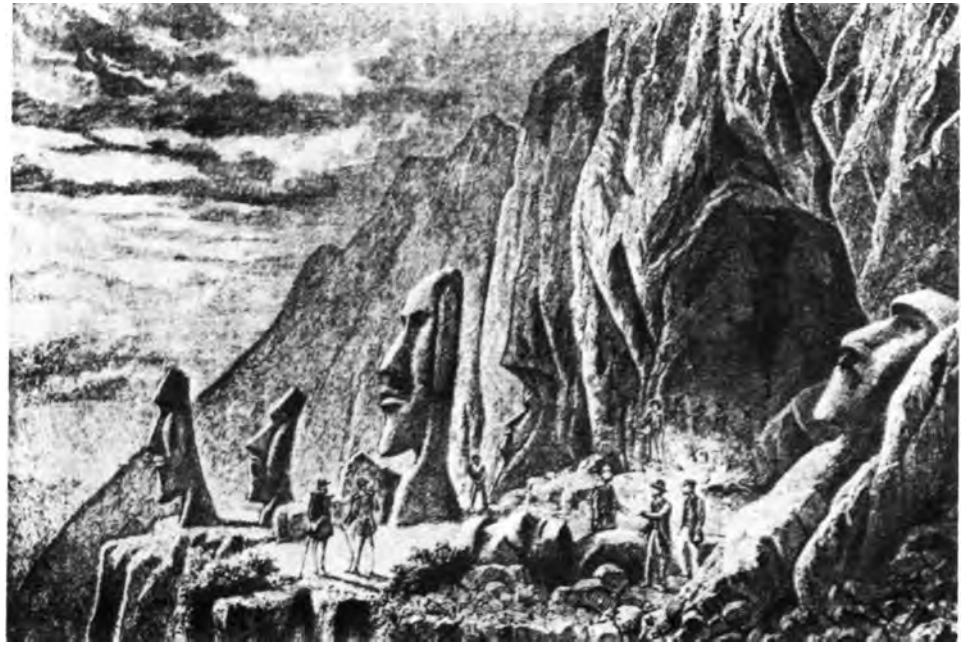


Double system of ropes.

Two illustrations from Jean-Michel Schwartz's book, the Mysteries of Easter Island. Above: an interesting map showing possible migrations from the Indus Valley to Polynesia and South America. Below: Schwartz's theory of how the statues "walked".

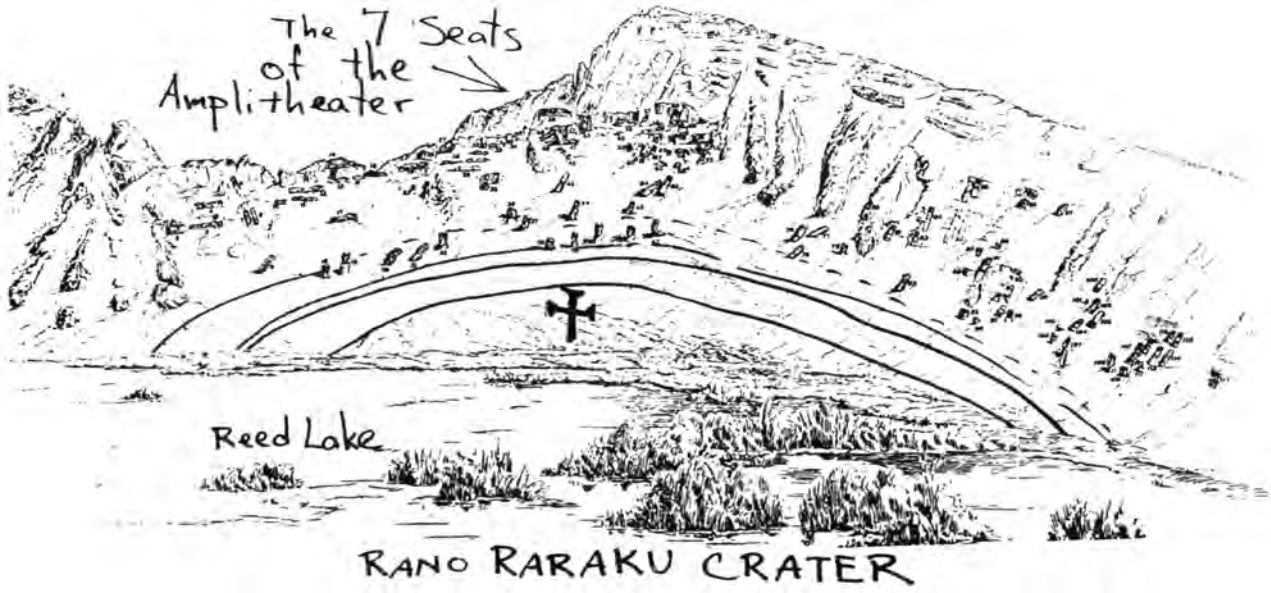


A fanciful version of the raising of the Easter Island statues. Most interesting is the white robed priests at the bottom of the drawing. Courtesy of *OVNI magazine,* Brazil.



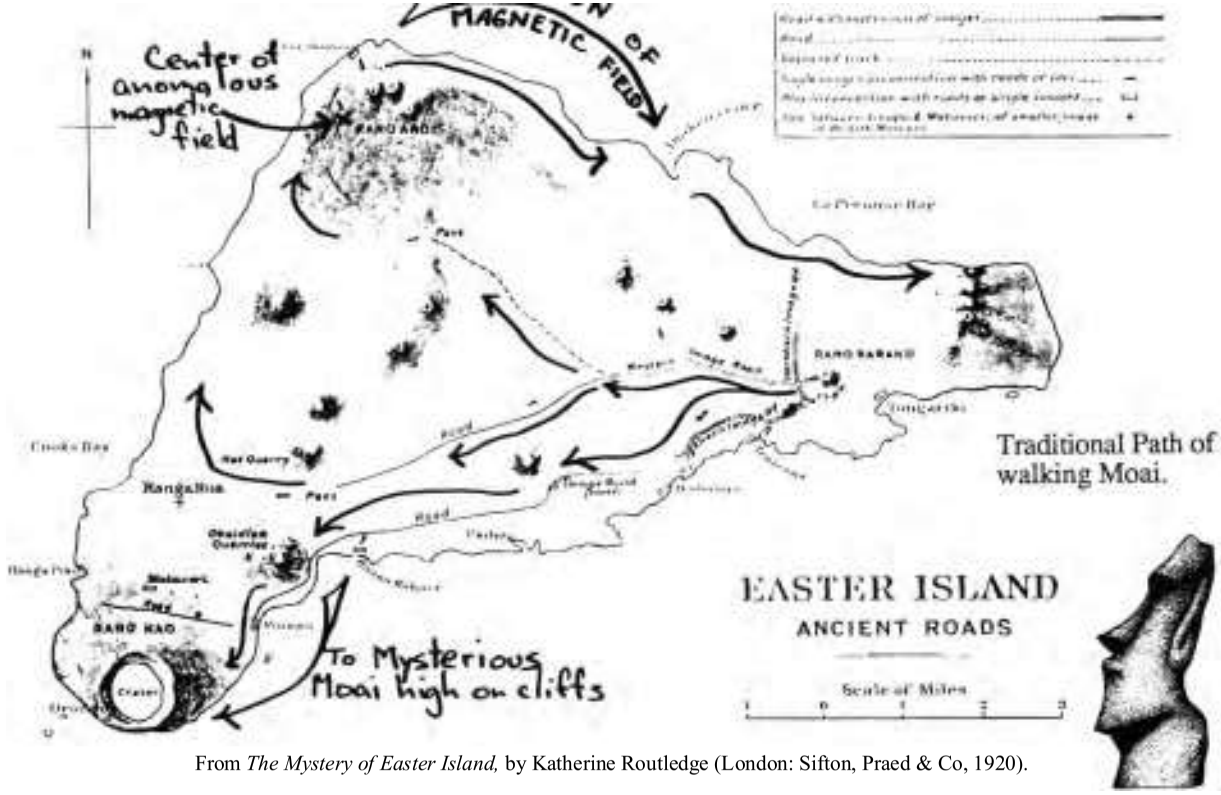
18th Century print of visitors at Ranu Raraku crater. Notice the fire built inside the cave where stone carvers may have lived. To early travelers, such sights must have been understandably fantastic. Easter Island has lost none of its magic and mystery.

On the left, a kneeling statue from the Tiahuanaco Park in La Paz, Bolivia. On the right a kneeling statue from Mohenjo Daro, Pakistan. Compare these two together with the kneeling statue from Easter Island discovered by Thor Heyerdahl.



The natural amphitheater inside the crater at Ranu Raraku. At the top of the quarry are seven seats carved into the living rock. Inside the crater are over 100 gigantic stone heads all facing into the center of the crater like a silent audience. Easter Island tradition has it that seven "Masters" sat in the seats and moved the statues by *mana* or mental power.

Easter Island carving of a “kava-kava” spirit. Certain researchers have pointed out the similarity between these figures and victims of radiation sickness.



From *The Mystery of Easter Island,* by Katherine Routledge (London: Sifton, Praed & Co, 1920).

The author at the massive, perfectly fitted stone platform of Vinapu. This platform and method of construction are unique to the island, but not unique in the world.

5 to 10 ton blocks of basalt are perfectly cut, dressed, and fitted at Vinapu. Note the rounded corner and lichen growth. Identical construction to this is found high in the Andes Mountains at Cuzco and Machu Picchu. Were they built by the same culture?

Detail of the mortarless masonry and interlocking blocks of Vinapu. As in Cuzco and the underwater sites at Bimini and Morocco, this type of construction is sometimes called Atlantean. Easter Island seems to be connected to Ancient India of the Ramayana.

Another view of the fantastic piece of architecture known as Vinapu. Any construction contractor today would be envious of such a fine construction technique. Was this an ancient Vimana platform from the Rama Empire? Vinapu—Vimana?

Chapter Fifteen

The Hawaiian Islands: At the Gates of Hamakulia

Alice laughed. "*There's no use trying*", *she said,*
"*one can't believe impossible things*".
"*I daresay you haven't much practice*",
said the Queen. "*When I was younger*,
I always did it for half an hour a day.
Why, sometimes I've believed as many as
six impossible things before breakfast".
—Lewis Carroll, *Through the Looking Glass*

Tahiti and Easter Island now lay far behind me, I was back in familiar Honolulu, where I could stay with some friends. I had spent a night in Papeete, and caught a flight to the capital of Hawaii the next day. I was interested in Hawaii because of the tales of black dwarves, called the Menehune that were said to be the original inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands, and because, according to *The Lemurian Fellowship*, the ancient capital of the Pacific Continent, which they called Mukulia, lay just to the north of modern day Hawaii.

Even the discovery of Hawaii is an event steeped in mysticism, legend, and bizarre coincidence. Captain Cook was searching for the fabled Northwest Passage when his ships sighted Oahu on January 18, 1778. On January 20 they went ashore briefly on Kaua'i. After the typical trading of chisels for hogs and nails for sex, Cook took off for Alaska but returned to Hawaii a year later and sailed into Kealakekua Bay on the main island on January 16, 1779.

Unknown to Cook, this was *makahiki* time, a period of rejoicing and festivity dedicated to the fertility god of earth, called Lono. Normal life was suspended, and willing partners freely enjoyed each other sexually, along with dancing, feasting, and the island's version of the Olympic games.

Lono was apparently a man who had actually visited the islands, is sometimes said to have had red hair, and he promised to return one day, much as did Quetzalcoatl, Viracocha, and even Wakea of Maori-Polynesian legend. Indeed, it seems that Lono may well have been the same person as Wakea (see the chapter on New Zealand).

Lono's image was a small wooden figure perched on a tall mast-like crossbeam; hanging from the crossbeam were long white sheets of *tap.* The sails on Cook's ship were strikingly similar to the image of Lono, and what's more, Kealakekua Bay happened to be considered Lono's private sacred harbor! So now, Captain Cook sails into this bay, Lono's own sacred harbor, his sails unfolded and on the very day of the festival of Lono! Who else could Cook possibly be, but the returning god Lono himself?

Natives throughout the land prostrated themselves and paid homage to the returning god. Cook was taken ashore and brought to Lono's sacred temple where he

was afforded the highest respect. Huge feasting and celebration followed, and Cook with his men enjoyed the lifestyle of returning gods.

On February 4, the ships departed, but had to return on the 13th when one of the masts broke in a storm. When the ships sailed back into Kealekekua Bay, there was no more celebration. One of Cook's sailors had died while ashore earlier, proving that they were not gods at all, but mere men. Furthermore, gods had no use for women and sex, which Cook's men had shown a great deal of interest in. Natives hurled rocks at the returning ships, and things went from bad to worse. After scuffles on the beach, Cook fired at a native, and an estimated crowd of 20,000 rushed Cook and some of his sailors. Cook was killed, and that was the end of the returning god Lono.

I was picked up at Honolulu airport by Robert and Loretta, and we went out for a spaghetti dinner. "How was your trip?" asked Robert, a tall, thin fellow from the midwest whom I had met through mutual acquaintances. I told his wife and him about my many adventures so far. I could hardly believe them myself! Diving for sunken cities, searching for Egyptian pyramids in Australia, crawling through caves in Easter Island, and more.

During our conversation, Robert and I spoke of the Menehune's and how they had carved the many canals and strange tunnels on the island of Kaua'i. "The Menehune were the first race in the islands according to tradition", said Robert, between bites of spaghetti. "Usually they were thought to be small, black dwarfs. Just how small they were, no one is sure. Because of the tiny irrigation tunnels built by them, they were often thought to be very small, perhaps only three feet tall. Yet this may not be the case. Perhaps the Menehune were taller, four to five feet, and compared to the later Polynesians, the tallest race in the world, they would be considered 'dwarves'.

"One legend has it that the Menehune's and the Polynesians coexisted peacefully on Kaua'i for many years, and even inter-married. The chief of the Menehune became concerned that they would be totally absorbed by the Polynesians and disappear as a race and one day called on all the Menehune people to assemble at a great meeting on one side of the island. All the Menehune people came to this important meeting where their continuance as a race was to be discussed. The next morning, they had all disappeared. One legend has it that they got on a floating island and left. The Menehune, as a people, have never been seen again, though occasionally a small, black dwarf is seen, or reportedly seen, by explorers in the interior of Kaua'i".

"Where did they go?" I asked, my eyes wide.

"No one knows. Maybe they left the island. Maybe they decided to retreat to remote inaccessible places in the mountains of the island. Kaua'i is still the most undeveloped and least accessible of all the major islands. It is possible that a whole lost civilization is hiding out in the mountain jungles", replied Robert.

"The lost city of the Menehunes", I laughed. "That's right up my alley!" We all laughed, and I asked the waitress for the bill.

Actually, according the Timothy Green Beckley in his book, *Kahuna Power*[211] in an 1824 census, the official responsible noted that there were 65 Menehune living in the forest community of Laau on Kaua'i. He also notes that Menehune are said to leave four toed footprints where they go and much like leprechauns, will lead you to a treasure if caught. The population of Menehune on Kaua'i is said to have reached half a million at one time.

Menehune types have been reported in islands of Micronesia, including Pohnpei, and in the Fiji Islands. Beckley reports a newspaper article that appeared in the Fiji Times on July 19, 1975 that speaks of six school children in their teens that reported seeing "eight mysterious little creatures in reeds near the school. The human figures

were about two feet tall and were covered with black hair. When the children approached them they fled into the bush". Fijian legend has it that these people were the original inhabitants of the islands.[217]

The Hawaiian Islands have their share of mysteries, and several books could be written on the subject, I'm sure. How old is civilization in Hawaii? Traditional archaeologists usually maintain that the settlement of Hawaii took place as late as AD 400, a mere 1500 years ago. They are of course speaking of Polynesians, not of some theoretical earlier race such as the Menehunes. Such a date is fantastically recent in my own opinion. For the proponents of more mundane theories of Pacific settlement and migration, it may make sense, though in terms of ideas of a pan-Pacific trading organization similar to Thor Heyerdahl's theories, or my own theories of a Great Sun Empire in the central Pacific circa 3,000 to 1,000 BC (not to mention Lost Continent theories) these dates, though authentic, do not really indicate the real antiquity of inhabitation in the islands.

Why not older dates from the academic establishment? Carbon dated remains and especially Lapita pottery has easily been dated to 1000 BC in Tonga, twice the age ascribed to Hawaii. One possible answer is given by Patrick Vinton Kirch in his invaluable and scholarly work on Hawaiian archaeology called *Feathered Gods and Fishhooks*.[107] In his book, Kirch in his chapter on *Dating and Chronology*, says that carbon dating in Hawaii largely utilized fish hooks and other organic fishing apparatus made of shells, bone, sea urchin spines, etc. While organic matter such as this does admittedly have a fairly long life, Kirch says, "Unfortunately, the original promise of relative site dating using fishhooks has not been realized. For one thing, few sites have produced fishhook samples large enough to overcome statistical error. By far the majority of sites that Hawaiian archaeologists excavate have no fishing gear at all".

As Kirch points out, most settlements in the islands were at low altitudes around the coast, and most certainly, fishing sites. Over the last few thousand years it does not seem unreasonable to be assume that a number of large storms have swept through the Hawaiian islands, and large waves have washed away ancient fishing sites. Therefore, the datable remains over 1500 years old are not found in the islands does not seem unusual. Like on Pohnpei Island in Micronesia, these scientific dates are establishing habitation times of a minimum period, not maximum, as many "scientists" would have us believe. Just as we know that Nan Modal on Pohnpei was inhabited in AD 900, we know that Hawaii was inhabited in AD 400. These dates are in no way limits on the age of civilization in either area, though some reckless archaeologists would have us think so.

General anthropological theory has it that Hawaii was therefore uninhabited when the first Polynesians arrived from the Marquesas Islands or Tahiti a few hundred years after Christ. Hawaiian culture has been described as "Neolithic" because Hawaiians, at least at the time of discovery, had no metal tools, nor even pottery, which is astonishing.

As to megalithic ruins there are a number of large stone forts and even gigantic platforms, similar to those found in the Marquesas and Malden Island, though not of such massive blocks of stone as many of the Marquesan platforms are constructed.

Scholars have often debated just how Polynesians came to Hawaii in the first place. Were the islands discovered by accident, canoes thrown off course by storms, or did they purposely set out to discover and colonize Hawaii? Hawaii is thousands of miles away from Tahiti or the Marquesas. Kirch says on page 58 of his book, "Geographers and computer specialists, applying sophisticated methods of computer simulation to drift voyaging, have demonstrated that it would be impossible to drift from central Polynesia to Hawai'i, Easter Island, or New Zealand".[107]

Kirch quickly dismisses any theories of lost continents, and in a way, it is

surprising that he even mentions the subject. “Some theories were based on the proposition that there had once been a Pacific continent (“Mu”) that had suddenly sunk, leaving the Polynesians stranded on its former mountaintops. This theory was sent to its proper graveyard as geological exploration of the Pacific floor revealed absolutely no evidence of a former continent”.[107]

What geological exploration is he referring to? Never mind underwater coal deposits in the Society Islands, submerged archaeological sites in Micronesia, guyots or even the mysterious formation of atolls themselves, “Scientific Fact” has spoken (by an archaeologist, rather than a geologist, no less)!

Ironically, on the next page Kirch mentions that “The Past decade of archaeological research in Australia and New Guinea has shown that this continent and large island on the western fringe of the Pacific world were first colonized by hunting-and-gathering populations as early as 50,000 years ago, when both lands were joined as a single land mass during epochs of lower sea level”.[107] Need I comment that when there are lower sea levels around New Guinea and Australia, it is only logical to assume that there are lower sea levels in the rest of the Pacific. This would create much larger land masses around most island archipelagos, turning many mid-Pacific groups into small continents!

One reason for myopic academic theories on the origins and dispersals of civilization in the Pacific has to do with *theories* that are held as *scientific dogma*. These dogmas are:

1. Even though advanced civilizations in classical times were easily capable of sailing all over the world in their sophisticated navies, they did not.

2. Even though sophisticated seafaring and trading nations existed in remote antiquity around the Pacific Rim, such as China, Japan, and Southeast Asian nations, they apparently had no interest in the Pacific, and never attempted to cross it (There are in fact several Chinese documents relating to trans-Pacific expeditions).

3. While recent datings of sophisticated cities and metal working sites in South-East Asia and the Middle-East have been dated as being 10 to 12 thousand years old, aside from Australoids walking from New Guinea to Australia, no humans ventured into the Pacific until about 3,000 years ago.

4. While Polynesians were capable of sailing thousands of miles through a vast, empty ocean in search of new lands, they never reached North or South America, but instead, somehow managed to colonize such far-flung and remote areas as Easter Island and the Hawaiian Islands. They never attempted to go further to the east, for some unknown reason.

5. The technology of past civilizations did not include flight, electricity, sophisticated navigation and map making, telescopes, and other such “modern” conveniences.

Therefore, when scholars at the University of Hawaii are writing about the prehistory of Hawaii or the Pacific, even though they do not say it, the above dogmas are implied. They are the unstated starting points for any discussion on prehistory.

Still, Kirch does mention the theory of Polynesian origins coming from an “Indian Brahmanical” culture and later a “Dynastic Indo-Malaysian” culture with “Buddhistic” overtones (see the chapter on New Zealand for a discussion on Dravidian-Indian origins for Polynesians). The connection between Pacific Islands and ancient India is fascinating and complex. Many examples come to my mind; the Dravidian bell found in New Zealand, now in the Wellington Museum, Rongo Rongo writing compared to Indus Valley script, and the use of the word “mana” in Polynesian. In the glossary of Kirch’s book, he defines “mana” as “Supernatural or divine power, manifest especially in high chiefs”. This is essentially the same meaning given the word in ancient Dravidian and Sanskrit.

Temples in Hawaii always had a “Mana House” which was for the chiefs and

Kahuna Priests. One or two tall towers were also used, sort of the Hawaiian version of a minaret or church steeple.

Curiously, the very earliest archaeological map of a site on Hawaii was done in 1841 of an ancient stone temple-fortress which was named the "Temple of Kaili". Kaili, or Kali, is one of the Hindu deities, usually depicted as a many-armed woman. Calcutta is named after the goddess Kali.

As far as the above dogmas go, it seems that all are false. It seems likely that classical civilizations did indeed sail all over the world, up and down the Americas, across the Indian Ocean (if the the Malays could voyage to Madagascar, why not the Egyptians to Australia?) and across the Pacific. Indeed, it appears that there was once a very lively pan-Pacific trade, mostly to Central America. We know now (scientific fact?) that the ancients had electricity, telescopes, sophisticated methods of navigation and map making, and probably even flying machines. Furthermore, Polynesians almost certainly did cross the Pacific to the Americas—constantly! Inca records preserved by the great Inca-Spanish historian Garcilaso de la Vega in 1609 relates the invasion by "giants" (Polynesians are the largest race on this planet) in ships from the Pacific. Book Nine of his *Royal Commentaries* has a large section on this period of Inca history. These "giants" were almost certainly Polynesians. It is also interesting to note the use of knotted ropes, like the Incas, in Polynesia and Micronesia.

I spent the next day at the Bishop Museum in Honolulu, probably the premier Polynesian studies museum on earth. It was fascinating walking through the many superb exhibits. There were cultural examples of Polynesian civilization from throughout the Pacific Ocean. With wide eyes and a loose jaw, I wandered awestruck from room to room. Later, I spent time in the archives section researching old photos and documents.

On the grounds of the museum is the head of an ancient stature found on Hawaii. It was very familiar to me, having just come from Easter Island: it was identical to the moai at Rano Raraku! No explanation for the statue is given at the museum, but it is admittedly a long way from Easter Island!

The next day, I flew to Kaua'i to examine some of the Menehune remains, or what was left of them. It seemed like I hardly had time to buckle my seat belt and relax before we landing again in Kaua'i. The inter-island flights are rarely more than twenty minutes long, and are quite efficient.

It seemed strange to me that local archaeology seemed to ignore the legends of the Menehunes. Says Kirch in *Feathered Gods and Fishhooks*,[101] "Only rarely did Hawaiians cut and dress volcanic stone, as in the facing of the 'Menehune Ditch' on Kaua'i". Later he says, "Perhaps as a result of its relative isolation, Kaua'i is unusual in several characteristics not shared with the rest of the Hawaiian chain. One is the fine shaping and dressing of stone, exemplified by the famous 'Menehune Ditch', a prehistoric irrigation channel lined with carefully fitted stone slabs. Artifacts unique to the island include the ring and stirrup types of pounders. Of particular interest are several "block grinders", which have been carefully shaped out of vesicular basalt and whose function is not known. They may have been used as canoe rubbes. The fishhooks excavated from Kaua'i Island sites also show particular local developments, such as the emphasis on double inner barbs on one-piece hooks. Another peculiarity is the high frequency of hematite, a reddish volcanic material that results from weathering, used for octopus sinkers. While these distinctive aspects of Kaua'i archaeology have sometimes been sited as evidence for an independent origin for the Kaua'i population, they more likely are a reflection of the island's distance from the rest of the chain, and represent local developments that simply did not spread to the other islands".[107]

These two brief passages are the only mentions of the singular cut stones and the

Menehunes in the entire book, a publication that is reportedly the authority on Hawaiian archaeology. Just who the Menehunes supposedly were and legends associated with them are not even mentioned. Without previous knowledge of "Menehune Lore" one would have no inkling that these people are, according to Hawaiians themselves, the original inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands (or at least Kaua'i). Kirch vaguely alludes to this idea in his statement that "these distinct aspects...have sometimes been sited as evidence for an independent origin for the Kaua'i population..". So much for objective consideration.

I found it interesting that the subject of Menehunes somehow seemed taboo to the academics concerned with Hawaii's ancient history. Perhaps, as is the case with many anomalistic sites around the world, it just didn't fit in with the prevailing academic theories, so it was easier just to ignore or discard such evidence, rather than to try and deal with it.

Also discovered on Kaua'i were strange "block grinders", stone artifacts with an unknown function. These carefully cut rock are only found on Kaua'i and their use still eludes researchers today.[107] Throughout the islands are strange petroglyphs and ancient megaliths. One ancient megalithic "phallic stone" can be found at Kauleonanahoa, 2000 feet above Kalaupapa on the north coast of Molokai. If any structures in Hawaii may be called "antediluvian", this one is it.[71]

On the island of Hawaii at the hill of Puuloa some 15,000 carved volcanic rocks cover an area more than 1,000 yards square. Carved on the smooth surface of the volcanic rocks are designs in the forms of cups, spirals, and enclosed circles. The rocks are held to have a magical meaning and until early this last century, Hawaiian women came to give birth on this hill; and to ensure that the newborn child's life was long and happy they laid the umbilical cord in a cup in the rock which was specially hollowed out for this purpose. The actual origin of such a tradition is a mystery, as no other Polynesian islands seem to created such an odd edifice. It seems somehow connected with the Hawaiian practice of *Kahuna*.

Perhaps the strangest of archaeological remains on Hawaii are the "Bird Man" glyphs found on Oahu and Lana'i,[107] which are unusual and identical to those found at the Orongo ceremonial center at Easter Island, 4,000 miles to the south in the southern hemisphere. Birdman glyphs are strange namely because of their symbolism, essentially, that of flying men.

Interestingly, between Easter Island and Hawaii lie the Gambier Islands (south of Tahiti), and these islands also have traditions of flight. Rene Noorbergen in his book, *Secrets of the Lost Races*[202] discusses their traditions: "The aboriginal inhabitants of Mangareva, the largest of the Gambier Islands, also have a tradition of flight which dates from the ancient past. They recount how a 'flying canoe' with 'great wings clasped tightly to the side' appeared before them, and how the 'priests' who operated it were able to fly great distances—as far as the Hawaiian Islands, nearly 2,500 miles away. Robert Lee Eskridge, a collector of Polynesian folklore, found a native on the island of Tara-Vai who gave him a detailed description and showed him an actual artist's model of the ancient flying canoe. According to Eskridge, it certainly represented some form of flying apparatus, and the wings in particular reminded him of those of the winged solar disc of the god Horus, frequently pictured in Egyptian art".[202]

Are the bird man glyphs representative of men who came in airships? In my chapter on Easter Island I theorized that Ahu Vinapu was possibly an ancient vimana landed pad. Were similar landing pads to be found in Hawaii? No construction as fine as Ahu Vinapu can be found in the Hawaiian Islands. Yet on Moloka'i is the gigantic stone platform of "Ili'ili'opae Heiau" one of the largest temple sites in the islands. The platform, like those at Malden Island, Tonga, Tahiti and elsewhere, is stepped, like a large flat pyramid. Was this a vimana platform for the "Bird Men"?

Kahuna means "keeper of the secret" in Hawaiian, and traditionally it is said that Kahuna Magic originated in Egypt! Traditionally Kahuna knowledge went from North Africa to India, to southeast Asia, and then into the Pacific, where it is practiced in Hawaii to this very day.[217]

§§§

After a visit to the Menehune wall and ditch, I returned to the Youth Hostel I was staying at to ponder some of the enigmas of Hawaii. That night I walked along the beach in Kaua'i. A sliver of a moon hung in the sky, and a myriad of stars swept across the sky like a vast treasure of jewels. Many things swam through my head; did a lost civilization really exist throughout the Pacific? Did the home of civilization really belong on a great continent covering a large portion of our earth which is now submerged? What was the history of this lost land? Who should have such knowledge? According to many sources, the *Akashic Record*, imprinted on the etheric plane of existence, can be consulted. *The Council of Seven* can also be consulted as well. Dr. Stelle of *The Lemurian Fellowship* claims to have done the latter.

The Lemurian Fellowship's chronicles of the beginning of the Lemurian Empire are fascinating. Fanning out from the center of the Lemurian continent, which was interestingly the area around Hawaii, there existed twelve valleys, each valley being comparable in size to the Mississippi Valley. The valleys were rugged, though fertile, containing many wild grasses and coniferous trees.

A mysterious "Dr. White" (quite possibly Dr. Stelle of *The Lemurian Fellowship*) tells the young author of the book, *The Ultimate Frontier*[18] that: "Israel is a very ancient term used long before the day of Abraham. On the great island where man had his beginning, the land was composed of many valleys each approximately the size of the Mississippi River Valley. Over a period of a half-million years the people occupying each of the twelve more-or-less isolated areas developed racial characteristics peculiar to the respective valley. Different skin color, physical size, and special adaptations relating to variant climate arose. Each race also took on strongly developed personality traits.

"When the first civilized nation began, it was a consolidation of the twelve primitive tribes. The consolidation was termed 'Israel'; and inasmuch as every man belonged to one of the tribes, all Mankind was referred to as the 'Twelve Tribes of Israel'. Therefore, the meaning I intend when I say 'Israel' is all mankind".[18] This is largely the same idea expounded by Churchward in his *Mu* books. Both Churchward and *The Lemurian Fellowship* go into quite a bit of detail on the migrations of the various racial groups out of Lemuria into the rest of the world.

According to *The Lemurian Fellowship*, each of the twelve valleys was occupied by a different nation of people. Within each of these nations there existed three other subdivisions. The *Plains Dwellers* were a pastoral people who raised sheep and a sort of deer-like cattle for food (the predecessor of the now extinct *auroch*). They lived in families or *septs* each of which had their own defined area of land for grazing. Because they moved around a lot, due to the needs of their flocks, they built only temporary huts of vines and willow covered with clay and sod. They were rugged individualists and generally peaceable, but when attacked by *Forest Dwellers* were known to unite with one another to repel the attack.

The *Forest Dwellers* were a giant-like group of people averaging well over seven feet (up to twelve feet in height, reportedly) as compared to the *Plains Dwellers* who were generally about six feet tall. Savage as beasts, they lived by the premise that might makes right and were known to kill weaklings and seriously crippled children. Because their lifestyle was so brutal, their lifespan was generally shorter and their family septs smaller than that of the *Plains Dwellers.* Leadership of the family was attained by brute force and therefore went to the strongest member. A lazy and

ignorant group of people, *Forest Dwellers* did not even bother to build shelters, but slept under great trees following the migrations of the wildlife which provided their food.

The third group was the *Cave Dwellers*, whose existence in the mountainous regions necessitated a lifestyle quite different from that of either the *Plains Dwellers* or the *Forest Dwellers*. Though smaller in height than the *Forest Dwellers*, they were exceedingly strong due to the ruggedness of their mountain existence. Their greatest resource were the stones in the area and they became great toolmakers. Also, through bitter experience with the *Forest Dwellers*, they learned to build traps and secret passages in their caves. Because there were few women among them, they generally had only one wife and bonds of deep affection developed between them. The most peaceful of the three peoples, the *Cave Dwellers* developed a communal lifestyle, families having lived in close proximity to one another over many generations of time.

Outside of these three basic groups there was yet another association of people, smaller and somewhat mysterious. They were known as the *Elders,* people who had set themselves apart from the others by virtue of having made a greater effort to develop their potentialities, and had mastered skills and abilities far in excess of what was normal for that time. This group of people involved themselves in the affairs of the nations to a great enough extent that they became instrumental to the development of the civilization which was later to become the so-called Lemurian (Mukulian) Empire.

They lived in hidden retreats, but were known to go among the rest of the people in search of individuals who displayed a maturity of thought that set him apart from his peers. These individuals the *Elders* would give instruction to, beginning with some limited amount of information and observing how it was used by the person before continuing. If the individual learned quickly and developed far enough, he might himself be taken to the *Elders'* retreat and become part of their society.

It was such circumstances as this that surrounded the instruction of two young men, Rhu and Hut, both *Plains Dwellers* from the Mu Valley.

According to the head of *The Lemurian Fellowship,* Dr. Robert Stelle, in his book *The Sun Rises*[108] both Rhu and Hut were rather advanced and creative thinkers in comparison to the other members of their tribes and had grown up together as friends. Their fathers were each the head of their respective septs, the Dan family and the Ku family. Furthermore, the two lads had grown up in a rather unique situation in that their families had cooperated for generations with regards to the management of their flocks and their mutual protection from danger; the only two families in the history of the *Plains Dwellers* to ever have done so.

It was this first-hand knowledge of the advantages to be gained through mutual cooperation that prepared the young men for an even grander project. Rhu and Hut had for a long time dreamed of gathering people from more *Plains Dweller* tribes as well as from tribes of Forest Dwellers and Cave Dwellers into one society. They realized that the people who lived in the new society could be protected from invaders by the *Forest Dwellers* who might live among them. The *Cave Dwellers* could provide superior tools in the form of stone axes and knives to insure such protection, while the *Plains Dwellers* could compensate for these services by supplying food for everyone.

Such thoughts coincided well with the *Elders*' own theories concerning how civilization might be advanced among the human race. Representatives from the *Elders*' tribe met with the two young men several times to encourage them in their ideas and the give practical advice.

But the impetus for beginning the whole venture came when Rhu and Hut were discussing one day an area of land which they referred to simply as the *Great Plains*.

Seemingly limitless in area and bearing grasses far superior in quality to any others to be found, the *Great Plains* made the *Mu Valley* seem barren by contrast.

At one time the Plains had been accessible by virtue of a single pass. All the tribes which lived nearby had sought possession of the land and had fought among each other in their attempt to gain it. Eventually no one was able to live there as each family that attempted to settle in the area got wiped out by contending tribes. Finally, a great earthquake destroyed the pass. At the same time it created a rift between the two lands, further denying access. At the bottom of the chasm roared the mighty Hatamukulian River, sort of the Grand Canyon at the time.

Rhu and Hut's plan was to build a bridge connecting the two lands. Such a project would require the efforts of many tribes including several from among the *Forest* and *Cave Dwellers*. Furthermore, cooperation within the new society composed of *Cave*, *Forest* and *Plains Dwellers* would be needed to ensure the continued safety of the new pass and the people who intended to use it. Rhu and Hut felt that the advantages to be gained through possession of the rich land of the Great Plains would be compelling enough to persuade formerly competing tribes to work together.

Each set out on a respective mission to meet with the leaders of various tribes and discuss their plan. Rhu spoke with people from *Forest* and *Cave Dweller* tribes while Hut met with other Plains Dweller tribes from the *Mu Valley*. After several meetings, Hut discovered that though many were receptive to the thought of gaining access to the Great Plains and better grazing land, the idea of cooperating with *Cave Dwellers*, and worse, *Forest Dwellers* was so repugnant and, indeed, so foreign to anything they could conceive of that after a while, Hut stopped mentioning the idea of including them all together.

This later became a source of conflict when men from the various *Plains* tribes, gathering at the site where the bridge was to be built, discovered representatives from *Forest* and *Cave Dweller* tribes meeting there as well. Several tribes of *Plains Dwellers* were at the point of flat out refusing to be involved, and had it not been for the observations they made of these foreigners' obvious love and esteem for Rhu as well as their friendly association with the respected Ku and Dan families, the whole scheme might have come to a halt right then and there.

Agreeing to work together, the tribes agreed to try and span the narrowest part of the chasm that was high in the mountains near modern day Mona Loa. The first attempt at building a bridge met with a discouraging end. The men spent the better part of a day cutting down a huge tree and hauling it back to the chasm. They planned lay the log across the rift by pivoting it over one end. Tying vines on one side, they began lowering that end of the log towards the far end of the chasm. But before the log reached, the men had run out of vine. "Drop it!" Rhu ordered. The men let go of the vines only to see the great log bounce against the far side before falling into the chasm.

Again, some of the men were at the point of abandoning the whole project. An attempt was even made upon Rhu's life. The angry, would-be assassin, Og, was captured and several of the *Forest* and *Cave Dwellers*, having developed a great deal of personal affection towards Rhu, were about to kill him. Rhu intervened. He insisted that Og was not a bad person, but rather that he hadn't completely understood the project they were attempting and therefore was unable to appreciate the need for patience. In a masterful move of diplomacy, Rhu slowly explained for the benefit of Og as well as the entire gathering, the project they were attempting to undertake. He repeated himself several times and stressed over and over the advantages of success. As understanding of the significance of what they were doing began to grow in the minds of the people, so in equal proportion, did their commitment to their work.

The next day they dressed a new log cut from another tree. They made their

vines longer and this time were successful in laying it across the gap. A bridge soon followed and then many months were spent constructing a fortress at the entrance to the Plains. It was to become, according to *The Lemurian Fellowship Lessons*, the most magnificent structure built up to that time. Engineered by the *Cave Dwellers*, it was made totally of stone cut so precisely that mortar was not needed to hold it together, and it stood an unprecedented three stories high. To the right of the fortress was a cliff totally unscalable and reaching three thousand feet above the Plains. The fortress itself spanned fifty feet in width and to its immediate left was the drop off into the canyon through which the mighty Hatamukulian River raced. Thus the fortress completely blocked the entrance to the Great Plains solving the age old problem of how to repel attacks from would-be invaders. This was to become the capital of the new Empire, and it was called Hamakulia.

In fact, so valuable did this fortress prove to be, especially in the early days of the Empire, that it was preserved intact for the duration of the Mukulian civilization. It was coated with a heavy layer of liquid glass hundreds of years after its construction and became one of the most revered monuments in the Empire, second only to the palace of the Emperor.

During the beginnings of the Empire, several important innovations were developed which had a great impact on the further growth and success of the civilization. Since the primitive people who began the empire had no previous experience upon which to base their ideas, progress was a necessarily slow, trial and error process and each achievement, therefore, was all the more significant.

The leader of the *Cave Dwellers*, Dargh, devised a system to bring water from the Hatamukulian River up to the Plains. The natural pressure from the flow of the river was guided through a channel which eventually emptied into a man-made lake on the Plains. In later years, the system was reengineered so that water was channelled throughout the entire city of Hamukulia.

With the completion of the fortress and irrigation system, the families of the men participating in the venture were brought to the Plains. It is significant that the first two families to arrive on the Plains were the Ku and Dan families. Their example of a society in which people from different tribes cooperated with one another set a powerful precedent for the other septs which would later come to the Plains.

A council whose members were composed of the patriarchs of each tribe was formed. It was presided over by Rhu and Hut. They adopted as their governing principles what was to become known as the *Ten Lemurian Laws*. These were handed down to the people through the Elders from the Lords of Venus and Mercury and were basic rules of conduct which conformed with Cosmic Principles.

As the people who had settled upon the Plains lived and worked closely together, they came to develop a deep respect for the special abilities of one another. They became welded into a cooperative unit which surpassed the achievements of any organization that had come before.

As a result, other people from the Mu valley observing this condition sought entrance to the Plains. Rhu and Hut quickly realized that the newcomers, though welcome, did not have the necessary understanding or appreciation of the cooperative effort which would be required of them in order to maintain the advantages of life on the Plains.

The Elders aided the situation by offering education and training to those aspiring to become residents on the Plains. A school was formed in the area which had been grazing land for the Ku and Dan families before their arrival on the Plains. At the inception of the school no less than 50 septs from the Mu Valley had applied for the training. This involved the instruction of hundreds of people. The program evolved until at one point those training for citizenship numbered into the millions.

The training involved the actual residence of the students at the school. For this

reason, some provision needed to be made in order to feed and clothe them. The problem was solved by making it a condition that each sept or individual turn over half his possessions as compensation for the training he was receiving. Some prospective students who lacked true sincerity became discouraged by such stringent entrance requirements, while others became even more eager to attain training, valuing it by the high price it would cost them.

As it turned out, the Elders took only the bulls and rams of the herds, leaving the applicant with the best of his female stock. The males the Elders slaughtered for meat and hides, but the applicant was given a few carefully selected bulls and rams from the Elders own herd with which to breed the remaining animals. The Elders' animals were of far superior stock and the student, in time, possessed a herd larger and far superior to the one he had arrived with.

The training of the aspirants involved the rudiments of dairying, the making of butter and cheese, and learning the use of milk in cooking. They learned to plant and cultivate vegetables and grains, many of which they had been ignorant of prior to their training. Superior methods of tanning were taught as well as the carding, spinning and weaving of wool. Special attention was given to training in the task of childrearing as proper child care was considered to be the foundation for the development of a successful civilization.

The *Cave Dwellers* and *Forest Dwellers* who applied for citizenship were not able to compensate for the training by the giving up of part of a herd. In the beginning, therefore, the *Cave Dwellers* gave up portions of their personal supplies of stone tools, knives, axes, and pottery. In a short time, however, they became well qualified for building stone structures and rendered service in this manner. The *Forest Dwellers* contributed by working as laborers for the efforts of both the *Cave Dwellers* and the *Plains Dwellers*.

Most students acquired citizenship within seven years. When they left to join those on the Plains, they were allowed to bring with them the results of any efforts acquired during their years of schooling.

It also became the rule that children of those who already resided upon the Plains were sent to the Citizenship school upon turning 21. These students already had experience with many of the principles used in the course of living on the Plains and therefore were in a better position to learn quickly, soon surpassing even the accomplishments of the adults.

In the beginning of the Empire the citizens lived close to one another near the great fortress that had been built. As time wore on, new devices and ways of doing things were found and small industries came into being. Products formerly made by a single individual now became the work of groups of individuals.

As tribes from the twelve valleys eventually came to settle upon the Plains, each individual tended to gravitate towards the people from whose valley he had come. Thus it was that twelve tribes of people evolved and each settled more or less in twelve different regions of the country. Eventually, the government became so cumbersome that a member of each of these tribes was elected to represent his people on a Grand Council. A thirteenth member, an Elder presided over the group.

And so was the first civilization formed, according to Dr. Stelle of *The Lemurian Fellowship*. This civilization grew until it reached great heights. It was an agrarian, rural society, where people lived close to the land. The purpose of this society was the education and upliftment of its citizenry. Each ego, man and woman, advanced through egoic growth towards initiation and Mastership. While highly technological advances were used in the building of the cities, some technologies, such as flight, were purposely not developed, because of their potentially destructive uses. Dr. Stelle's version of the beginning of civilization may or may not be correct. There are certainly many similar tales, and none of them agree with each other. At least we can

think of Dr. Stelle's story as an important lesson on civilization; that of cooperation, communal effort, and the importance of building, rather than destroying. If his analogy has any validity, it can be just as easily be applicable today as it was in those ancient times.

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I returned the next day to Oahu, and made my way by bus back to Robert and Loretta's house in a suburb of Honolulu. No one was home, so I went down to Waikiki Beach for a stroll.

Looking up and down at the sizzling bodies on the beach, I mused at the fact that thousands of tons of sand have to be poured onto the beach every year to keep it sandy. Waikiki, one of the most famous beaches in the world, is really artificial, and left to its own, it would wash away in a few years.

Interestingly, two great megalithic upright stones can be found right on the main public beach in downtown Waikiki. Legend has it that they are two great warriors who were magically turned to stone. I watched one of the stones out the corner of my eye as I got a drink from the public water fountain next to one of the stones. That Hawaiian tradition can only account for these stones as "warriors magically turned to stone" might betray that the purpose and builders of the megalithic upright were unknown to ancient Hawaiians. Were they placed there by an earlier, unknown culture?

Most people on the beach were clearly not interested in these megaliths or their purpose. People were basking in the sun and relaxing. One man was constructing a stepped pyramid, as often seen in Mexico, out of sand. I looked at it admiringly, and then looked out at the surfers off shore. What did it take to interest ordinary people in the mysteries of the world?

According to the Lemurian Fellowship, one of the stategies used in Ancient Lemuria to entice the non-citizens to seek Citizenship training was to make available to them an exhibition known as the Tabernacle in the Wilderness. The *Holy of Holies*, which was part of the Tabernacle, is said to be the only relic from Lemuria still in existence today and is the oldest possession to which mankind is heir, as old as the Mukulian civilization itself!

Developed at a time when the Mukulian Empire was facing destruction due to the lack of spiritual development of most of its people and the growing influence of a manmade priesthood, the Tabernacle had several purposes. First, there were several components in its construction which provided the people with concrete symbols of just what spiritual advancement was about. Second, several of the items contained within the Tabernacle had been endowed with superphysical qualities. It was hoped that by witnessing what would be considered "miracles" in the realm of anything that the general populace could understand, it would confirm their belief in powers yet to be understood and drive them to seek out that understanding. It appeared that the non-citizens only showed interest in gaining further knowledge when attracted by what was mysterious and secretive. Finally, the presence of what is known as the *Shekinah Glory* was helpful in the screening of prospective candidates for Citizenship training, as only persons of clairvoyant ability were able to detect it. The Biblical Old Testament speaks a great deal on the Tabernacle in the Wilderness.

There are several publications on the Tabernacle in the Wilderness which describe the actual structure of the exhibit and how it was used including *Christ in the Tabernacle* by A. B. Simpson, *The Tabernacle of Moses* by Kevin J. Conner, *The Tabernacle*, *the Priesthood and the Offerings* by Henry W. Soltau, and *The Tabernacle*, *Priesthood and Offerings* by I. Haldman.

In Biblical times as well as ancient Lemuria, say *The Lemurian Fellowship*, the

Tabernacle was moved from place to place so that as many persons as possible would be able to visit it. The site where the Tabernacle stood was enclosed with a high fence constructed of heavy cloth. The area enclosed by the fence and just outside the Tabernacle was known as the Outer Court and contained an alter as well as a Laver used for washing the hands and feet. Inside the Tabernacle were two rooms, the East Room and the West Room, which were separated by a veil. The East Room was the only room accessible to the visitor unless he was of sufficient advancement.

Based on the combined information of several sources the use of the Tabernacle seems to have been as follows: The visitor entered into the Outer Court through an opening on the eastern side of the fence. The opening was covered by three curtains which had a symbolic meaning though sources do not agree as to what. A portion of the Great Pyramid at Giza also has an entrance known as the *Triple Veil*.

Once inside the Outer Court, the visitor viewed an altar called the *Brazen Altar* upon which burned an animal sacrifice. This seems to have symbolized man's endurance of suffering as long as he lives in a state which is out of harmony with the principles of God and the universe.

The visitor was given the opportunity to leave the site at this point and allowed to come back the next day. Upon his return he had to satisfy his guide that he understood the significance of the Brazen Altar before he was allowed to continue. He was then given permission to bathe his hands and feet in the Laver. This washing, apparently, symbolized the cleansing process one must pass through before he can transcend the personal problems he must face in this world.

The visitor then went into the Tabernacle entering by way of the East Room. The room was without windows and was illuminated solely by light created by what was known as the Golden Candlestick. The Candlestick had six branches and a shaft upon which rested seven lamps. The purest olive oil was used in the lamps and they burned continuously.

Inside the East Room to the right stood a table upon which were arranged twelve loaves of Shewbread. There were two piles, each containing six loaves of the unleavened bread. The bread was representative of the service of mankind, which culminated in the planting and harvesting of this grain.

The visitor faced the veil which separated him from the West Room. At this point he was told that when he fitted himself to become a better person, he would be able to enter this room, which, he was told, contained the Holy of Holies and God. Until such time as he developed inner illumination, he was permitted only to view the room from the doorway.

According to *The Lemurian Fellowship*, the *Holy of Holies* is essentially an empty receptacle elaborately carved. It is made up entirely of virgin gold, supposedly precipitated by "ancient Masters" out of the basic substance of the universe through mental means. Upon each end of the cover of the *Holy of Holies* kneel two winged Cheribum, facing one another with arms outstretched. They support a shallow dish known as the *Mercy Seat*.

It is upon this *Mercy Seat* that the *Shekinah Glory* rests. The Shekinah Glory is actually a kind of "spirit fire" which was maintained from a distance by an Adept of the Temple. If the person viewing the *Holy of Holies* was able to detect the *Shekinah Glory*, which could only be perceived by a person with clairvoyant ability, arrangements were made for him to take the Citizenship training. This would allow him to live in the fertile Rhu Hut Plains that supposedly existed to the north east of present day Hawaii.

With the downfall of the Mukulian civilization, the Holy of Holies along with plans for rebuilding the Tabernacle, were removed to Atlantis and then later to Egypt. According to the *Ultimate Frontier*,[18] the relic was first kept in the Temple of Isis and then secreted in the large stone crypt which occupies the King's Chamber

of the Great Pyramid at Gizah. For 3,400 years it remained there until the birth of Moses.

In the 25th chapter of Exodus, while on Mt. Sinai, Moses received instruction as to the rebuilding of the Tabernacle and its furnishing. The Ark of the Covenant was built to carry the Holy of Holies. It was lined in a specific manner with several metals which resulted in it behaving like a giant electrical condenser. When a person touched it, he received a shock which in some cases proved to be fatal. The Tabernacle was to serve as physical proof that God was with the people and would keep his covenant with them.

In theory, Moses and a companion were able to gain entry into the Great Pyramid, which had been sealed thousands of years before in early Egyptian history. Opening the main door from the inside, Moses and his companion removed the Holy of Holies from the so-called "King's Chamber" of the pyramid and took it with them during their Exodus from Egypt to their "Promised Land".

During Solomon's reign a permanent home was built for the Tabernacle in Solomon's Temple. It remained there until the establishment of the Kingdom of Judah under Rehoboam's rule. It remained in the possession of the tribe of Judah until the crucifixion of Christ at which time it disappeared. Today, the Ark of the Covenant and the Holy of Holies are allegedly kept in secret by the Essene Brotherhood. It has been variously said that the Ark is at the Essene Brotherhood retreat in the Pyrenees Mountains, in Arkansas, or in the Middle East. At one point the Essene Headquarters was in Zoan, Egypt, now a suburb of Cairo. It has also been said that the Ark of the Covenant will be moved to an island in the Pacific sometime before the end of this century.

In the New Testament, a time is described in which the need for the Tabernacle and its physical wonders along with the need for a human priesthood will cease to exist. Under a "new covenant" people will come to know for themselves the truth of spiritual matters without outward inspiration and the use of "miraculous" signs:

"See, the days are coming—it is the Lord who speaks—then I will establish a new covenant with the House of Israel and the House of Judah, but not a covenant like the one I made with their ancestors on the day I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt. They abandoned that covenant of mine, and so I on my side deserted them. No, this is the covenant I will make with the House of Israel when those days arrive. I will put my laws into their minds and write them on their hearts. Then I will be their God and they shall be my people. There will be no further need for neighbor to try to teach neighbor, or brother to say to brother, 'Learn to know the Lord'. No, they will all know me, the least no less than the greatest, since I will forgive their iniquities and never call their sins to mind". (Hebrews 8:9-11, Jerusalem Bible).

§§§

The world beneath grew larger, darkness extended.
Mountains grew larger, mountains multiplied.
water increased, it rushed on.
The ocean increased, it rolled forth.
Rocks grew and increased.
The skies increased, till they were ten in number.

Rain increased, it fell everywhere.
Moss and slime grew and increased.
Food grew and increased.
The tree that gives tapa cloth grew and increased.

> Creeping plants grew and increased.
> Living things grew in the sea and rivers, and on the land. And they increased in the sea and the rivers and on the land.
> Then Tangaroa looked below and he looked above, and he laughed with his pleasure at what he saw.
> The face of clearness above looked down upon clearness below. The face of clearness below looked upward to clearness above.
>
> * * *
>
> When Tangaroa saw all that was, he applauded. The earth had become land and it was filled with living things. Fresh water flowed through all the land, salt water filled the ocean; and they were filled with living things.
> But silence was in the thick darkness of the closed-in sky of Rumia; in Havaiki, the birthplace of the land; in Havaiki, the birthplace of gods; in Havaiki, the birthplace of chiefs; in Havaiki, the birthplace of men.
> —Legend of Havaiki, from *The World of the Polynesians,* by Antony Alpers, 1970, Oxford University Press, Auckland, NZ

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I wondered what it was that would destroy such a great civilization like that expounded in the Lemurian Fellowship lessons.

According to *The Lemurian Fellowship,* the civilization enjoyed more than 78,000 years of peace and prosperity under the guidance of the Elders. Even the Archangel Melchizedek, after precipitating a body from basic substance, supposedly ruled the land for a thousand years. This was the first time in which He took physical form, they say. Later, the Archangel Melchizidek, whom Nestorian Christians believe is Christ, came two other times, as Poseidonis, an Emperor of Atlantis and then as Christ two thousand years ago. He is said to come again after the New Jerusalem is established when the Pacific Continent rises once again in a pole shift in the year 2000!

The destruction of the Empire came with the allowance of non-citizens into the Empire. While they could not vote, they enjoyed all the material comforts of the citizenry. However, because they could not balance themselves as citizens did in their education, non-citizens tended to develop into either extremely practical or extremely spiritual personalities. *The Lemurian Fellowship* calls these two factions the "Katholis" and the "Pfrees". The "Katholis" prized spirituality, while the the "Pfrees" prized practicality.

There was a certain amount of conflict between the "Katholis" and "Pfrees" inside the empire, and eventually large groups were encouraged to emigrate to other parts of the world. It was in this way that China, the Gobi Desert, South America, India and other areas became settled, circa 100,000 BC.

Similarly, a small group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean were settled by a group of "Pfrees" of a certain tribal group. Later, when the Pacific Continent sank, *The Lemurian Fellowship* says, this island group became a small continent, known as the Poseid Empire, or Atlantis to us. The Poseid Island group was supposedly the main "Pfree" colony.

The main "Katholi" colony was to become India, or as readers of this book will remember, the so-called Rama Empire. If there is any credence to *The Lemurian Fellowship's* assertions, then the conflict that had existed in Mukulia (Lemuria, Mu, Hiva, Pacifica, etc.) was, after many thousands of years, carried on in conflict

between Atlantis and Rama (India) as is related in the Ramayana and chapter four.

The Mukulian Civilization had survived many pole shifts previously, building its structures out of gigantic blocks of stone fitted together in structures designed to last tens of thousands of years. Because the area of the Hawaiian Islands were one of the pivot points in the pole shifts that took place every ten thousand years or so, the citizenry of the Mukulian Empire were generally spared the massive destruction that typically takes place in such an event.

However, when open war broke out between the "Pfrees" and "Katholis", according to The Lemurian Fellowship, the Empire was on the verge of collapse, and during a pole shift, the tectonic plate shifted downward, raising the South American continent and creating new land areas as the waters of the world poured into the Pacific Basin. Colonel James Churchward described it as the continental arch buckling during a pole shift.

As I stood on the beach at Waikiki one night and looked out over the water, I thought back at my many adventures and experiences while traveling across the Indian and Pacific Oceans on my quest. As was typical, the more that I learned, the more I realized that I did not know. I thought about the civilizations that had come and gone, often in devastating earth changes. Was our civilization next? In many ways, it seemed like we were on the verge of such a cataclysmic change.

According to many sources, including *The Lemurian Fellowship*, a cataclysmic change on May 5, 2000 would rearrange the land areas of the planet and once again the Pacific Tectonic plate would be "high and dry". Yet, it seemed incredible that they could predict a cataclysm with such accuracy. They did say that the "Great Plan" devised by the so-called Brotherhoods, *Council of Seven* and "Christ" was based on this natural and momentous event. Perhaps there were those who could indeed predict such events, and use them for Their own purposes.

A number of persons, including the psychics Edgar Cayce and Paul Solomon have also said that a pole shift would happen at the close of this century. Out of curiosity, I looked up May 5 in the book, *An Astrological Mandala* by the famous astrologer Dane Rudhyar.[209] To my surprise it said:

"PHASE 49 (Taurus 19°): A NEW CONTINENT RISING OUT OF THE OCEAN.

"KEYNOTE: The surge of new potentiality after the crisis.

"The symbol need hardly be commented upon. When the mind has been emptied and light has been called upon to purify the consciousness freed from its attachment and contaminations, a new release of life can emerge out of the infinite Ocean of potentiality, the Virgin SPACE. What will it be used for?"[209]

This seemed quite the coincidence. Rudhyar saw this "phase" as symbolical of great change. Perhaps it was but an allegory, but the potentiality of an actual physical continent rising out of the ocean not only seemed possible, but, at least in an astrological sense (for what it's worth) this would seem like an auspicious day for such a cataclysmic event. Add to that the very real planetary alignment on that day in the year 2000, (this sort of alignment is generally known as a "Jupiter Effect", creating a great deal of anomalous gravitational pull on our planet, though such an alignment would not necessarily affect our planet were it stable) and we have the possibility of an event so huge and far reaching that the very fate of mankind may rest upon it.

According to *The Lemurian Fellowship*, a number of special communities were to be built around the world. It was from these communities that the New World Order would emerge. One of the communities was even to be built on an island in the Pacific. When the Pacific continent supposedly then rose in the year 2000, this would be the first city of the new *Golden Age*.

In a way, it seemed like a good idea, but was it true? Communities similar to those

referred to in *The Lemurian Fellowship* material were indeed being built around the world. One already exists in India. Several exist in the United States. Others exist in Europe. Plans for several in South America are being drawn up. Another is being planned in Australia. These communities will supposedly network together to build with a common purpose and bond.

Yet, what of the island in the Pacific? In a 1939 publication called *Lemuria the Incomparable*,[207] *The Lemurian Fellowship* says: "Islands have been known to have submerged in the South and West Pacific within the period of modern exploration, where the last vestiges of a once great Continent may still be found. The Japanese archipelago will subside by volcanic eruption and earth-quake. These land movements will enable a continental mass to appear on the North American side of the Pacific contiguous to Southern and Lower California. From these points a New Earth will extend southwestward toward the Equator.

"In 1933 several distinct submarine mountains were discovered off the coast of California by the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. The highest of these is known as "San Juan Seamount". 103 miles southwest of Santa Barbara. It is 10,188 feet from the ocean floor and only 2000 feet approximately beneath the surface of the ocean. These mountains form a sunken mountain chain whose high peaks form the existing Channel Islands, San Clemente Island and the Coronado Islands. This range will constitute the first land to appear when earthquakes lift the now submerged peaks above the surface of the water".

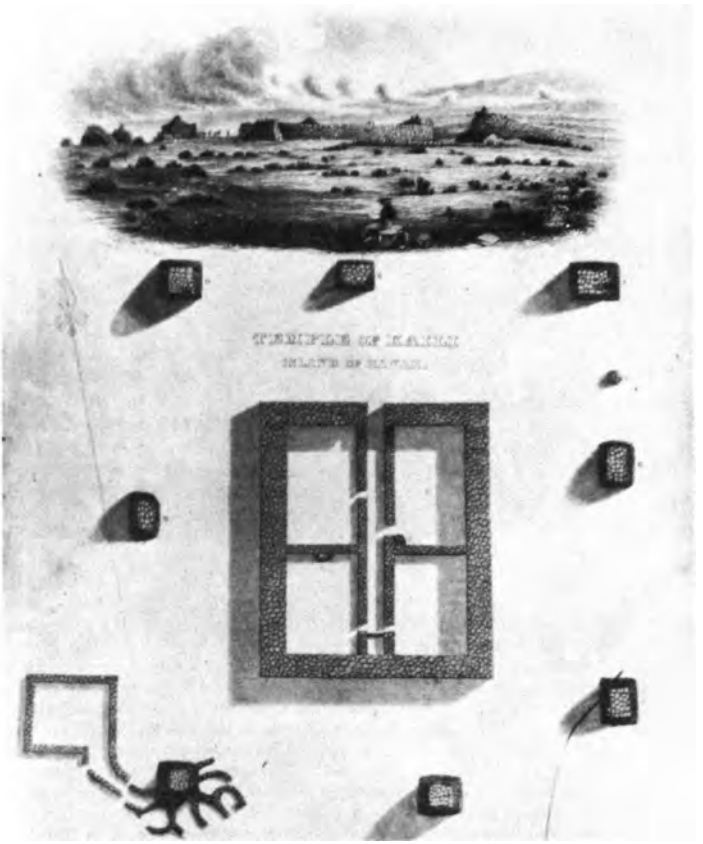
Was the last city referred to supposed to be built on land that had yet to rise from the depths of the Pacific? It is interesting to note here that California, though rocked by major earthquakes, would not totally sink, as usually assumed, but instead, parts of it would rise! Japan, on the other hand, would disappear beneath the waves, in theory, before the year 2000. The underwater peaks mentioned do indeed exist, and in fact, a guyot known as Erben Guyot lies approximately one third of the distance between San Francisco and Hawaii, and is only 350 feet below the surface of the Pacific. This guyot could easily become an island with only the slightest shifting of the Pacific tectonic plate. Guyots, interestingly, are also geological proof of a former Pacific continent, as geologists maintain that these flat-topped "mesas" found in the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, could only have formed above water!

Was Erben Guyot the site of the "New Jerusalem" as outlined in the book of Revelations? Was the "New Order of the Ages" to take place on a newly risen Pacific Continent?

It seemed incredible! Was it true? I didn't know, but as I looked up at the stars that night, it didn't seem like a bad idea. The world seemed like such a messed up place, almost any change would be for the better. I would just have to wait and see.

Out on the water, the last of the surfers was capturing a last wave. I thought of my dream at Rano Raraku on Easter Island. Now I remembered what they were asking to me. They were asking me what I intended to do? I looked out over the water and thought about it for a second. What could I do? What should I do? What needed to be done? Like the sound of one hand clapping, a wave hit the shore at my feet and washed up to my ankles. Indeed, what was I going to do now?

Hawaiian in a feathered helmet and cloak, drawn in 1784. His feathered helmet is virtually identical to the military helmets worn by Greeks and Romans. Could he be the descendant of Greek or Libyan sailors? Kahuna tradition says Hawaiians came from Egypt.



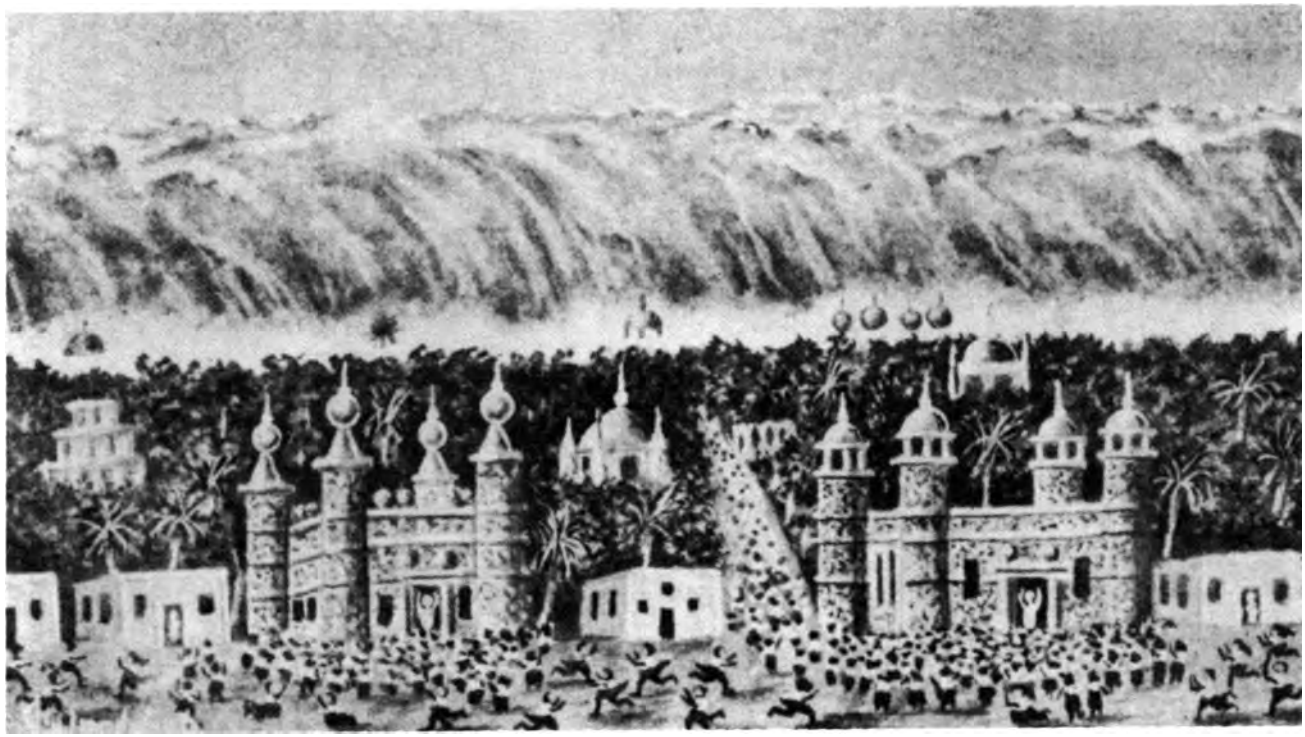
This plan of Ahu o ‘Umi, a temple site (*heiau*) situated on the interior slopes of Mt. Hualālai on Hawai’i Island, was made by the Wilkes Expedition in 1841 and is probably the earliest scientific map of a Hawaiian archaeological site. (*Courtesy of Bishop Museum Photo Archives*).

Kaili (or Kali) temples are found throughout India. Calcutta is named after a Kali Temple.

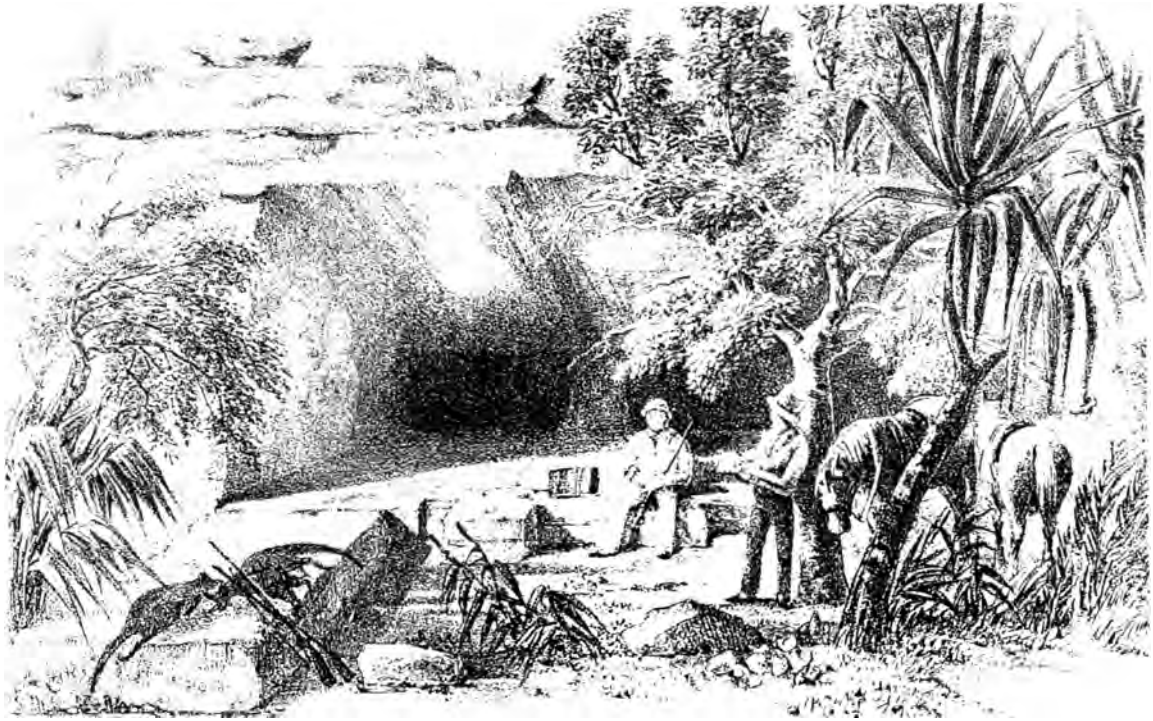
Part of the Menehune Ditch on Kaua'i. It is particularly unusual in that the carefully cut and dressed stones lining the ancient canal are unique in the Hawaiian Islands, and are credited as being built before the arrival of the Polynesians. Courtesy of the Bishop Museum.

Birdman glyphs identical to those found at Easter Island, carved on a boulder found at Moanalua Valley, Oahu and now kept at the Bishop Museum in Honolulu.

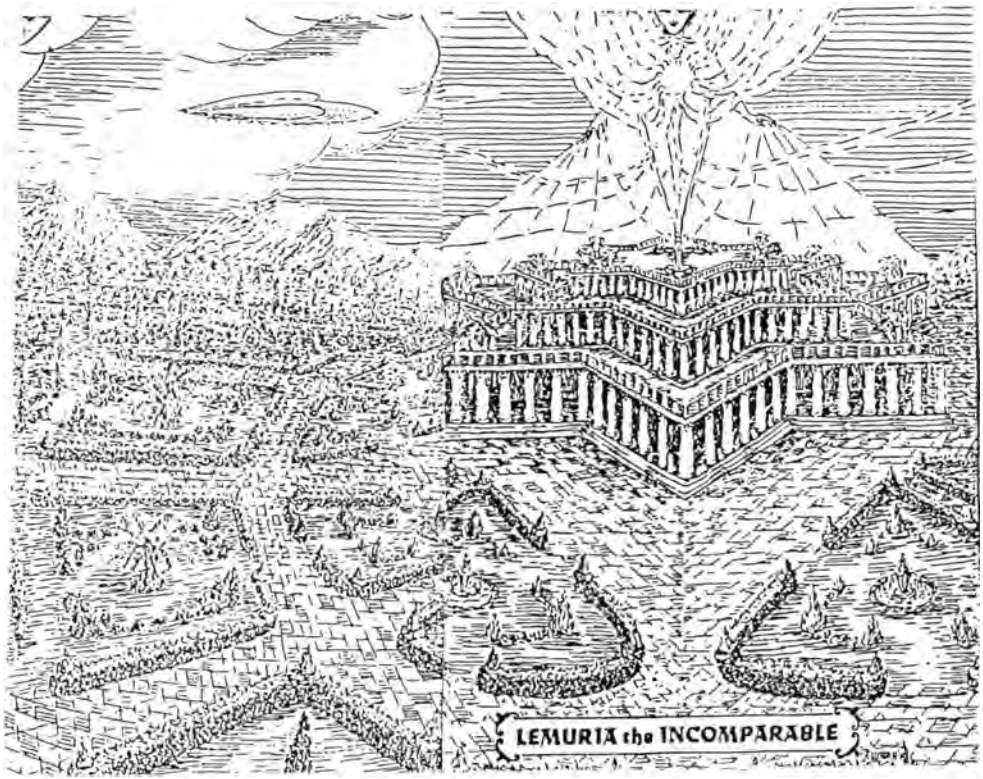
Birdman petroglyphs at Kaunolu, Lanai. Photo courtesy of the Bishop Museum.



Churchward's drawing of the "North Wave" in the cataclysm that sank Mu.

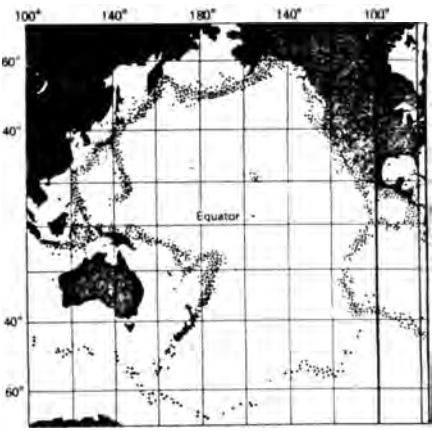


The archaeologist George Grey's sketching of Aboriginal rock paintings in the Kimberley Mountains of northern Western Australia circa 1840. Note how the cave appears to have been squared and how the rocks around the cave seem to have been cut and squared, including the massive block to the left. The drawing gives the impression that other blocks at one time had been fitted into slots and grooves of the solid rock at the entrance of the cave.

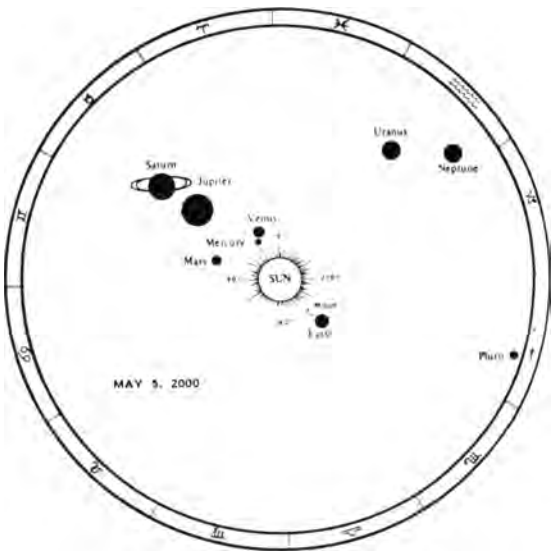


Front and back cover of the rare booklet, *Lemuria the Incomparable,* published in 1936, by The Lemurian Fellowship. The star-shaped building on the right is the capital building of Hamakulia. Note the zeppelin-like airship on the left.

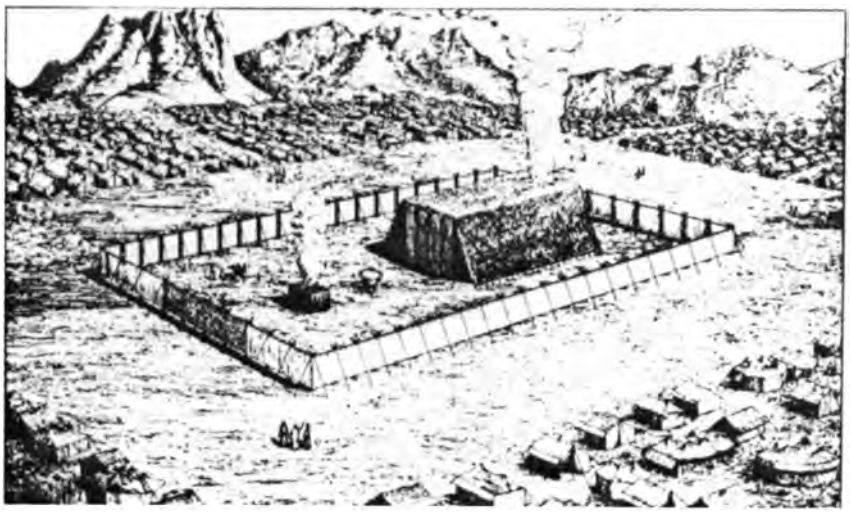
The map above is prepared from *The Lemurian Fellowship* map of the late 40s. Below is an outline of volcanic and earthquake zones along the Pacific Rim, known as the "Ring of Fire". The Pacific tectonic plate is defined by this zone. Tectonic plate theory was not accepted until 1969, more than 20 years after *The Lemurian Fellowship* published their map. The similarities are astonishing. Like Churchward, *The Lemurian Fellowship* was decades ahead of the "scientific experts" of the time who denounced their ideas as "ridiculous".



Ancient megalithic phallic stone at Kauleonanahoa, 2000 feet above Kalaupapa on north coast of Molakai. (*Photo*: *J. Manson Valentine*)

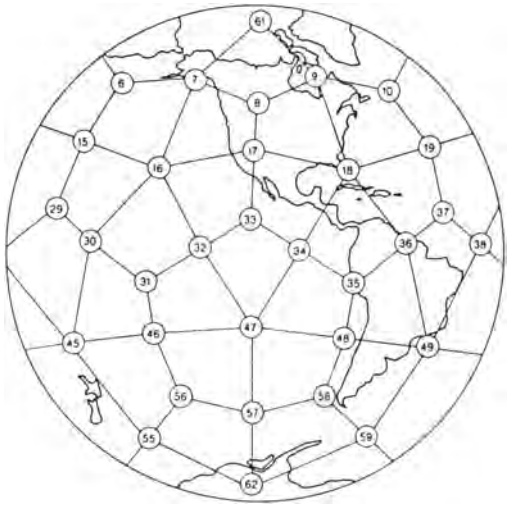


The position of the planets on May 5, 2000. This alignment of planets is said to create a strong enough gravitational pull to cause the poles to shift.



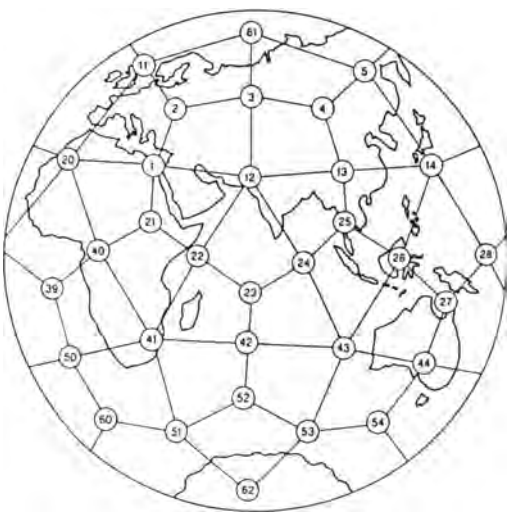
The Tabernacle in the Wilderness as depicted by
the Bible Temple Publishing company. Copyright 1975.

Moses faces the Holy of Holies on top of the Ark of the Covenant
while inside the Tabernacle in the Wilderness. From an old print.



MEGALITHIC SITES AROUND THE WORLD PLOTTED ON THE WORLD GRID.
FROM DAVID ZINK'S BOOK, THE ANCIENT STONES SPEAK.
(DUTTON, NYC. 1979)

One interesting "megalithic site" left out of Zink's grid map is the Maralinga Atomic Test site in South Australia. This site was discovered to have a megalithic platform and stacked blocks. It is number 44 on Zink's map.



The Planetary Grid System

Some significant features of the major intersections: (*1*) *Giza, The Great Pyramid*; (*3*) *Tyumen oil field, USSR*; (*4*) *Lake Baikal, USSR, many unique plants and animals*; (*9*) *Hudson Bay, present location of north magnetic pole*; (*11*) *northern British Isles. Maes Howe, Ring of Brodgar, Callanish*; (*12*) *Mohenjo Daro culture*; (*14*) *southern Japan, great seismic activity*; (*16*) *nearby lies Hawaii, scene of high volcanic and earthquake activity*; (*18*) *Bimini*; (*20*) *Algerian megalithic ruins*; (*21*) *Zimbabwe, Africa*; (*25*) *Bangkok, Angkor Wat*; (*26*) *Sarawak, Borneo, megalithic structures*; (*28*) *Ponapé, Caroline Islands*; (*35*) *Lima, Peru, boundary of Nazca plate. Slones of Ica*; (*40*) *Gabon, west Africa, natural atomic reactor in operation about 1.7 million years ago*; (*47*) *Easter Island. The cultures associated with these megalithic sites are separated widely in time. The only logical conclusion is that they represent a continuing response to the energy of these intersections.*

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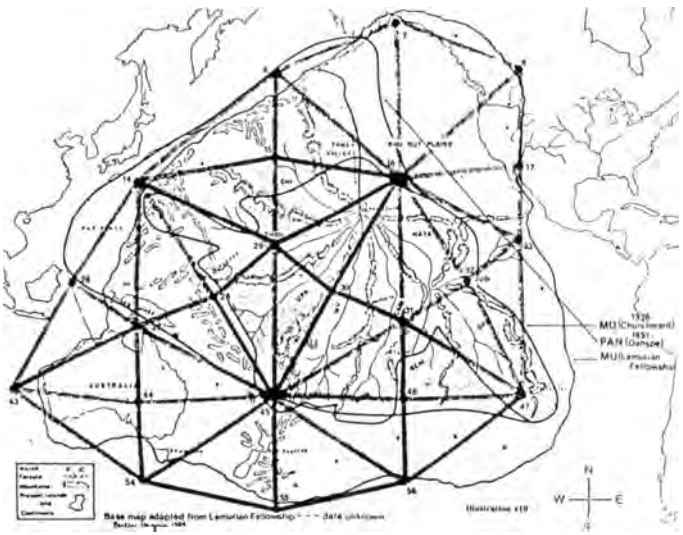

"The World Grid" projected onto *The Lemurian Fellowship's* map of the Pacific Continent.